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NOVELLETTES,
SELECTED FOR THE USE OF
Young Ladies and Gentlemen;

WRITTEN BY

DR. GOLDSMITH,
MRS. GRIFFITH, &c.

AND

ILLUSTRATED BY ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.

" From flower to flower, from tree to tree,
" Culling of sweets—thus roves the bee;
" And in one fragrant heap we find
" The quintessence of all combined."



L O N D O N:

Printed for FIELDING and WALKER, Pater-noster-row.
M,DCC,LXXX.

NOVELL

SELECTED FOR THE
Young Ladies and Gentlemen;

WRITTEN BY

DR. GOLDSMITH

Mrs. CRISTIE M. &c.

AND

ILLUSTRATED BY ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS

"From flower to flower, from tree to tree,
"Gentle of touch—thus loves the bee;
"And in the honey-suckle we find
"The quietude of all combined."

LONDON:

Printed for W. G. & W. Allen, Stationers, Pall Mall.
MDCCCXXXI.

P R E F A C E.

TO invite the young mind to the task of study and improvement, various allurements have been contrived, and the *flowers* have been combined with the *fruits* of Literature. Authors acquainted with the human character, have insinuated their instructions thro' the *ducts* of the senses to the *reservoir* of the mind. Grace and elegance, by this means, have been acquired along with knowledge and morality; and the Youth and Virgin have learned

“ —To write, converse, and live with ease.”

It is the intention of the Editors of the present publication to provide an useful Instructor, in the habit of a pleasing Companion, to the Young of both Sexes. No poisoning levity is concealed beneath the warm colouring of character, to instil itself imperceptibly

into the heart;---no palliation of villainy to beat down the centinels of Honour, and take the bosom by surprize;---no embroidery of vice to render it agreeable, nor tawdriness of virtue to give disgust.---They hope to see it accepted with avidity by the Parent and the Guardian, the Tutor and the Governess, and freely admitted into every Seminary, as a beacon to guide the young Traveller in the wild of Science to the path where utility is connected with delight.

THE following NOVELLETES are selected from a variety of beautiful pieces. Their particular merit has induced the Editors to draw them from their original source into a channel where they doubt not but they will flow for a length of years. The names of the Authors are sufficient recommendation to a judicious Public. With a genius capable of giving contagion to the most dissipated character, or of throwing attraction into scenes of compleat deformity, Dr. GOLDSMITH has used his powers only for the promotion of virtue. Mrs. GRIFFITH, the ornament and pride of her Country, has strove to open the flood-gate of Literature to her own sex, and purifying the
stream

stream from the filth with which it was impregnated, to make it glide with meandering invitation through the vallies of Britain. She is one of the many examples in the present day, that have served to explode the illiberal assertion that Female genius is inferior to Male. She has grasped at the noblest objects in the regions of the Muse, and has conducted her flight with all the steadiness of mature judgement.

THE severe lessons of a moralizing Pedant, however gravely they may be uttered, will neither wean the tender mind from its weaknesses, nor open it to the fine impressions of sentiment and taste.---There is an antidote in gravity against the effect of instruction; and it is more than half the task accomplished, to incline and engage the heart to study. By the happy union of the *dulce* with the *utile*, this great first point may be obtained:

“ Example stronger far than precept acts,

“ And words less strike us than the force of facts.”

THE following stories possess all the ease, gaiety, and grace, that characterize the polite Circles.---It is there alone that those *agrémens* of conversation and manners can be

vi P R E F A C E.

be acquired---those undefinable elegancies of behaviour which are so necessary to the accomplishment of the Lady as well as the Gentleman. We wish to arrogate to ourselves no other merit, than that we had sense and taste enough to discover that the following NOVELLETTES were excellent of their kind; and that to collect them together, would be not only a very useful, but also perhaps a praise-worthy task.



CON-

C O N T E N T S.

	Page
T HE Unforced Repentance.—By Mrs. GRIFFITH.	1
The Dupe of Love and Friendship: or, The Unfortunate Irishman.—By the same.	32
The Triumph of Constancy.—By the same.	65
The History of Louisa.—By the same.	88
The Dangerous Effects of a Wrong Education: or, The Fatal Contest.—By the same.	120
Story of Valmore and Julia.—By the same.	149
Story of Rosalie.—By the same.	167
Conjugal Fidelity: or, Female Fortitude.—By the same.	177
Story of Lady Fanny Beaumont and Lord Layton.—By the same.	192
The Story of Miss Williams.—By the same.	203
The Story of Miss Warner.—By the same.	221
The Story of Sir William Sidney.—By the same.	229
The	

viii C O N T E N T S.

	Page
The Story of the Comte De Bernis.—By the same.	242
Julia: or, The Adventures of a Curate's Daughter.—By Mr. M'MILLAN.	263
A Register of Scotch Marriages.—By Dr. GOLDSMITH.	321
The History of Cyrillo Padovano, the noted Sleep-Walker.—By the same.	324

NOVELLETTES.

NOVELLETES.

THE UNFORCED REPENTANCE: A REAL STORY.

By Mrs. GRIFFITH.

LET not the Young or Fair cast a contemptuous eye on the following pages, when I tell them that the Writer of this Story is now in his seventieth year, and that he has ~~not~~ once visited the Metropolis, for the last five-and-thirty of them; but closely attended his duty, the care of the few souls that were committed to his charge, when he accepted the small living of which he is now possessed. But though a Parson, Ladies! he never preaches *out of the Pulpit*; and though his notions of the Gay World may be rather antiquated, and the lively faculties of his mind a little blunted by years; yet, his tenderness and sensibility are neither become rigid nor obtuse: and he challenges the brightest pair of eyes, in this Land of Beauties, to shed more tears

2 THE UNFORCED REPENTANCE.

at the following recital, than he has already done himself. He proceeds now to give out the text, and leave the Readers to comment on it as they please, assuming no other character than that of a faithful Narrator, concealing only the names and conditions of the parties.

ABOUT eight years ago, I received the following letter :

“ SIR,

“ THE unaffected benevolence, as well as
“ purity of your character, which are attested by
“ a croud of witnesses, even all who know you,
“ have induced a very young and unhappy Lady
“ to sue for your protection, and most humbly
“ and earnestly to entreat that you will suffer her
“ to find an asylum for her sorrows, which are of
“ the most delicate and interesting kind, beneath
“ your hospitable roof; as it is only in retire-
“ ment from the world, and in converse such
“ as yours, that she will admit of the idea of
“ consolation.

“ THE particular subject of her distress must
“ ever remain a secret, till she herself chuses to
“ reveal it either to you, or any other person;
“ but to satisfy any scruples that may arise in
“ your mind, from the apprehensions of receiv-
“ ing an improper inmate, I here affirm that she
“ is a Lady of unblemished reputation, blessed
“ with affluence, and every grace and charm of
“ mind

THE UNFORCED REPENTANCE. 3

“ mind and body, which did once constitute the
“ happiness, as now the misery, of her fond
“ husband, and

“ Your obedient servant,

“ HENRY MIDDLETON.

“ P. S. PLEASE to direct your answer to Bath,
“ where, if you should have any doubts remain-
“ ing, you may be fully satisfied with regard to
“ the character of the person who now addresses
“ you.”

I immediately returned the following answer :

“ SIR,

“ AFTER such a confidence as you have been
“ pleased to honour me with, I think it would
“ be impossible for any Man, however hackneyed
“ in the ways of the World, to have a doubt of
“ your sincerity: and far, very far be it from
“ me; I shall, therefore, most willingly accept
“ the precious charge you have thought proper
“ to commit to my care, and most sincerely wish
“ that it may be in my power to administer such
“ consolation to the person's mind, as may restore
“ it to its peace, and your happiness. I am fully
“ sensible of those relative ties which should
“ make us consider all mankind as our brethren;
“ but I confess myself possessed of a more sym-
“ pathetic kindness towards the sons and daugh-

4 THE UNFORCED REPENTANCE.

“ters of Affliction, than any others of the hu-
“man race: and I have ever thought it the
“blessed privilege, as well as duty, of the Mi-
“nisters of the Gospel, to speak comfort to the
“troubled heart. I by no means wish to en-
“quire into the particular cause of the Lady’s
“distress, but shall use my utmost endeavours to
“remove its effects.

“I AM truly grieved to inform you, that my
“amiable and excellent wife is at present in a
“very languid and weak state of health, which
“will, I fear, too soon deprive me of my highest
“earthly happiness, and prevent your Lady from
“receiving the advantage of conversing with one
“of the best and most agreeable of her Sex;
“whose cheerfulness remains even in her declin-
“ing state, as it arises from

“The gay conscience of *a life well-spent*,”
“the glorious reward of *which* she is hastening
“to receive.

“FROM the date of this letter, I shall daily
“expect to receive your fair mourner, and shall
“think myself happy if I shall be able to con-
“vert her heaviness into joy.

“I am, Sir, your most

“Humble and obedient Servant,

“E. W.”

IN

IN a few days after this correspondence, one of the handsomest and most elegant young Men that I had ever seen, arrived at my house, and told me, that the Lady whom I had promised to receive, would be there in about an hour. The deepest marks of sorrow were imprinted in his countenance; and pressing my hand with streaming eyes, he entreated me to place him in some situation, where he might, unseen, be indulged with, perhaps, a last look of his ever dear and unhappy Wife! his lovely and beloved Emilia!

I IMMEDIATELY complied with his request, and remained with him till I heard the sound of her chaise approaching: I then left him, and went to receive her at my little garden gate. No words can describe the elegance and beauty of her form and face; I confess I stood amazed, and had scarce power to offer her my hand, as she descended from the carriage. She saw my surprize, and with a look and voice of the most interesting sweetness, said, "I am much obliged
 "to you, Sir, for condescending to receive an
 "unhappy stranger beneath your roof; but I
 "will give your family as little trouble as possible. Solitude is all I wish for, and I must
 "entreat that you will suffer me to retire immediately to the apartment that is allotted for
 "me, and direct my maid, who is the only attendant I have, to the place which is appointed
 "for her."

6 THE UNFORCED REPENTANCE.

I KNOW not what reply I made; but I obeyed her commands, led her directly to her chamber-door, bowed and retired. When I came down stairs, Mr. Middleton was gone; he had mounted his horse the moment Emilia had passed by the place where he was concealed, and had left a letter for me on the table, containing a Bank bill for two hundred pounds, and the most earnest recommendation of his Wife to my care and tenderness, with his address, and a request to acquaint him, at least once in a fortnight, with every particular relative to her health, both of mind and body; and added, that as soon as he found himself sufficiently composed, he would visit me privately again. He observed, that his Lady's maid had never seen him, and did not know Emilia's real name, as she had been hired by a friend, and placed at an Inn on the road to be in readiness to be picked up on the way. This circumstance, I apprehended, he informed me of, in order to guard me from dropping any hint before her of the mystery of her Lady's situation or story.

THE conduct of this whole affair had something very unaccountable in it; but the parties must have prepossessed any body in their favour, and satisfied them that they were perfectly amiable and unhappy. For several weeks Emilia confined herself to her chamber, nor did either my wife or I attempt to obtrude upon her retirement; she eat but once a day; and that sparingly,

THE UNFORCED REPENTANCE. 7

sparingly, and in silence: but being at length informed by her servant, that I read prayers to my family every evening, she desired leave to join our little congregation.—By degrees she became less reserved, and sometimes dined with us; and when the delicate situation of my wife's health prevented her from leaving her apartment, Emilia would frequently pass an hour in converse with her there, and tell the suffering Saint how gladly she would exchange the bloom of Youth and Beauty, to be, *in all respects*, like her.

I CONTINUED to write to Mr. Middleton, according to his request, and constantly received answers, fraught with the utmost tenderness towards his beloved wife; but whenever I mentioned my having heard from him to her, she always answered quick, “I hope he is well! “May he long be so!” and bursting into tears, instantly left me.

MORE than a year elapsed without the smallest visible change, either in the person or behaviour of our lovely guest. She attended our family devotions and the Church service regularly, but declined receiving the Sacrament; and when I took the liberty of mentioning to her my surprise, that a person of so pure and uniform a life as hers, should deny herself that heavenly consolation; she answered, with a heart-rending sigh, “Alas! you know me not! I acknow-

8 THE UNFORCED REPENTANCE.

“ledge the duty, and am sensible of its expediency; but a mind disturbed, is not in a fit state to partake that blessing. A soul at war within itself, is incapable of tasting the cup of heavenly peace and bliss.” I used every argument that a person, ignorant of her situation, could urge, to reconcile her to herself; but still in vain, and sighs and tears were all that she would utter in reply.

At length I received a letter from Mr. Middleton, desiring me to inform his wife, that “he could no longer support the anguish he endured from living in a state of separation from All that he held dear, and that he thought the sacrifice he had already made to her delicacy, entitled him at least to the melancholy pleasure of sometimes seeing and conversing with her, to which, if she required it, he would bound all his wishes; but if she still continued to refuse him that small indulgence, he would immediately quit England, and retire to some part of the world, where she, nor any other creature that belonged to him, should never hear of him again.”

I PREVAILED upon my wife to convey this intelligence to Emilia, as I imagined she could more properly and persuasively expatiate on the reasonableness of Mr. Middleton’s request, than I could; but the unhappy effect which it produced upon her, soon rendered it necessary for
me

THE UNFORCED REPENTANCE. 9

me to become a party in the melancholy scene. At the bare mention of her husband's presence, she was seized with agonies that threw her almost into convulsions; she did not, could not weep, but with a voice scarcely articulate, exclaimed, "Never, never will I renew his miseries, and my own! He thinks *he* can forget —I know *I* cannot. Tell him but that, and if he ever loved me, conjure him, O conjure him, to let me live in oblivion, and die in peace!"

THE violent perturbation of Emilia's mind began soon after this visibly to affect her health. For near six weeks she never stirred out of her chamber, and seemed alarmed at the sight or sound of every creature that came near her, even of her own maid; spending her time equally between reading, tears, and prayer.

As soon as her unhappy husband was made acquainted with the sad effects his letter had produced, he came to my house very early one morning, muffled up in his riding-coat: but indeed he wanted not a disguise to conceal him; for he was so much altered, that, till he spoke, I did not recollect him: his face was pale and emaciated, and his whole figure shrunk. He told me, he had determined to comply with Emilia's request, and never more disturb her peace during the remnant of his wretched life, which he was well convinced would be but short;

short; for that his physicians had pronounced him in a swift decline, which he was sensible was brought on by sorrow for her loss: but that was a circumstance he wished her not to know; and that he hoped his death might be concealed from her as long as possible, as he was certain it would add still further to her unhappiness.

He said, he was resolved to go abroad immediately; not in the fruitless hope of recovering his health, but if possible to alleviate the anguish of his mind, which was then become insupportable to him; Time seeming rather to increase, than abate his sufferings. He left me a letter of credit on his Banker; and after breathing forth a thousand tender prayers and wishes for the re-establishment of his Emilia's health and peace of mind, he took his everlasting leave of me, and departed for the Continent.

PREJUDICED as I was in favour of my fair guest, I could not help charging her, in my own mind, with a species of cruelty and obstinacy, which I knew not how to account for. Not having been instructed in the story of their disunion, I was at a loss where to lay the blame; but methought there could have been no offence, on either side, so heinous, as that the sorrow and contrition shewn by each, might not have fully atoned for.

IN about a month after his departure, Mr. Middleton wrote to me, and desired I would acquaint his wife that he was then in Italy, and also that I would continue my accounts of her health; enclosing my letters for him to his steward, who was the only person in England that knew where he was. He then, in the tenderest terms that can be conceived, implored me to try to prevail on Emilia to write to him; as that was now the only intercourse that could subsist between them; and he was persuaded that her compliance would lengthen his days, or at least render their duration more supportable.

As soon as I had read this epistle, I determined to use every means in my power, to prevail on Mrs. Middleton to comply with her husband's request; and flattered myself, that if I succeeded so far, a reconciliation might take place between this unhappy pair, before the apparently approaching death of Mr. Middleton should for ever dissolve their former union. I lost not a moment, but went directly to her apartment, with his letter in my hand, and immediately told her that he was in Italy.

“THANK Heaven, thank Heaven!” she quick exclaimed; “for since our persons are separated for life, I would have our situations as far divided too, as this world can sunder them. We shall both breathe the freer now; and as our minds will be more at ease on this account, it
“ may

12 THE UNFORCED REPENTANCE.

“ may serve to compose our spirits to peace, and
“ thereby perhaps restore our bodies to health
“ again.”

I THEN presented his letter to her. When she had read it, she remained silent for some minutes after, as if revolving what to do, the tears fast flowing down her lovely face ; then said, “ My husband’s will shall be obeyed.—Yes ; I will write to him since he desires it, though little does he seem to know what he requests ; I must speak daggers to his heart, if I break silence.”

In the evening of that day, she sent her letter to me, desiring I would forward it immediately, and begged to be excused from coming down to prayers, as she found herself unable to sit up. My heart bled for her, yet did I still rejoice, that whatsoever pain it cost her, she had fulfilled this duty to her unhappy husband.

Six weeks passed away before we received any answer from Mr. Middleton ; during which time Emilia never left her apartment, and seemed to grow every day more weak and languid ; yet was her temper perfectly unclouded, and I even thought that as her health declined, her mind acquired new strength and vigour. Both my wife and I devoted our utmost attention to her, and frequently by her desire summoned our little congregation to prayers in her apartment, in which

which she always joined with the most edifying fervour.

At length our most-desired and long-expected packet arrived from the Continent, and brought a letter only for Emilia; which contained these words:

“ THANKS, my beloved, my ever dear
 “ Emilia, for this last proof of thy remaining
 “ tenderness. Alas, my Love! this is the sole
 “ return that my now nerveless hand can make;
 “ but the last sigh which this sad heart shall
 “ breathe, shall bless you for it. Thy husband
 “ shall expire in peace, Emilia, now certain of
 “ thy love. I could write volumes on this dar-
 “ ling topic, would my weak frame permit: but
 “ ’twill not be! I die, Emilia, but I die in
 “ peace! Let this blessed thought console you
 “ for my loss, that it is you have quieted my
 “ anxious heart. Adieu, most lovely, beloved,
 “ and unhappy of women! and may we meet
 “ again in that blessed place, ‘where sin and death
 “ shall be no more!’ Till then, a last adieu!

“ H. MIDDLETON.”

It is impossible for words to give any idea of Mrs. Middleton’s affliction, upon reading this letter; her tears seemed to flow from an inexhaustible spring; she neither eat nor slept, and it may be truly said of her, that “her soul refused
 “ comfort.” This melancholy letter was soon
 followed

followed by the account of Mr. Middleton's death, which was brought, with his will, to the disconsolate, and now dying Emilia. He had left her sole heiress and executrix to all his fortune, excepting some legacies to his servants, and five hundred pounds bequeathed to me, "for the care and tenderness," as was his expression, "I had shewn to his beloved wife."

IN a few days after this melancholy event, Emilia sent to desire I would come to her. To my surprise, I found her eyes were dry, her countenance composed, her voice and look, though feeble, yet were firm. She thus addressed me:—"At length, my good and worthy friend, I feel the happy hour of my release drawing nigh; and as it has pleased the Almighty to visit me with the sharpest and bitterest of afflictions that my frail nature could sustain, I will trust in his mercy that my sorrows may find favour in his sight, and that great and numerous as my crimes have been, I may still hope for pardon, through His merits who died for all repentants."

I URGED every argument that I thought could bring consolation to her self-troubled and afflicted soul. She heard me calmly, and returned me thanks; but said, as I yet knew not the extent of her offences, I could by no means judge how far her penitence might be accepted of; for though in thought or deed but guilty of one
crime,

crime, yet from its effects she stood condemned for many, even the most atrocious of them all—for murder. “ Though Heaven is my witness, I would have died to save him,” she exclaimed; “ yet I am certain that I killed my husband, and can the sufferings of this poor short life atone for such a crime ?”

I ENDEAVOURED to urge to her, that we could only be accountable for intentional evil; and that a person might be free from guilt, though they should have been the innocent cause of another’s ill. She seemed not to mark the least attention to what I said, but continued her self-expostulation, adding, “ Wherefore do I now delay to own my past transgressions, or reveal my shame? He who alone could suffer from my crimes, is lodged beyond the power of malice or of misery, and now enjoys the bright reward of all his sufferings here. Then hear my story, and as far as one finite Being can presume to judge another, pronounce your thoughts with truth and impartiality.”

THE STORY OF EMILIA.

‘ I AM the only child of the late Colonel D——.
 ‘ I lost my mother before I could be sensible of
 ‘ her fondness: my father survived her only till
 ‘ I was ten years old. His estate was entailed,
 ‘ and

‘ and descended in course to his next brother, who
 ‘ had an employment at Court, was married to a
 ‘ Lady of distinction, and lived in what is called
 ‘ the Gay Circle of the World. Five thousand
 ‘ pounds was all the provision my father could
 ‘ bequeath me ; and with this small portion, I
 ‘ was brought home to my Uncle’s house, who
 ‘ was also my guardian, to be educated by my
 ‘ Aunt, in a stile of life which would have called
 ‘ for ten times the fortune I was mistress of to
 ‘ support. But as my Uncle had no children,
 ‘ I was deemed his heir, and treated with that
 ‘ kind of distinction, which a person in such cir-
 ‘ cumstances might have had a title to. I had a
 ‘ Governess appointed for me, with Masters in
 ‘ every Science *but that of Virtue*. The progress
 ‘ I made in the little Arts that were taught me,
 ‘ were daily, nay, hourly extolled ; and, at fifteen,
 ‘ I was complimented with being not only the
 ‘ most beautiful, but the most accomplished young
 ‘ woman in the world. I was admitted of all my
 ‘ Aunt’s parties, and lived perpetually amongst
 ‘ the vain, the idly gay, and vicious. Cruel—
 ‘ cruel Lady Eliza D—— ! O, what hast thou
 ‘ to answer for !

‘ At Court, or somewhere else—no matter now
 ‘ —Mr. Middleton saw, and liked me ; he became
 ‘ a frequenter of my Aunt’s assemblies, and, in
 ‘ about two months acquaintance, proposed for
 ‘ me to my Uncle. He acquainted his Lady with
 ‘ this, as with every other transaction of his life,

“and she highly disapproved of the alliance.
 “Her nephew, the Earl of S——, liked me,
 “and so did many other men of quality; she
 “thought it would be throwing the girl away;
 “but he had a right to dispose of his Niece as
 “he thought proper.”

‘I BOTH hope and believe that my Aunt did
 ‘not know her own motives for endeavouring to
 ‘prevent my marriage, though they have been
 ‘since but too apparent to me. Lady Betty had
 ‘been brought up in high life, and used to gaiety
 ‘and dissipation. Not being possessed of either
 ‘much beauty or fortune, she had waited long,
 ‘in vain, for a match suitable to her rank; and
 ‘in her thirty-ninth year married my Uncle. She
 ‘had been his wife above twelve years; of course
 ‘she was no longer young; and if I had quitted
 ‘her family, she feared the youthful part of her
 ‘acquaintance might forsake her parties. Mr.
 ‘Middleton received his denial, and withdrew.

‘Soon after this event, my Uncle was seized
 ‘with an apoplexy, and left his unhappy Wife
 ‘and Niece without the means of subsistence.
 ‘His estate had been mortgaged for its full
 ‘value, and his other creditors greedily seized on
 ‘his personal property, though it could not pos-
 ‘sibly pay them five shillings in the pound.

‘In this distress Lady Betty applied to many
 ‘of her *illusirious* kindred for their assistance; but

' while they with-held their bounty from her,
 ' they were liberal in their reproaches for her
 ' former expensive and inconsiderate mode of
 ' life; and all, except her Nephew, totally
 ' abandoned her to her distress. But he was
 ' under age, and could do little but make large
 ' promises, both to his Aunt and me. The ge-
 ' nerous Middleton alone stepped forth to save
 ' us; he renewed his addresses, and received *my*
 ' *grateful hand*, as soon as decency, with respect
 ' to my Uncle's death, would permit. Accursed
 ' as I am, why did not my worthless heart ac-
 ' company *the fatal gift*! Yet then I thought it
 ' did. You have seen his person, and know that
 ' it was lovely:—I even thought it so, and yet
 ' I loved him not. Detestable indifference! Vile
 ' ingratitude! masked beneath the frigid term,
 ' Esteem!

' He settled two hundred pounds a-year upon
 ' my Aunt, with which she retired to live at Bath.
 ' On me, and me alone, his fond heart doated!
 ' I was indulged in every folly and caprice that
 ' my vain thoughts could frame; and though
 ' he wished for the enjoyment of my converse
 ' in a more retired scene than London, he never
 ' even hinted a wish for quitting it, till I began
 ' to complain that every one had left it, and de-
 ' sired to go into the country for variety. He
 ' was charmed with my request, and we set out
 ' immediately for his seat in C—shire.

‘ TOWARDS the latter end of Summer, Lord
 ‘ S——, whom I have already mentioned as my
 ‘ Aunt’s Nephew, came to make us a visit.
 ‘ He was equally acquainted with Mr. Mid-
 ‘ dleton and me, and was received by us both
 ‘ with equal friendship and hospitality. He was
 ‘ now of age, and had assumed a more manly
 ‘ and consequential air, than he had been pos-
 ‘ sessed of in the earlier part of my acquaint-
 ‘ ance; but he seemed to have contracted a ten-
 ‘ der kind of melancholy in his looks and man-
 ‘ ners, which never fails to interest us.

‘ THIS soft languor seemed daily to encrease,
 ‘ and he would frequently sit whole hours in
 ‘ company with Mr. Middleton and me, with-
 ‘ out uttering any sound, but sighs.—I used to
 ‘ rally him on being in love: he would gaze at
 ‘ me with ardor, and say I guessed too well;
 ‘ then quit me hastily, and retire to his chamber,
 ‘ in which he sometimes passed the whole day
 ‘ alone, pleading indisposition.

‘ JUST at this time Mr. Middleton received a let-
 ‘ ter, informing him, that his only and much-loved
 ‘ sister was given over by the physicians at Bristol,
 ‘ of a consumption; and that she requested he
 ‘ would indulge her with the pleasure of seeing
 ‘ him in her last moments.

‘ I KNOW not by what sad fatality this fondest,
 ‘ tenderest of husbands opposed my going with
 ‘ him;

‘ him; but he told me, he could not think of
 ‘ my being engaged in such a melancholy scene;
 ‘ and added, that the laws of hospitality required
 ‘ my staying upon Lord S——’s account; that
 ‘ his going was indispensibly necessary, but that
 ‘ he should not be absent more than ten or twelve
 ‘ days. I acquiesced in his determination, yet
 ‘ felt the strongest reluctance at being left be-
 ‘ hind. I wept extremely, but used no argu-
 ‘ ments to oppose his will: he was delighted at
 ‘ my sensibility, and, kissing off my tears, as-
 ‘ sured me it should be our last separation. Pro-
 ‘ phetic were his words; it was our first and last!
 ‘ for never more did we embrace each other, or
 ‘ meet in the soft bands of peace and love.

‘ I WAS so much affected by Mr. Middleton’s
 ‘ departure, that I continued in my chamber the
 ‘ whole day he left me:—Lord S—— also con-
 ‘ fined himself to his. On the next, he also
 ‘ desired to be excused from coming to dinner,
 ‘ but requested I would do him the honour to
 ‘ admit him to drink tea in my dressing-room,
 ‘ which was on the same floor with his apart-
 ‘ ment, as he found himself too weak to come
 ‘ down stairs.

‘ I THOUGHT that there was a great deal of af-
 ‘ fected delicacy in his request, though I com-
 ‘ plied with it; but when I saw him, I was
 ‘ alarmed at the sudden change in his appear-
 ‘ ance.

‘ance. He looked as if he had been ill a
 ‘month, and his spirits seemed so totally de-
 ‘pressed, that tears stood trembling in his eyes
 ‘when he spoke to me. I entreated him to send
 ‘for a physician immediately: he replied, that
 ‘his disease was beyond the power of medicine,
 ‘and death his only remedy.

‘I WAS really touched with compassion for his
 ‘situation, and prescribed a number of trifling
 ‘medicines, such as sal volatile and lavender-
 ‘drops. He would suffer me to prepare them,
 ‘and say, he would take any thing from me;
 ‘but when I brought them, he would catch my
 ‘hand, look wildly on me, and say, “The cause
 “alone can cure its effects;” then turn his head
 ‘away and weep.

‘HE grew every day more weak and languid,
 ‘and at last was confined to his bed. A physician
 ‘attended him, though much against his will; and
 ‘he absolutely refused to take any of his pre-
 ‘scriptions, except from my hand. I will not
 ‘pretend to say that I did not suspect the source
 ‘of his malady, though he had never dared to
 ‘reveal it expressly. But, alas! I never once
 ‘suspected my own weakness, or that my heart
 ‘could be susceptible of any sentiment but com-
 ‘passion towards him; and That I thought was
 ‘due to his unhappy passion, while he confined
 ‘it within the bounds he had hitherto preserved,
 ‘Idle and dangerous salvos!

‘ ABOUT a week after Mr. Middleton’s departure I received a letter from him, acquainting me that his sister, though very ill, was likely to live some weeks longer; and that, as she could not bear the thoughts of his leaving her, he wished me to come to Bristol, as he was unhappy at being absent from me; and lamented my being alone, as he supposed Lord S—— had left our house before that time.

‘ I CONFESS, I felt a little kind of mortification to my vanity, at finding it possible for any thing, however reasonable, to detain him from me. I however concealed this childish resentment, acquainting him only with the impossibility of my meeting him at Bristol, from the unlucky circumstance of Lord S——’s ill health. He perfectly acquiesced in my reasons for not going to him, and most tenderly lamented the disagreeable necessity that occasioned our separation,

‘ LORD S—— continued to languish in the same unhappy state, for above a fortnight, without any visible change; till one morning, about three o’clock, my maid came into my chamber and waked me, to let me know that his Lordship was dying, and earnestly entreated to see me for a moment. Impelled by humanity, I staid not to consider of his request, but hurrying on my cloaths, I hastened to his bedside. He made many apologies for having disturbed

‘ turbed my repose, implored me to listen to his
 ‘ last words, and desired his servant to withdraw.

‘ My spirits were too much agitated to admit
 ‘ of any consideration; I therefore made no ob-
 ‘ jection to being left alone with him, and sat
 ‘ silently attentive to what he was going to utter.
 ‘ He began by assuring me, “ That nothing but
 “ the situation he was in, could ever have
 “ tempted him to reveal the secret he was about
 “ to disclose; but as he thought himself a dying
 “ man, he hoped I would not refuse my pardon
 “ to his confession, when he owned that he long
 “ had loved me.”

‘ I STARTED at the expression! He seized my
 ‘ hand and bathed it with his tears, entreat-
 ‘ ing my forgiveness, and begging of me to re-
 ‘ flect that his claim to my affection was prior
 ‘ even to Mr. Middleton’s, for that his had com-
 ‘ menced before my husband saw me; but as he
 ‘ was then under age, and knew that his Guardians
 ‘ would not consent to our marriage, he had con-
 ‘ cealed his passion out of prudence, bashfulness,
 ‘ and respect, till his hopes were blasted by the
 ‘ suddenness and unexpectedness of my wedding;
 ‘ that from the time he heard of that event, he
 ‘ had endeavoured, but in vain, to conquer that
 ‘ unhappy passion, which had now brought him
 ‘ to the grave; and that the sole return he ex-
 ‘ pected or desired, even for the loss of life, was
 C 4 ‘ but

‘ but my pardon and pity ; and if I granted
 ‘ them, he should resign his breath in peace.

‘ His sorrow was contagious : I wept with
 ‘ him, and O ! too surely pardoned and pitied
 ‘ him. There are virtues which are dangerous
 ‘ even to Virtue itself. Let me pass over the
 ‘ guilty consequences of my fatal compassion :
 ‘ suffice it to say Lord S—— recovered, and I
 ‘ became a vile, distracted, and unhappy wretch !
 ‘ Quickly, very quickly, the guilty delirium
 ‘ that had involved me in ruin, fled : I looked
 ‘ upon Lord S—— with hatred rising almost to
 ‘ madness, and on myself with horror : but when
 ‘ the idea of my fond, my injured husband smote
 ‘ my heart, what words can paint my agonies ! I
 ‘ am amazed that Reason held its seat, and more
 ‘ so still, that life remained within my tortured,
 ‘ feeble frame. A thousand times I resolved to
 ‘ rid myself of a being that was now rendered
 ‘ hateful to me ; but the terror of accumulating
 ‘ guilt upon my wretched soul, with-held my
 ‘ purpose ; and the idea that I ought to suffer,
 ‘ determined me to live for that end only.

‘ My scattered reason at length collected itself
 ‘ into this stedfast resolve, which the poor re-
 ‘ mains of my frail virtue served to strengthen
 ‘ and confirm ; never, as poor Monimia says,
 ‘ “ to bring pollution to my husband’s arms ; ”
 ‘ but from that hour to consider myself as an
 ‘ alien to his heart and home, to confess my guilt,
 submit

THE UNFORCED REPENTANCE. 25

‘submit my future fate to his determination,
‘and unrepining bear whatever condemnation,
‘or condition of life, and punishment, his justice
‘or resentment should think proper to allot me.

‘THIS point once determined, my mind became somewhat more calm; and I wrote to Lord S——, whom I had not seen for several days, though he still remained in the house, commanding him not only to quit my sight forever, but to leave the kingdom immediately; acquainting him with the resolution I had taken, which must necessarily bring on an eclairsissement between Mr. Middleton and me, that must end fatally to one or other of them. Though I detested, I reproached him not—my conscience told me, I was by far the greater criminal.

‘He wrote to me immediately; I returned his Letter, with the seal unbroken, in an envelope, which contained these words;

“NOTHING can shake my determination,
“Had my virtue been as strong as my penitence,
“we had neither of us been miserable. May
“your contrition be as sincere as mine! and may
“we both find forgiveness from the Father of
“Mercy! though I neither can or ought to accord it to myself, whilst I exist on earth.
“Write to me no more, but obey.”

He

26 THE UNFORCED REPENTANCE.

‘HE wrote another Letter, which I also returned unopened; and being at last persuaded of my resolution, he withdrew the next day, leaving a card upon my dressing-table, with only these words :

“I OBEY for ever ! Who can bear to be a wretch for ever !”

‘I THOUGHT a part of the load that lay upon my heart was removed by Lord S——’s leaving my house ; but I knew not that its severest conflict was to come. The window of my dressing-room where I now constantly sat, looked upon the lawn that fronted the house : I saw a carriage arrive, and Mr. Middleton leap from it with all the ardor of a lover. I thought the icy hand of Death had benumbed my every faculty, and remained petrified, till he flying, as it were, into the room, and catching me in his arms, I gave a piercing shriek, and fainted there.

‘NEVER was astonishment or concern greater than his ; he accused himself of indiscretion, for having surprized me with his presence, and vainly fancied it was my sudden joy that had overpowered me ; but when my breath returned, I did not dare to open my sad eyes, or look on his wronged face ; nor indeed should I have seen him if I had ; for showers of tears
‘ poured

‘ poured down my pallid cheeks, and quite
 ‘ obscured my sight. I could not speak to him
 ‘ — sorrow and shame had stopped all utterance.
 ‘ He appeared almost distracted, and enquired of
 ‘ all around him what it meant; then kneeling
 ‘ at my feet, implored me but to look upon him.
 ‘ — Alas! he sued in vain; it was impossible for
 ‘ me to bear his presence. I was put to bed by
 ‘ his directions, and a physician sent for, who
 ‘ talked to him of tremulous pulse, and agitated
 ‘ nerves, to which my whole disorder was im-
 ‘ puted, and my recovery promised from rest
 ‘ and anodynes; but like Macbeth’s physician—
 ‘ he could not

“ Minister to minds diseased,
 “ Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
 “ Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
 “ And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
 “ Cleanse the full bosom of that perilous stuff
 “ Which weighs upon the heart.”

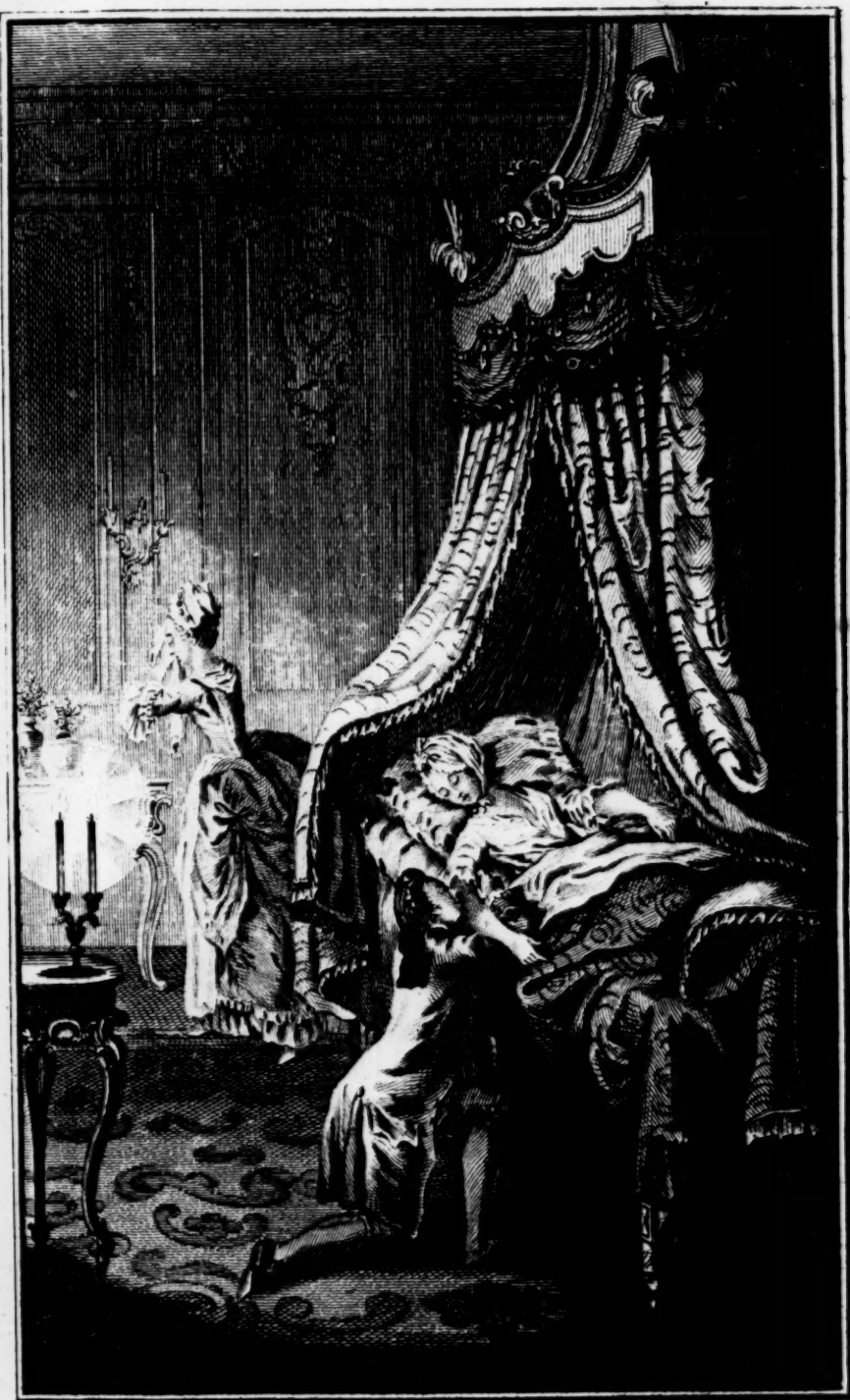
‘ He therefore but tormented, not relieved me.
 ‘ I however continued to bear his unavailing at-
 ‘ tention for a considerable time, as my apparent
 ‘ illness furnished a pretence for confining my-
 ‘ self to my bed. I now constantly remained
 ‘ with the curtain closely drawn, so that when
 ‘ my husband came into my chamber, they
 ‘ screened him from my sight. His anxious ten-
 ‘ derness could no longer bear the apprehensions
 ‘ he suffered from my situation, and he resolved
 ‘ to

‘ to have me removed to London for better
 ‘ advice, though I were to be carried in a litter.

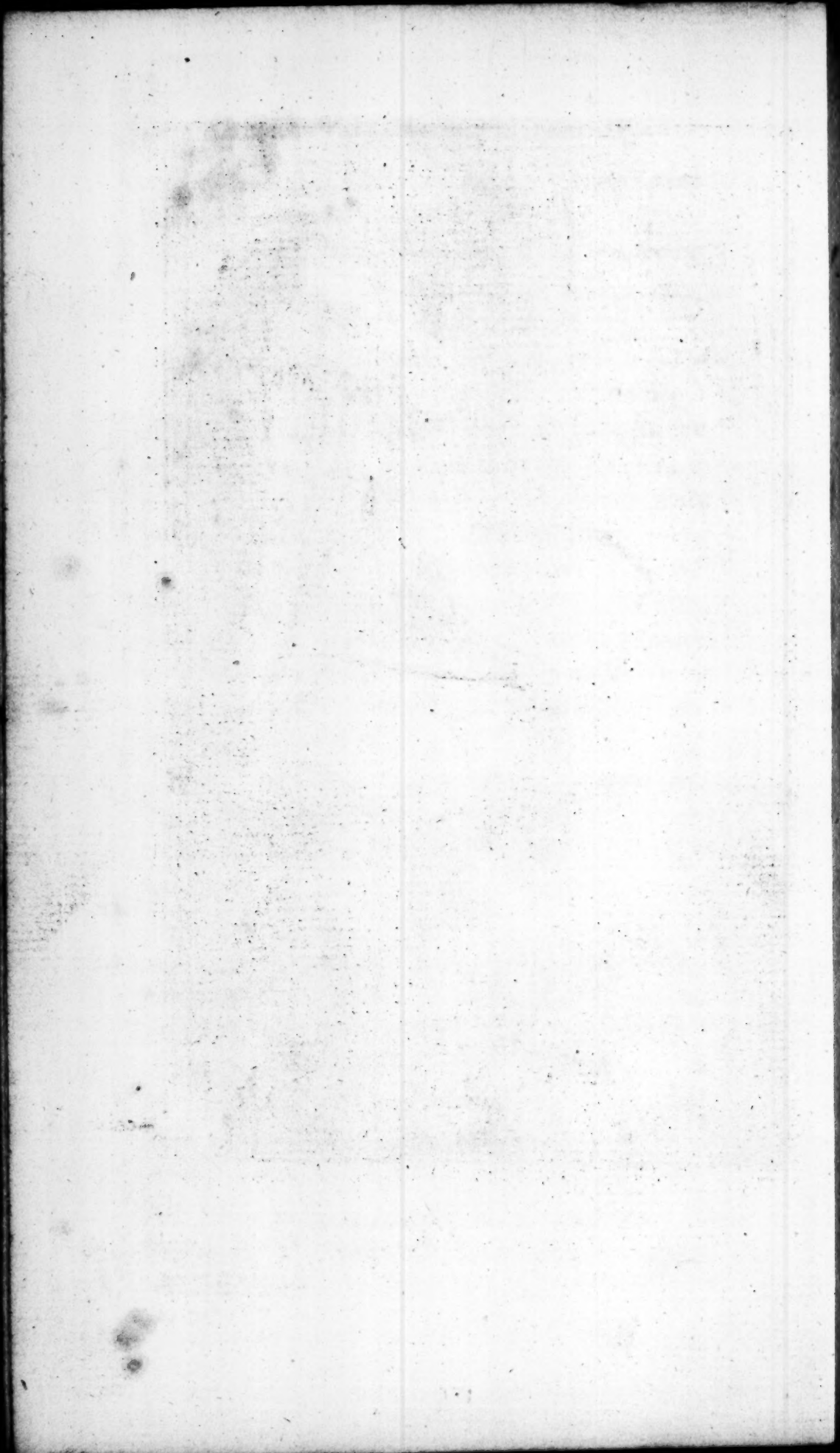
‘ I WAS extremely alarmed at his intention,
 ‘ and determined to exert the very little strength
 ‘ I had then left, to put an end to his delusion,
 ‘ and I hoped his misery. For this purpose I
 ‘ rose at midnight, when the family were all
 ‘ retired to rest, and sat down to write to him.
 ‘ In vain—I found no words that could express
 ‘ the feelings of my heart, or paint its miseries;
 ‘ my tears washed out the letters as I wrote, and
 ‘ so entirely dimmed my eyes; that I found it
 ‘ impossible to execute my purpose. From this
 ‘ symptom, I flattered myself I was dying; and
 ‘ this hope animated my spirits, and inspired me
 ‘ with sufficient resolution to see my injured
 ‘ husband, reveal my crimes, and, if possible,
 ‘ expire at his feet,

‘ I WENT again to bed, but wept and prayed
 ‘ through the remainder of the night. About seven
 ‘ in the morning, I called the maid, and ordered her
 ‘ to desire Mr. Middleton to come to me, who was
 ‘ delighted with the summons. The moment he
 ‘ opened the door, he flew to my bed-side, fell
 ‘ upon his knees, and taking hold of one of
 ‘ my hands, bathed it with his tears*. I at-
 ‘ tempted to withdraw it, at the same time de-
 ‘ claring that if he came nearer to me than he
 ‘ then was, I never should speak more. He re-
 ‘ mained as if congealed, and seemed unable

* See the PLATE.



The Unforced Repentance?



‘ even to draw his breath; so much did the extraordinary and solemnity of my speech and manners astonish and affect him.

‘ WITH streaming eyes I then proceeded to explain my conduct, and declare my guilt. I had not looked upon my husband’s face during my confession, and therefore could not see the change wrought there; but while I spoke, he gave a groan, and fell quite senseless to the ground. Inspired with sudden strength, I know not how, I instantly sprang up, and called for help. The Doctor luckily was in the house, and blooded him immediately. As soon as he opened his eyes, he exclaimed, “It is impossible! my loved, my dear Emilia! save her from herself! her reason is grown wild—she raves.” I heard no more; the strong exertions I had used now overpowered me—I fell into a swoon; he would not be withheld, but caught me in his arms, and bathed my cheeks with tears, imploring Heaven to restore my reason and my life.

‘ WHY should I dwell upon these tender scenes, or wound your friendly, sympathetic heart! Suffice it to say, that my unhappy husband was at last convinced the tale of misery I had told him was too true.—Even then his fondness triumphed over his resentment; he not only forgave, but seemed to forget his wrongs, and endeavoured, by every means in his power,
‘ to

30 THE UNFORCED REPENTANCE.

‘to make me do so too. Alas! That was not
‘possible.—He proposed numberless expedients
‘to try to recover our lost happiness; in vain he
‘strove to call it back; it was fled for ever:
‘Content and Guilt inhabit not one bosom.

‘I FOUND it utterly impossible to support his
‘kindness, and continually implored him to re-
‘move me from his sight for ever; for well I
‘knew that whilst he saw me, he would love
‘and pity me! and from this motive only,
‘Heaven is my witness! I refused to see him. At
‘length I prevailed so far as to obtain his pro-
‘mise, that if there could be a proper asylum
‘found me, he would suffer me to retire to it
‘for a time, in hopes of reconciling me to
‘myself.

‘BENEATH your roof I found the wished re-
‘treat, and know not how far Time’s lenient
‘hand, and your pious friendship, might have
‘had power to draw the pointed shafts of sin
‘and shame from my torn bosom, had it not
‘pleased the Almighty to add the affliction of
‘my husband’s death, of which too well I know
‘myself the cause.—But humbled in the dust,
‘my soul submits to His all-wise decrees, and
‘feels its punishment not more severe than just.
‘Now speak your sentiments of my past life,
‘and freely say, if you sincerely think that I
‘may hope for mercy.’

I HOPE

I HOPE there lives not a Casuist so Pharisaically rigid, that has read Emilia's story, and does not wish me to speak peace and pardon to this fair, unhappy Penitent. Had I the tongue of Men and Angels, I would aloud proclaim, in honour of the God of Mercy, that her sins were forgiven her; "For though they were as red as scarlet, her penitence had made them white as snow."

HER gentle spirit was comforted—she received the blessed Sacrament from me, and, in about eleven days after, resigned her soul, without a sigh, into His hands who gave it.

THE

THE
DUPE OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:
OR, THE
UNFORTUNATE IRISHMAN.
A MORAL TALE.

Founded on a FACT which happened at LIVERPOOL.

BY THE SAME.

IT has been remarked, and I fear with too much justice, that one of the most pleasing Dramatic Entertainments which has been produced for at least a century, though abounding in wit and satire against Vice, has been accessary to the misleading many of the Youth of Great Britain into the commission of a crime, against which both the laws of God and man are armed with judgment and penalties.

THE Piece in question will easily be guessed at, when I pronounce Macheath to be the *Sir Clement Cotterel* to Tyburn, to which I dare say he has introduced more English youths, than ever our gentle Knight has had an opportunity of presenting foreigners at the Court of St. James's. Though perfectly clear in this point, I most sincerely acquit the amiable Author of the *Beggar's Opera*, of any intention to injure the morals of his countrymen; but the effects of gilded vices, to minds which have not strength enough

THE DUPE OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP. 33

to beware of the latent poison, must ever be fatal; and surely there cannot be a more dangerous snare, than to represent a man brave while in the commission of a mean vice, or happy under accumulated guilt, and the terrors of the law. Yet stimulated by the apparent jollity, and false ideas of honour and spirit, which are expressed by the Captain and his gang, I am persuaded many young men have taken the highway, who would have shuddered at the idea of becoming Knights of the Road, if they had never happened to see so familiar a representation of such heroic Freebooters.

WHAT I mean by this preamble, is to strip these figures of their false colouring, to turn the other side of the canvas to the young and heedless, and to shew them the miseries necessarily attendant on vice, to minds that are not totally depraved, and irreclaimable.

“ And now, my friends, this theme shall I discuss,
“ Or tell a Tale? A Tale.—It follows thus :”

A FEW days before the Summer Assizes of the year 1748, I happened to have some business which carried me to Liverpool; and having been formerly acquainted with that worthy Magistrate, Mr. Alderman S——le, I waited upon him to renew my acquaintance; and was just seated in his drawing-room, when he was called upon to commit a malefactor to prison. As I

D

was

34 THE DUPE OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

was myself of the Quorum, though not in that district, he did me the honour to permit my attending him in the execution of his judicial office; and in a few minutes the culprit was brought before us, and charged with having robbed a Waggoner of three guineas, while he slept at a little cottage about three miles from Liverpool.

It appeared, in the course of the evidence, that the delinquent had taken the money early in the morning, from a purse which contained upwards of thirty pounds, and had immediately left the house, unobserved by any one; and that some hours after, when the theft was discovered, he was met by his pursuers within a few yards of the place, and in the very act of returning towards it again.

THIS circumstance, joined to the youthful and elegant appearance of the criminal, awakened Mr. S——le's compassion towards him; and with the voice of Mercy, and the look of Benevolence, he asked the unhappy youth what he had to say in his defence? Oppressed with shame, and almost sinking to the earth, the youth replied, "Nothing, Sir: I have deserved death, and wish to meet it, as an expiation of my crimes. As I am luckily unknown, its infamy and bitterness can only affect myself. I have for some time past been acquainted with misery, and I trust I shall meet its period with a becoming
"fortitude,

“fortitude. Excuse me, Sir, if I refuse to
“answer any other questions you may ask me on
“this occasion, or to use farther speech upon a
“subject I am weary of—my wretched, very
“wretched self.”

No words can furnish the reader with an adequate idea of the effect, which this short, but impassioned discourse produced upon its hearers. Mr. S——le’s hand trembled while he signed the criminal’s committal, and even the Plaintiff blubbered out his sorrow for having, as he termed it, a hand in the lad’s life; he was, however, bound over to prosecute, and the culprit was sent to the county gaol.

BEAUTY, in man or woman, is certainly, as Queen Elizabeth said, *a letter of recommendation*, and naturally prejudices the beholders in favour of the possessor; but when our sensibility is heightened by seeing it in distress, it becomes almost irresistible. In order, then, that the reader may catch some part of the sympathy I felt towards this unhappy youth, I shall describe his figure and appearance.

He seemed to be about nineteen years of age; tall, slender, and perfectly well made; his eyes dark hazle; his nose a little aquiline; a mouth, which, when he spoke, seemed to possess a thousand nameless graces; his cheeks were sun-burnt, but his forehead fair, and adorned with a profu-

sion of the finest auburn hair, which hung undressed and negligent upon his shoulders : add to all these, a countenance expressive of manly sense and spirit, though depressed, joined to an air of elegance and fashion, and I think he wanted not *the zone beneath his ear* to make him appear *an Adonis*.

IN vain did Mr. S——le or I try to shake off the impression which this unfortunate youth had made upon our minds ; we could neither think or talk on any other subject ; and after we had drank our coffee, he determined to visit him in the prison ; to acquaint him with the near approach of his fate, which would probably be terminated at the assizes ; to induce him to discover himself, so far as might aid his humane endeavours, if possible, to preserve his life ; and to see that there was no unnecessary severity or inhumanity practised towards him, as a criminal.

THESE laudable intentions were for a long time frustrated by the invincible silence of the person in whose favour they were designed ; till upon Mr. S——le's repeatedly asking him if he had a father or mother living, he burst into a torrent of tears, which almost suffocated him, and then exclaimed, in all the bitterness of grief, " I had
 " a mother, a few months ago, but I perhaps
 " have murdered her ! O spare me, Sir, and let
 " my death make all the poor atonement that is
 " left me."

THE clue being once found, the generous S——le pursued the opening track, and so pathetically enlarged upon the anguish which a tender parent must suffer for the untimely death of such a son, as to make him confess he wished to save his mother from that misery, if it were possible; but as he feared it was not, the only hope which he had now remaining, was, that she might continue ignorant of his fate, and never know the infamy he had entailed upon his name.

THE heart that has been hardened only by misfortune, is easily softened by kindness; and the tender attention which Mr. S——le had shewn to this unhappy youth, at length triumphed over his intended reserve, which severity could not have conquered, and prompted him to give the following history of himself:

‘ I AM a native of Ireland, and the eldest son
 ‘ of a Clergyman, whose name was Hartford,
 ‘ who died when I was about twelve years old,
 ‘ and left a brother and two sisters younger than
 ‘ myself. My father was deemed an honour to
 ‘ his profession, both in his public and private
 ‘ character, as a man of sense, probity, and
 ‘ learning; and as the tenderest of husbands and
 ‘ fathers. My mother too was a pattern of con-
 ‘ jugal and maternal love.—O why did I dege-
 ‘ nerate from virtues such as theirs; and become,
 ‘ as I am now, an outcast of society, and a
 ‘ scandal to my name !

38 THE DUPE OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP;

‘ My father’s livings were very considerable,
 ‘ but the income died with him; there, however,
 ‘ remained in the family a small paternal estate,
 ‘ of about three hundred pounds a-year, which
 ‘ had been portioned out by settlement among
 ‘ us; and on this, by the prudent œconomy of
 ‘ my mother, we were all supported in a state of
 ‘ perfect affluence, though not of grandeur; she
 ‘ constantly residing in the country, and giving
 ‘ up her whole time and attention to the care,
 ‘ management, and education of her little family.

‘ WHEN I was fifteen years old, I was entered
 ‘ in the College of Dublin, and was informed
 ‘ by my dear and tender mother, that any of the
 ‘ liberal professions were left open to my choice;
 ‘ and that she would contrive to spare, from her
 ‘ slender income, as much as should support me
 ‘ like a gentleman, in the study of any of them
 ‘ which best suited my genius or inclination.

‘ For two years I applied myself indefatigably
 ‘ to my studies, and obtained the highest applause
 ‘ from my Tutor, and the other Fellows of the
 ‘ College. I however observed, that the Students
 ‘ rather seemed to dislike and shun me, and fre-
 ‘ quently used, in derision, to call me the Beard-
 ‘ less Monitor. On this account I altered my
 ‘ plan, and became less studious, and of course
 ‘ more dissipated. I soon contracted a friendship
 ‘ with a fellow-student, about three years elder
 ‘ than myself, who was the son of a low me-
 ‘ chanic,

chanic, and was what they term a *Sizer* in that University, who ranks in a station below the Gentlemen Commoners and Pensioners.

THIS young man was an excellent scholar, and possessed of many agreeable qualities: he sung, played on the flute, wrote verses, which he often suffered to pass for the productions of those who had more money and less talents than himself; but with all these pleasing qualifications, he was idle, insincere, and debauched; for ever necessitous from his vices, he attached himself to those who could best supply his wants.

As my allowance was much too scanty to afford him any pecuniary advantages, I was weak enough to suppose that his friendship for me was totally disinterested, and that Parker (for that was his name) loved me, as I did him, with a sincere and generous affection. He introduced me to many females of his acquaintance, and, amongst the rest, to a widow who had two daughters: they were but in low circumstances, and made the scholars bands and surplices, for their livelihood. The youngest of these, whose name was Maria, was by far the most beautiful and elegant creature that I had ever conversed with; and when my friend and I returned from our first visit, I reproached him with having made me unhappy, by shewing me an object capable of attracting my

40 THE DUPE OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

‘tendereſt regards, when I did not doubt that he
‘had already engaged hers.

‘HE laughed at my ſcruples, and ſolemnly
‘aſſured me that he had never thrown away a
‘thought upon Maria, and went ſo far as to ſay,
‘he did not even think her handſome; and added,
‘if I had no other obſtacle to ſurmount, but his
‘attachment to her, I might render myſelf happy
‘in her affections, as ſoon as I could obtain
‘them.

‘THOUGH much aſtoniſhed, I was delighted at
‘his indifference, and daily repeated my viſits to
‘this idol of my ſoul, without daring to aſk
‘myſelf what end I could purpoſe in this attach-
‘ment. By degrees I became ſo totally devoted
‘to my paſſion, as to neglect my ſtudies entirely;
‘and from having been remarked for the moſt
‘ſedulous and ingenious youth of my ſtanding,
‘I was now continually reprimanded and admo-
‘niſhed for my idleneſs; nay, even threatened
‘with expulſion, if I did not amend my conduct.

‘THE diſſipated ſcene of life which I was now
‘engaged in, neceſſarily led me into expences
‘which I could not ſupport. Perpetual parties
‘of pleaſure were formed for the entertainment
‘of Maria and her family. Parker was our
‘Maſter of the Revels: and while I could raiſe
‘money at any rate, we indulged in every kind
‘of profuſion.

‘ AT length he observed to me that I was
 ‘ losing my time, and persuaded me to press for
 ‘ the immediate reward of my passion. I started
 ‘ at the idea of injuring the chaste, the tender
 ‘ Maria’s heart, with a proposal unworthy of
 ‘ her; yet blushing owned to him, I could not
 ‘ think of marrying her without consulting my
 ‘ mother.

‘ HE ridiculed me for the mention of mar-
 ‘ riage; said, he was sure the girl had never
 ‘ such a thought; and that as she was as much
 ‘ in love as I, she perhaps might think she had
 ‘ reason to complain of my coldness. This was
 ‘ the first time I had ever ventured to consider
 ‘ my attachment but in the most serious light;
 ‘ but he soon furnished me with reasons suffi-
 ‘ ciently specious to make me think of it as a
 ‘ mere matter of gallantry. I however resolved
 ‘ in my own mind, that if Maria, which I still
 ‘ doubted, should comply with my wishes, I
 ‘ should hold myself as firmly engaged to her,
 ‘ as if she was my wife; and whenever it was in
 ‘ my power, without offending my still honoured
 ‘ parent, I would certainly make her so.

‘ SATISFIED with this poor salvo, I proceeded
 ‘ to the commission of the greatest crime that a
 ‘ man can be guilty of:—That of robbing an
 ‘ artless young creature of her innocence, under
 ‘ the false pretext of love. Dear injured maid,
 ‘ forgive thy vile betrayer! and may each crime,
 ‘ which

42 THE DUPE OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

‘ which since that æra thou hast committed, be
‘ visited on me, and me alone !’

At this passage, grief for some minutes stopped his utterance : when he recovered his voice, he proceeded thus :

‘ I FOR some time revelled in the highest delights that man, considered only as a sensual animal, is capable of ; yet, were there certain compunctions still labouring in my breast, which possessed it with fear ; a passion of all others the most destructive to human happiness, and which Providence seems to have placed as an attendant on secret guilt, to render condign punishment almost unnecessary. At length my anxieties were encreased by an event, which, in other circumstances, would have added to my enjoyments. Maria weeping told me, that she was with child, and proposed our flying together to some obscure retreat, where she might conceal her infamy.

‘ ALARMED for her peace and safety much more than for my own, I consulted Parker in this new distress ; but instead of affording me advice or consolation, he reviled me for the very crime which he himself had prompted ; said I was a villain for having seduced an innocent girl, without having the means to support or protect her.

‘ Too strong I felt the justice of his charge,
 ‘ either to refute or resent it. After much
 ‘ cruelty of expression on his part, and real sor-
 ‘ row on mine, he said, the only expedient that
 ‘ remained to save Maria’s character, or my own,
 ‘ was to obtain money from my mother, upon
 ‘ some pretence or other, and carry off my
 ‘ mistress to England, where she might pass for
 ‘ my wife, and I might easily procure the means
 ‘ of supporting her there; at least till she was
 ‘ brought-to-bed, and able, as he termed it, to
 ‘ shift for herself.

‘ I HAD already drawn on my mother for much
 ‘ more than my usual allowance; and though
 ‘ she had not refused my draughts, she had gently
 ‘ hinted that I must not expect any farther in-
 ‘ dulgence of that kind, for that it was not in
 ‘ her power to answer my demands, without de-
 ‘ priving herself, and the rest of her family, of
 ‘ the necessary means of support. To write
 ‘ to her, therefore, upon this subject, could be
 ‘ of no use; so that he then proposed my going
 ‘ to see her, and trying what I could obtain by
 ‘ personal persuasion, as our *dernier resort*. He
 ‘ found me unequal to this act of dissimulation,
 ‘ and therefore offered to accompany me, in
 ‘ order to vouch every thing I should say.—I
 ‘ readily accepted his assistance. I wanted a
 ‘ support, indeed, on this occasion; but it should
 ‘ have been that of truth and honour, and not
 ‘ of a villain, to plunge me deeper still in guilt
 ‘ and misery.

‘ MY

44 THE DUPE OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

‘ My ever dear, my tender mother received
‘ me with tears of joy ; my sisters and my bro-
‘ ther looked like smiling Cherubs ; while I,
‘ with a whole Hell within my breast, appeared
‘ to my own conscience like the enemy of man,
‘ a serpent, in the bowers of Eden.—Parker be-
‘ came a favourite with the whole family, his
‘ manners being perfectly accommodating, and
‘ several days were passed in the most innocent
‘ and chearful amusements.

‘ At length I hinted my errand to my mother,
‘ who generously told me, she would share her
‘ last guinea with me, and that she was then
‘ luckily enabled to supply my wants, by having
‘ received an arrear of two hundred pounds (an
‘ old debt that had been due to my father) a few
‘ days before ; and added, that she hoped half
‘ that sum would make me rich and happy for
‘ the present, and that she would be my banker
‘ for the remainder.

‘ I WAS transported at her generosity, yet
‘ could not find words to express my feelings,
‘ from a consciousness that I was on the point
‘ of rendering her miserable, in return for her
‘ having made me, as she thought, happy.—I
‘ communicated this unhopd-for acquisition to
‘ Parker, who seemed not satisfied with the
‘ moiety, and advised me not to leave the house
‘ without the whole.

‘ I TOLD

‘ I TOLD him I had rather die, than press so kind
 ‘ a guardian farther. He treated my delicacy
 ‘ with contempt, and said I must soon die, and
 ‘ Maria too, if we had nothing more than that
 ‘ sum to depend upon in a strange country.
 ‘ There was no argument he could use that
 ‘ could prevail on me to make a further demand;
 ‘ so that, at last, he proposed that I should take
 ‘ it without her knowledge.

‘ I SHUDDERED at so vile a proposal—but he
 ‘ had gained an uncommon influence over my
 ‘ mind. He had a way of hurrying me into his
 ‘ purposes, and by repeatedly dwelling upon the
 ‘ distress which Maria might be exposed to in a
 ‘ foreign land, villain as I am, I at length con-
 ‘ sented to the deed; which we perpetrated on
 ‘ the Sunday following, when my mother and her
 ‘ little innocent family were gone to church, and
 ‘ perhaps at that moment were imploring bles-
 ‘ sings on my guilty head.

‘ WE reached Dublin with the utmost dispatch
 ‘ our horses could make, and did not stop till we
 ‘ arrived at a tavern in the suburbs, at a place
 ‘ called Ringsend. Parker immediately set out
 ‘ to bring Maria to me, and to enquire if there
 ‘ was a ship ready to sail; for my guilt made
 ‘ me fearful of appearing abroad.—He was a
 ‘ braver villain. During his absence I was over-
 ‘ whelmed with remorse and anguish, and was
 ‘ prompted to confide Maria and half the money

‘ to

46 THE DUPE OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

‘ to his care, and return with the dishonest part
 ‘ of it home again, and throw myself at my
 ‘ mother’s feet. But my Evil Genius prevailed ;
 ‘ and the fond idea of Maria’s charms quickly
 ‘ put an end to the thought of quitting her for
 ‘ a moment.

‘ WHEN she arrived, I embraced her with
 ‘ tears, and told her that my love for her had
 ‘ made me a villain, and rendered me unworthy
 ‘ of hers.—I was hurt at perceiving that she did
 ‘ not seem shocked at the recital of my crime ;
 ‘ but, on the contrary, joined with Parker to
 ‘ laugh at my scruples. I soon found it had been
 ‘ settled between them, that he should accompany
 ‘ our flight. As he was an accomplice in the
 ‘ robbery I had committed, he thought it not
 ‘ safe to stay behind ; and though I allowed the
 ‘ justice of his claim to share our fortune, I
 ‘ would have relinquished the guilty prize with
 ‘ pleasure to have been relieved from his company,
 ‘ which was now become irksome to me ; as he
 ‘ seemed to treat me with the insolence of superio-
 ‘ rity upon all occasions, and continued to lead her
 ‘ in to join in ridiculing my *moral cowardice*, as
 ‘ they chose to call it.

‘ WE failed, the next day, in the packet ; and
 ‘ on our arrival at Holyhead, I expressed my
 ‘ concern lest the journey through Wales should
 ‘ fatigue Maria too much, in her present delicate
 ‘ situation. She quickly relieved my apprehen-
 ‘ sions

‘ fions on that subject, by saying, she thanked
 ‘ Heaven she was not with child, and hoped she
 ‘ never should be.—I felt myself disgusted at her
 ‘ speech; for, exclusive of the deceit she had
 ‘ practised on me, there was something unfemi-
 ‘ nine in her mode of expression, which took off
 ‘ from the softness of her beauty, and seemed to
 ‘ render her features masculine.

‘ I BECAME pensive and reserved, during our
 ‘ long journey; but on our arrival in London,
 ‘ the variety of new objects which engaged my
 ‘ attention, joined to the soothing blandishments
 ‘ of Maria, though her manners often alarmed
 ‘ me, helped to dispel the gloom, and I soon
 ‘ entered, with all the spirit of dissipation, into
 ‘ the numberless amusements with which that
 ‘ great City abounds.—Our finances declined
 ‘ apace, and Maria’s cheerfulness and vivacity
 ‘ seemed to sympathize with their decay.

‘ PARKER then proposed our making a des-
 ‘ perate push, with the last fifty that remained,
 ‘ by trying our fortune at a gaming-table. I ob-
 ‘ jected my want of knowledge; which he seemed
 ‘ to think of no consequence, and said, that
 ‘ Fortune favoured the bold. But when he
 ‘ found I was not to be prevailed on, he with
 ‘ the utmost gaiety observed, that there was but
 ‘ one other resource left; and added, that he
 ‘ was ready to accompany me either to Hounslow,
 ‘ or Bagshot-Heath, the next morning, and wanted

48 THE DUPE OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

‘ to go immediately and provide us pistols for
‘ the enterprize.

‘ I EXPRESSED the utmost horror at this pro-
‘ posal. He grew outrageous at my declining
‘ it, called me half-blooded villain, and said, if
‘ I persisted in my refusal, he would turn evi-
‘ dence, and hang me for the robbery I had al-
‘ ready committed.—Maria, who was present,
‘ interposed between us, and seemed to calm his
‘ passion. I quitted the room, and flung myself
‘ on my bed, in an agony of grief and rage but
‘ little short of distraction.

‘ O LET no innocent untainted mind believe
‘ there can be faith or friendship found, where Vice
‘ cements the league! The monster who had
‘ betrayed me into guilt of every kind, now
‘ threatened to enforce the justice of the laws
‘ against the wretch whom he had made a
‘ criminal.

‘ MARIA and Parker walked out together,
‘ and left me alone almost abandoned to despair.
‘ When they returned, she came into my chamber
‘ and begged I would try to be chearful, and
‘ forget what was passed, as my friend was sin-
‘ cerely sorry for having offended me. She ob-
‘ served, that if we continued upon terms, we
‘ might perhaps be able to hit upon some scheme
‘ for our mutual support and advantage; and
‘ added, that we were too much in each other’s
‘ power to part; at least in anger.

‘ I FELT

‘ I FELT the force of her last argument too
 ‘ powerfully to resist; and determined, the next
 ‘ day, to divide my small stock to the last shil-
 ‘ ling with Parker, and separate from him, if
 ‘ possible, in peace.—We supped together, and
 ‘ Maria appeared uncommonly chearful and
 ‘ agreeable. We sat up late, and drank more
 ‘ wine than usual. I felt my brain rather into-
 ‘ xicated, and soon fell into a profound sleep, in
 ‘ which I continued till near eleven o’clock in
 ‘ the morning.

‘ WHEN I awoke, I was not surprized at
 ‘ finding myself alone, as Maria used to rise
 ‘ early, and frequently walked in the Park be-
 ‘ fore breakfast. I looked for my watch at the
 ‘ bed’s-head, where it usually hung, but could
 ‘ not find it; and upon opening the curtain, I
 ‘ saw my breeches lying on the floor, and the
 ‘ desk, where my little All was deposited, stand-
 ‘ ing wide open. I bounced up, in the utmost
 ‘ anxiety, without knowing what I had to appre-
 ‘ hend. I hurried on my cloaths, and ran into
 ‘ the dining-room; I called Maria, but in vain;
 ‘ I flew back to the desk, and found it empty;
 ‘ my cloaths, linnen, every thing was gone, ex-
 ‘ cepting those that then covered me.

‘ I STARED wildly round me, and saw my
 ‘ sword hanging up with a bit of paper pinned
 ‘ to it. I snatched it eagerly, and found these
 ‘ words of Parker’s writing: “ None but a
 E “ coward

“coward wants the means of living, or dying,
 “who has a sword in his hand.” I gazed alter-
 ‘nately at the weapon and the words; and fear
 ‘I should have compleated my crimes, by using
 ‘it according to the latter of Parker’s hints, if
 ‘the woman, in whose house we lodged, had not
 ‘then tapped at the door. She came in with-
 ‘out my speaking, and the moment she entered,
 ‘I cried out, Where is she? and burst into a fit
 ‘of tears. She stood amazed; but proceeded to
 ‘inform me, that as my Lady had discharged
 ‘the lodgings, and carried away her trunks, she
 ‘hoped I would not take it ill if she brought up
 ‘a gentleman to see the apartments, who wanted
 ‘to come into it immediately.

‘WITHOUT making her any reply, or know-
 ‘ing whither I was going, I ran down stairs,
 ‘and rushed into the street. I walked, or rather
 ‘flew, like a distracted wretch, for about two
 ‘hours, without knowing where I was. At
 ‘length I perceived the children laughing at me
 ‘as I passed, and would have followed me if
 ‘they had had sufficient speed. I then disco-
 ‘vered that I had my night-cap on, and no hat.
 ‘Trifling as this circumstance was, in my situa-
 ‘tion, it recalled my recollection, and I deter-
 ‘mined to return to my lodging, and make every
 ‘possible enquiry after my too fair, but faithless
 ‘Maria.

‘IT was now high noon, and the streets
 ‘crowded; I therefore sought to find my way
 ‘back,

‘ back, by the most unfrequented paths I could
 ‘ pursue, and got into every little Alley and
 ‘ Court that I saw, without considering their di-
 ‘ rection. By this means I suppose I walked above
 ‘ twelve miles; and in the evening found myself
 ‘ in the fields that lead to Marybone. As it grew
 ‘ dusk, I enquired my way to Suffolk-street. I
 ‘ was laughed at by some, and set wrong by
 ‘ others. However, I at last arrived at our lodg-
 ‘ ing-house, about ten o’clock at night.

‘ THE maid-servant, who opened the door,
 ‘ told me, that her mistress was not at home,
 ‘ and that our apartments were lett, the moment
 ‘ I left them, to a gentleman and his servant,
 ‘ and of course there was no room for me. I
 ‘ begged of her to admit me into the parlour,
 ‘ and allow me to sit down, as I was quite ex-
 ‘ hausted with fatigue, and had many questions
 ‘ to ask her. She replied, that she had not time
 ‘ to satisfy my enquiries; and that as I had
 ‘ thought proper to go off without giving her
 ‘ any thing for her trouble, she did not chuse to
 ‘ be at any more upon my account; and bid-
 ‘ ding me good night, shut the door upon me.

‘ I RAPPED again, and enquired for my hat.
 ‘ She told me, that whatever was left in the
 ‘ lodgings she had always looked upon as her
 ‘ perquisite, and that she had sold it to the
 ‘ gentleman’s valet de chambre who lodged there,
 ‘ as she supposed I was gone to France with the

52 THE DUPE OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP :

‘ rest of my company, and would never come
‘ back to ask questions about such an insignifi-
‘ cant article; and again shut the door in my
‘ face.

‘ THERE could not possibly be, in the wildest
‘ deserts, a person in a more forlorn state, than
‘ that which I was reduced to; yet the passion I
‘ still had for Maria, and the strong resentment
‘ which I felt towards Parker, rendered me al-
‘ most insensible to my own miseries. I con-
‘ tinued to walk back and forward in the streets,
‘ sometimes leaning against rails to support my
‘ sinking weight, while I was able to crawl
‘ along.

‘ AT length, quite subdued with weakness and
‘ fatigue, I sat down on the steps of a door in the
‘ Hay-market, and covered my face with my hands,
‘ supporting them on my knees; unconscious
‘ of the dangers I was exposed to, from being
‘ found at midnight in such a situation, and so
‘ thoroughly absorbed in sorrow, as even to be
‘ insensible to the pressing calamities of cold and
‘ hunger.

‘ I HAD not remained long in this place, when
‘ two females tripped up the steps and rapped
‘ gently at the door. My cloaths were of a
‘ dark colour, and I had contracted my form into
‘ so small a compass, that they did not perceive
‘ me till the light, which the servant brought to
‘ the

‘ the door, had rendered me visible. Upon discovering me they gave a little scream, and one of them hastily asked, Who and what are you? I made no answer; but attempting to rise, my strength forsook me, and I sunk down again to the earth.

‘ THEIR fright was increased by this accident, and they supposed me wounded and dying; they brought the light nearer to my face, which was pale, wild, and bedewed with tears; and one of them exclaimed, What a pity it is he should be killed! “ Would to heaven (I answered) that were the case, but I have no outward wounds.”

‘ THEY whispered for a minute, and then came and jointly assisted to raise me from the ground, almost by force, and brought me into the house. They were both young and handsome; and by their dress and manner I easily perceived they were of that unfortunate class of women, whom the villainy of our sex, and the *virtue* of their own, have excluded from the benefits of society.

‘ THEY chafed my hands, which were almost benumbed with cold, and forced me to accept of the only refreshments they had to offer, which were, bread and a little brandy and water. They expressed an eager curiosity about my situation, which, however grateful

54 THE DUPE OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

‘ I was for their kindness, I declined gratifying.
 ‘ After some little consultation between them-
 ‘ selves, they told me they would take their maid
 ‘ to bed to them, and that I might, if I pleased,
 ‘ lye down on her’s. I refused this offer, and
 ‘ only begged they would leave me a candle, and
 ‘ suffer me to remain where I was till day-break.
 ‘ They at length consented to my request, and
 ‘ retired.

‘ I PASSED the night as I had done the day, in
 ‘ a state of distraction ; and waited as impatiently
 ‘ for the morning’s dawn, as if I had hoped it
 ‘ would have brought a period to my misery. I
 ‘ had laid myself across some chairs to rest my
 ‘ limbs, and, notwithstanding the tumult of my
 ‘ mind, I insensibly fell asleep. About nine
 ‘ o’clock my kind, my gentle hostesses awaked,
 ‘ and invited me to breakfast, which I accepted ;
 ‘ and with many thanks for their hospitality, at-
 ‘ tempted to take my leave.

‘ THEY reminded me of the particularity of
 ‘ my figure, my uncombed locks, soiled features,
 ‘ and bare head, and requested that I would let
 ‘ their servant call a chair or coach to convey
 ‘ me to my home, where they were sure my ab-
 ‘ sence must have occasioned infinite anxiety. I
 ‘ started at the name of Home, and answered,
 ‘ “ Alas ! I have no home ; I am an out-cast of
 ‘ “ society !”

‘ UPON

‘ UPON which these generous unfortunates both
 ‘ at once exclaimed, “ Accept of this then till
 ‘ you can find a better, and we will both pro-
 ‘ tect and serve you.” I was sensible of the
 ‘ highest gratitude towards these unhappy women,
 ‘ but could not be mean enough to accept of
 ‘ farther kindness from them, when I had not
 ‘ the least hope of ever repaying those I had al-
 ‘ ready received.

‘ I REQUESTED they would let their servant go
 ‘ and dispose of my sword, and purchase me a
 ‘ hat of the plainest and coarsest kind. They
 ‘ complied with my desire, and the maid re-
 ‘ turned with her purchase, and two guineas and
 ‘ some silver in exchange. I instantly offered
 ‘ them half my wealth, for the trouble I had
 ‘ given them; but they peremptorily refused to
 ‘ receive any thing from me, and would not even
 ‘ suffer their servant to attend me to the door, for
 ‘ fear she should be less scrupulous.

‘ I CONTINUED for several days to wander
 ‘ through the streets of London, looking earnestly
 ‘ into every carriage, shop, or window, where I
 ‘ saw a youthful female; but the beautiful, the
 ‘ elegant form of my Maria never again delighted
 ‘ my sad eyes.

‘ WHEN quite worn-out with my fruitless pur-
 ‘ suit, I sometimes went into a chop-house in the
 ‘ evening, and called for bread and cheese and a

‘ pint of porter; for as I could form no scheme
 ‘ of obtaining a fresh supply, I endeavoured to
 ‘ husband the little pittance I had left, in the
 ‘ fond hope of still being able to discover the
 ‘ treasure of my soul, and breathing out its last
 ‘ sigh before her.

‘ For such was the love, confidence, and esteem
 ‘ I bore her, that I was apt to suspect my senses
 ‘ whenever I heard or saw her speak or act im-
 ‘ properly; and even this strong marked pro-
 ‘ ceeding of her’s raised but grief and astonish-
 ‘ ment in me at first; and to this moment I
 ‘ still retain a belief or hope in my mind, that
 ‘ she could never have been a willing accomplice
 ‘ in such a villainy, and must have been betrayed
 ‘ from me by deceit, or hurried away by violence
 ‘ and surprize; so truly and so fondly does my
 ‘ heart still doat upon her!

‘ ONE day, when I had finished my scanty
 ‘ meal, I happened to take up a News-paper
 ‘ which lay before me, and, among the articles
 ‘ from Ireland, saw myself described, and a re-
 ‘ ward offered to any person who should give an
 ‘ account of me to my tender and disconsolate
 ‘ mother, with a full assurance of perfect for-
 ‘ giveness and reconciliation if I would return.
 ‘ The tears gushed so plentifully from my eyes,
 ‘ on reading this Advertisement, that I was ob-
 ‘ liged to rise and go out of the house with the
 ‘ utmost precipitation. As I walked along, al-
 ‘ most

‘ most lost in thought, I was unfortunate enough
 ‘ to be involved in a crowd, who were attending
 ‘ a ballad-singer; and before I could extricate
 ‘ myself from it, my pockets were picked even
 ‘ of my last shilling.

‘ I now determined that I would return, like
 ‘ the Prodigal, implore my mother’s pardon,
 ‘ and intreat her to purchase me a commission in
 ‘ some regiment that was stationed either in
 ‘ America or the Indies, where I was utterly un-
 ‘ known, and where I might have an opportu-
 ‘ nity of redeeming my character, or of laying
 ‘ down a life which was now become a burthen
 ‘ to me.

‘ THE next morning, as soon as the shops were
 ‘ open, I went into Monmouth-street, and parted
 ‘ with the cloaths I had on, in exchange for
 ‘ those I now wear, and received seven shillings
 ‘ as the balance between them. With half this
 ‘ money I bought an additional shirt, and then
 ‘ set out on foot on my way to Ireland,

‘ NEAR Highgate I overtook the waggoner
 ‘ whose prisoner I first appeared before you. At
 ‘ our that night’s stage, he asked me to partake
 ‘ of the supper that was provided for him and
 ‘ others of his fraternity. I then thought it a
 ‘ sumptuous feast, but declined his offer, from
 ‘ my inability to pay my portion: I was, how-
 ‘ ever, prevailed on to join in the mess; and
 ‘ when

‘ when I had discharged my part of the reckoning, in the morning I had but a single shilling left. I then began to despair of prosecuting my journey, and was often tempted to lay myself down in some lonely spot, and never more attempt to rise again.

‘ THE honest waggoner sometimes shared his bread and cheese with me upon the road, and when he saw me faint with fatigue, would let me ride, while he walked by my side and conversed with me. In these conversations he boasted so much of his substance and independence, that I at last ventured to request he would lend me a couple of guineas to carry me over to Dublin. This he refused; but it did not abate his kindness towards me, notwithstanding; for at the last night’s stage he insisted on my supping with him, at free cost, which I did.

‘ WHEN we lay down to rest, I began to ruminate on my miserable situation; I knew I was next day to part with this man, who had prevented my perishing for the preceding week; I felt every honest and grateful sentiment for his kindness; even looked upon him as my friend; and yet was tempted to commit the theft with which I am charged, and for which I shall willingly suffer the death I have so justly deserved.

‘ As

‘ As soon as I had taken the money, I fled, as
 ‘ if pursued by millions ; but, alas ! I could not
 ‘ fly from my own thoughts ! I loaded myself
 ‘ with abuse, and founded the words, *ungrateful*
 ‘ *Villain !* a thousand times to my own ears. In
 ‘ short, no longer able to endure my own re-
 ‘ proaches, I determined to return and restore
 ‘ the money, as I found the idea even of perishing
 ‘ for want less painful than what I suffered from
 ‘ my self-conviction.

‘ THE rest of my story, Sir, you are already
 ‘ acquainted with ; but remember, that your
 ‘ humanity in seeming interested in my distress,
 ‘ and not a mean and contemptible view or de-
 ‘ sire of prolonging my wretched life, has drawn
 ‘ forth the recital of its misfortunes and miseries ;
 ‘ and my sole request now is, that you will con-
 ‘ ceal my name and family, and suffer me to be
 ‘ tried, and take my fate by the name, I have
 ‘ upon this occasion assumed, of Martin.’

MR. S——le said every thing that was possible
 to relieve the prisoner’s mind, and quitted him,
 for that night, after giving orders that he should
 be released from his irons, and supplied with
 every necessary of life at his expence. The next
 morning he sent for the waggoner, who seemed
 to lament his being bound to prosecute the youth,
 and said, “ He had not a wink of sleep about
 “ him all night, and that as how he should lose
 “ twice the value of his recognizance in being
 “ detained

60 THE DUPE OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

“detained by the sessions and sizes; and declared
“he would rather forfeit his surety, if no other
“evil could come of it, than stay to hang the
“lad.”

THIS favourable disposition in the waggoner was fondly cherished by my humane friend, who told him that the worst he had to apprehend was the mulct; that fines were often reduced, upon consideration of circumstances; that he would speak to the point himself, and take the proper care of him in his absence. Thus did this most excellent Magistrate act in this business, as Providence is sometimes said to do in other cases, by leading second causes so to operate as to effect its purposes, without any manner of constraint upon free-will.

THIS had its desired end; for Dobbin went whistling back with his team to London the next day, and did not return to Liverpool till after the assizes, when the young man was acquitted, as no prosecutor appeared; and on his being discharged from confinement, he was immediately taken home to Mr. S——le’s house.

I SHALL not take up the reader’s time with a description of poor Hartford’s expressions of gratitude to his humane patron; they were, as they ought to be, without bounds; and Mr. S——le seemed resolved to make his goodness to him so likewise; for he thought the saving of his life
but

OR, THE UNFORTUNATE IRISHMAN. 61

but half a kindness, unless he should provide him with such means of subsistence as might prevent his necessities from involving him again in some other guilt or danger of the same kind.

He had him immediately compleatly cloathed, and having, by a little hymn he composed in his confinement, and sent to Mr. S——le, found out that he wrote a good hand, he took him into his compting-house, one morning, as one of his clerks; and placing him at a desk, desired that his first act there should be to write a penitential letter to his mother, intreat her forgiveness, and give her an account of his present situation, but without affording the least hint of the unhappy circumstance which had led to this event.

THE young man's behaviour and expressions upon this occasion, were remarkable and affecting. He first stood for near a minute without the least motion, then attempted twice to speak, but could not utter a syllable, till after the more copious language of tears had first expressed his grateful feelings; next throwing himself at his feet, prayed fervently for blessings on his generous benefactor, but, at the same time, most earnestly begged leave to decline his proffered kindness.

“ I do not, in the least, suspect myself, said
“ he, notwithstanding my late misfortunes, but
“ I shall be suspected by others; at least, my
“ being

62 THE DUPE OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

“being stationed in this office, may afford too
“great a latitude to the other persons intrusted
“in it along with me, as their frauds might so
“obviously be imputable to me; and though
“ever so honest in my own actions, others might
“possibly be tempted too far, upon the pre-
“sumption of screening their trespasses behind
“my unhappy forfeit character.”

THE good sense, prudence, and virtue of the young man's reflection charmed Mr. S——le, and he therefore accepted of his apology; but desired that he would remain still in his house, as a friend and guest, till he should receive an answer from his mother, with her forgiveness and concurrence in the scheme he had before purposed, as already related, of raising a sum on the family patrimony to purchase him a commission abroad.

BUT while this matter was depending, Mr. S——le happened to freight a ship for Jamaica; and in order to give Hartford some employment in the interim, offered to send him out his supercargo for that venture; adding, that his principal reason for it, was to give him an opportunity of reconciling him to himself, by recovering his own confidence and esteem again, by a faithful discharge of his trust.

THIS kindness the joyful Hartford most readily accepted of; as the objections he had before made to the acting jointly with others,

in the office and warehouse business, were obviated in this case. "For in this trust, said he, "I stand alone, and shall be answerable only for "my own conduct; and I have, thank God, and "your favour, Sir, already recovered a confidence in myself; but shall, alas! never be "able to regain my own esteem, after the baseness of that act which has so justly forfeited "it to my mind for ever!"

I AM heartily sorry to be obliged to close my Narrative here, with an account of this poor unhappy young man's death; which happened soon after his arrival at Jamaica. He was ill when he set sail; the emotions of his mind had been too strong for the constitution of his body; he was endued with such a tenderness of soul, that I dare say the kindness of Mr. S——le affected him almost as much as his misfortune, and had he been transported for the fact, it is my opinion he might have been still alive.

HE fell into a consumption at sea, and died in the Island the day after he had delivered over the cargo according to its consignment; spending his last moments in blessing the generous instrument of Providence, who had saved a valuable soul from death, though unable to preserve a worthless body from the grave.

THE reader, I hope, will indulge me in one reflection here upon the subject: This young man
appears

64 THE DUPE OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

appears to have been endowed with a most excellent nature, in his first principles ; but not having resolution or firmness sufficient to withstand both passion and example, he was led into error more through weakness than vice. And there is no maxim more certain than this, That it is the *companion*, and not the *preceptor*, which is the most sovereign guide of youth.

THE

THE
T R I U M P H
O F
C O N S T A N C Y.

BY THE SAME.

ABOUT the year 1722, a person of the name of Thomas came to settle in a Village near Drogheda, in the Kingdom of Ireland. He brought with him two beautiful children, a son and a daughter; the boy, whose name was William, was about twelve years of age, and the little Anna about ten. Thomas rented a considerable farm, and was by much the most industrious and active man in his neighbourhood. He introduced a different kind of husbandry from what the natives had been used to, and the produce of his grounds was more in proportion than that of any of the Farmers near him.

THE common Irish, though naturally hospitable and humane to strangers, are wedded to their customs, and look with a scornful and jealous eye upon any innovation. It was not, therefore, till after some years experience both of his sense and goodness, that his neighbours regarded Thomas as a compatriot and friend;

F

but

but his many acts of humanity and kindness at length triumphed over their prejudices, and they began to consider Farmer Thomas as the Father of the Village. Notwithstanding the constant labour incident to his profession, our Farmer attended closely to the education of his children. William was sent daily to a grammar-school in the neighbourhood, nor was he ever suffered to go through any of the laborious part of the farming-business, or to pass the heat of the day in the fields. Those hours were peculiarly devoted to his studies, and to the pleasure he took in improving the mind of his lovely, and beloved sister. The fond attachment of these young people was remarkable throughout the Village, and Lovers used to boast to their mistresses, a tenderness equal to William's for Anna.

If, in the course of his occupation, William was detained but an hour later than usual from home, the tear stood trembling in Anna's eye, till William's presence, like the morning sun, dried up the pearly dew; and if any of the Village lads seemed to gaze on Anna with a Lover's eye, the roses would forsake poor William's cheek, and he would sigh, as if his heart was breaking: "Anna, my dear Anna (would he sometimes say to her), how happy should I be in the title of your brother, if I did not fear that there is yet a dearer tie, that may, perhaps, a few years hence, engross all your affections, and that the tenderness of a sister
" will

THE TRIUMPH OF CONSTANCY. 67

“ will be swallowed up in the fondness of a
“ Wife: you will give your whole heart to a
“ Husband, and William will not live when
“ Anna ceases to regard her brother.”

“ WHY must I marry? (the smiling maid
“ would answer) I am as happy as I can wish to
“ be; all my affections are engrossed by our
“ dear father and yourself; my heart cannot
“ contain another love; and till I see a youth
“ that can surpass my William in kindness to
“ his Anna——”——“ Oh, that will never be (he
“ quick exclaimed), and Anna will be William’s
“ sister all her days!”

WHILE they thus continued expressing their innocent and mutual tenderness, Farmer Thomas returned one day from the fields, holding a letter in his hand, his brow seeming overcast with sorrow. Anna was the first to run and embrace her father: “ Retire, my child (said he), I wish to
“ speak to William quite alone.”—The duteous maid blushed at this seeming repulse of her filial affection, and her fond heart trembled, lest William should have offended his father.

As soon as she was gone——“ William (said the
“ farmer), you must prepare to quit us instantly!
“ A person waits at some small distance with horses
“ to convey you hence. You are going to launch
“ into a world to which you are a stranger; may
“ the all-gracious Providence continue its pro-

“tection to my more than child! and may the
 “lessons of probity and honour which you have
 “received beneath this humble roof, guide and
 “direct your conduct in a more exalted, but
 “perhaps less happy state!” He could no
 more, his sighs now stopped his utterance, and
 he fell on William’s neck.

THE astonished youth cried out, “What is my
 “crime? Why am I banished from my father’s
 “sight?—Does Anna too go with me?”—“No,
 “William, you must part from her and me at
 “once, and part without even bidding her fare-
 “well.”—“Then my return will be as swift,
 “my father, as my departure is precipitate—yet
 “let me speak one word to my dear sister.” At
 that instant the person entered who was to con-
 duct William from all his heart held dear.
 Thomas embraced his darling youth, and said,
 “You must obey this Gentleman.”—Then turn-
 ing to the latter,—“There is your charge; and,
 “oh! may Heaven preserve him!”

WILLIAM had ever been accustomed to pay an
 implicit obedience to his father’s will. Thomas
 had too much sense and virtue to impose hard-
 ships upon his children, or to suffer them to
 warp his authority, when his commands were
 once declared, either by tears or blandishments;
 it did not therefore appear possible for William
 to attempt the smallest opposition to what he
 considered as the first severe trial of his duty,
 and

and he accordingly set out, in sorrow and silence, with his new guide.

THE distance from Drogheda to Dublin is not above twenty miles, yet it seemed to William like a thousand leagues; his anxiety increased with the distance that removed him from his peaceful home; and when they reached the Capital, about the close of the evening, he had a wild eagerness in his countenance that almost distorted his features, and made him appear rather an alarming than a pleasing object.

AFTER traversing numberless streets, all new to William, his guide stopped at a magnificent house, shewed him into a parlour, and desired he would wait his return, in silence. It was impossible for William to obey the latter part of this injunction. He was no sooner alone, than he burst forth into the tenderest exclamations at being torn from his Anna without the indulgence of a fond adieu, and uttered to himself the most fervent resolutions of returning to his father and sister by the morning's dawn.

IN about an hour his Conductor returned, and led him by the hand into a chamber where a Lady lay, seemingly at the point of death: close by the bed-side sat a very old Gentleman, and near him stood a comely Youth of about twelve years of age. The moment William entered the chamber, the dying Lady made an effort to raise

herself, and stretching forth her hand to him, said, "Come near, my child, and receive the
 "last embrace and parting blessing of an expir-
 "ing mother." William's whole soul was ab-
 sorbed in transport at these tender sounds: the
 voice of maternal fondness had never struck his
 ear—it seemed as if he had acquired a new sense,
 and that the harmony of the spheres was then
 become vocal to him. He flew and prostrated
 himself at his mother's bed-side, gazed on her
 languid face with pain and pleasure, and bathed
 her trembling hand with his fast-falling tears.
 While his mother embraced and mixed her tears
 with his, she turned to the old Gentleman, and
 said, "Thank Heaven, I now shall die in peace!
 "I have done justice to my child! Receive him,
 "Sir, as yours; his countenance bespeaks his
 "understanding, and his sensibility is a proof of
 "virtue. My William, bend your knee to your
 "now almost only parent; for soon, my child,
 "your mother will be dust."

WILLIAM, quite frantic with grief, cried out,
 "And, oh! have I found this treasure, this dear
 "mother, even in the moment that I am to lose
 "her!"—"Do not indulge your sorrows (she
 "replied); rather rejoice for me, my child, that
 "the wished hour draws near, when I shall ter-
 "minate a life of woe. Now, Sir (said she,
 "addressing the old Gentleman, who seemed
 "wrapt in thought, and delivering a packet of
 "papers to him), here are the incontestable
 "proofs

“proofs of my unhappy marriage with your son,
 “and the certificate of my William’s birth.
 “To Providence and you I intrust him; and
 “may your justice to him atone for the cruelties
 “I have suffered, and entitle you to pardon and
 “to mercy!” Then again embracing William,
 she added, “Retire, my child; my spirits faint
 “with this exertion: I hope again to see you,
 “and breathe forth my last sigh on your dear
 “bosom.”

WILLIAM, drowned in tears, was conducted
 into another apartment. The Youth whom he
 had seen in his mother’s chamber came to him,
 and with the utmost kindness endeavoured to
 console his sorrows. “You are my brother (said
 “he); and though I miss a fortune, by the
 “discovery your mother has now made, I think
 “such a relation as you seem to be, so great an
 “acquisition, that I shall never regret the loss,
 “if you will but love me as my heart tells me
 “that I shall deserve from you.”

Though plunged in grief, William’s heart
 was too susceptible of tenderness to reject a
 brother’s kindness: he embraced the young
 Henry, and begged him to explain the meaning
 of that interesting scene, in which he had so
 lately been an actor.

“ALL that I can tell you (said Henry) is, that
 “our father was the only son of that old Gentle-

“man you saw in the chamber, who sent him
 “abroad for education; during which time, it
 “now appears, that he privately married the
 “dying Lady, who is your mother; and when
 “our grandfather recalled him to Ireland, the
 “old Gentleman compelled his son to marry
 “another Lady, who was my mother, with whom
 “he lived about five years, and died of a con-
 “sumption. My mother did not long survive
 “him, and I have hitherto been brought up as
 “the sole heir of our grandfather’s immense
 “possessions, to which I most readily relinquish
 “my claim, if by so doing I may acquire the
 “happy exchange of an affectionate brother.”

WILLIAM made every possible return to his
 brother’s kindness; for though, from the man-
 ner in which he had been brought up, he was
 insensible to the value of riches, and therefore
 could not estimate the sacrifice which Henry
 made him at its full rate, yet still he felt, that
 such a voluntary privation must arise from an
 effort of generosity, and he was thankful to the
 giver, without highly regarding the gift. But
 he was not equally indifferent to the tender feel-
 ings of filial and fraternal love; his heart seemed
 to expand with these new claims, and a mother
 and a brother were to him more acceptable trea-
 sures than all the wealth of the Peruvian mines.

THE quick succession of unlooked-for events
 which had befallen William in the space of a
 few

few hours, had rendered his mind a perfect chaos: but he was no sooner left alone to pass the night in his apartment, than a ray of joy broke through the mist, developed his ideas, and shewed him the supreme felicity which awaited him, in the fond hope of a still nearer connection than that of a brother with his beloved Anna. The gifts of fortune no longer seemed beneath his regard: they would raise the object of his affection to a situation worthy of her charms and virtues; and they would afford him the heart-felt transport of repaying his obligations to his more than father, by placing the worthy Thomas in a state of ease and affluence.

THESE pleasing reveries engrossed his thoughts the greater part of the night, and rendered him incapable of rest. With the earliest dawn, his contemplations were disturbed by a summons to attend his now expiring mother: she again embraced and blessed him; expressed her gratitude for the parental care her faithful friend had taken of his youth; and breathed her parting sigh on William's breast. His anguish was extreme, and it was with much difficulty he was removed from the lifeless form of her who gave him being.

WHEN the last duties had been paid to the remains of his dead mother, William expressed his wishes of returning to the dear friends he had

had left in the country; and desired Henry to obtain his grandfather's permission for that purpose. Sir Henry Nugent (so was the old Gentleman called) was highly offended at his grandson's request; he commanded him into his presence immediately, and spoke to him in the following manner:

"My mind, young man, has been so much employed by the extraordinary and unsatisfactory tale that your mother has promulged with her last breath, that I have not yet had leisure to search for the corroborating proofs of her story in the nobleness of your principles and sentiments; but if you are, as that woman boasted——"

"THAT woman, Sir!" exclaimed the youth.

"HEAR me in silence, Sir (replied the Knight). If you really are descended from my family, and that the blood of Nugent fill your veins, you will immediately abjure all further connections with those sordid peasants who have brought you up, perhaps, with principles as mean as their vocation: you will raise your thoughts to higher prospects; and by entering directly into an alliance which I have in view for you, strive to lose the contemptible ideas which your disgraceful education may have given you, in the society of those who are my equals."

"I, SIR!

“ I, SIR ! (cried William)—I abjure the worthy
 “ man who was my more than father ! No, Sir,
 “ it is impossible ; the blood that fills my veins,
 “ from whatsoever source it may be derived, is
 “ rich at least in gratitude, and my heart triumphs
 “ in the joyful thought of repairing the injuries
 “ of fortune to the best of men, and elevating
 “ worth and virtue like my Anna’s to its proper
 “ sphere.”

SIR Henry could no longer contain his re-
 sentment : “ Insensible and groveling wretch (he
 “ cried) ! I am now convinced the tale thy mo-
 “ ther told was all a lie, and she a vile impostor.
 “ The forgeries, which she called proofs, of thy
 “ relation to a noble family, are luckily at this
 “ moment in my hands, and thus I sacrifice thy
 “ vain pretensions, to which the meanness of
 “ thy heart too clearly shews thou hast no real
 “ claim.”—So saying, he threw the packet,
 which William’s mother had entrusted to his
 care, into the fire, and thus went on : “ Return,
 “ poor fordid slave, and till that earth thou wert
 “ not born to be the Lord of ; make thy con-
 “ nections with thy fellow-peasants, and let me
 “ never see thee more.”

THE violence and suddenness of Sir Henry’s
 behaviour had surprised William so much, that
 he was almost petrified, and stood for several
 minutes without motion after Sir Henry had
 left the room. All the delightful prospects which
 had

had occurred to his youthful mind, of receiving happiness upon the truest principles, that of bestowing it, now vanished like a dream, nor for a time could he thoroughly believe that he was awake. Yet still the pleasing hope that he might be united to his Anna by the tenderest bonds, inspirited his heart, and roused him from the stupor of astonishment.

“YES, I will go (he cried), and unite my fate
 “with virtue, such as never inhabited these gilded
 “walls, except while my poor mother’s parting
 “spirit deigned to reside within the hateful man-
 “sion. If it still hovers o’er this scene of
 “cruelty and injustice, it will applaud my con-
 “duct, and self-approving conscience shall bless
 “my days with innocence and Anna; while
 “those I leave behind—”

At that instant the young Henry flew into William’s arms. “Do not involve me in
 “your hatred, brother! Far from rejoicing
 “in the loss you have sustained, my heart is
 “breaking for my own; no wealth can make
 “poor Henry amends for such a brother:
 “and, oh! I fear you will not love me, because
 “I am the unhappy, but innocent cause of our
 “grandfather’s cruelty to you!”

WILLIAM’S heart was melted by his brother’s kindness, and he assured him he should ever retain the truest fraternal affection for him; and

as he should never think of disturbing him in the possession of a fortune to which he no longer aspired, he said, he hoped that on these terms they might ever be friends, and begged that Henry would write to him; then folded his weeping brother in his arms, and left his grandfather's house directly after.

WILLIAM set out for the friendly farm that had fostered his infant years, with sentiments even more perplexed than those with which he left it: Fear is ever an attendant upon true love, and he doubted whether his Anna would accept for a husband, the man whom she had so long considered in the light of a brother. Even the good, the friendly Thomas might, he feared, refuse to bestow his daughter upon one who was now an outcast from his own family, and who could bring no addition of rank or wealth to his.

FILLED with these apprehensions, he journeyed slowly and thoughtfully along, till he arrived at the hospitable Cottage. On his entrance, Thomas seemed to express more surprize than joy at his return, while the artless Anna rushed into his arms, and bursting into tears, cried out, "It is, " it is my brother!"

WILLIAM's whole soul was occupied in joy and tenderness; he forgot every disagreeable sensation he had felt since their separation; he clasped the lovely maid to his bosom, and ex-
4 claimed

claimed in transport, "No power on earth shall
"ever part us more!"

"RASH young man (said Thomas)! Is it thus
"you repay the kindness of a father, by striving
"to destroy the happiness of his child? You
"know that Anna is no more your sister, nor
"shall you ever stand in any other degree of
"relationship to her." So saying, he took his
daughter by the hand, and led her to her chamber.
At Thomas's return into their little parlour, Wil-
liam threw himself at his feet. "Will you forsake
"and cast me off (he cried), abandoned as I am
"by the whole world beside? If so, life is a
"burthen that I will not long endure, deprived
"of your affection and my Anna's love."

"I do not understand you, Sir (replied
"Thomas); are you not now the rich and
"powerful heir of Sir Henry Nugent? whose
"pride, I know, would never condescend to let
"you wed my daughter; and you, Sir, must
"also know, that the blackest act of baseness
"and ingratitude which human nature could be
"guilty of, would be that of seducing her af-
"fections, and rendering her, and me of course,
"unhappy."

"FAR be the impious thought from William's
"breast (exclaimed the honest youth)! No, my
"father—still will I call you by that honoured
"name; were it within my power, I would make

“a ten times greater sacrifice than I have already made, to prove my love and constancy to Anna.”—He then repeated to him all that had passed from the time of their separation; and concluded with imploring his consent to unite his fate with his lovely daughter’s.

THOMAS remained inflexible.—“No, Sir (said he), it shall not be; I never will consent to your justifying your grandfather’s inhumanity, by giving him a pretence for it. I will see this haughty Baronet, and urge the justice of your claim from my own knowledge; and though nature and conscience have not been able to plead in your behalf, his pride may make him do you right, from the conscious shame of knowing, that so poor a man as I am must otherwise think, nay, and proclaim him too, a villain.”

THOMAS set out in a few days after for Dublin, having first removed Anna to a friend’s house, at a small distance from his own, where she was not permitted to receive either visits or letters from her beloved William.

THOMAS appeared before Sir Henry Nugent with that firmness which conscious virtue gives. He told him he had received William, when an infant, from the hands of his father and mother at Avignon; who both declared the legality of their union, and deplored the necessity they were
under

under of keeping it secret, from the fear of offending both their parents:—"For (added he) the mother of the youth was descended from a family full as noble as your own, who would have resented her matching clandestinely with your son, as much as you could have done the disobedience on his part."

"PERHAPS, Sir (said the Baronet, with a sarcastic smile), the Lady might have been your relation."

"I own it, Sir (said Thomas), and though unfortunate, as I know she was virtuous, I glory in the title of her Kinsman."

"INSOLENT fellow (replied Sir Henry)! begone this moment from my sight, nor dare to insult the honour of my family, by supposing my son could be so base to match with such plebeian meanness. Begone, I say, or my servants shall chastise your audacity, and spurn you into the street."

THOMAS was now convinced, that his young Ward had nothing to hope from the justice or humanity of his grandfather, and, full of honest indignation, he shook the dust from off his feet, and left the house. He did not, however, return home immediately, but travelled on to the County of Kilkenny, which was the place of his nativity. There he collected authentic proofs of his birth

birth and family, and without making himself known to any relations, journeyed back again to his own habitation.

THOMAS's history may be comprized in a few words. His real name was Butler; his father was a Cadet of the Ormond family, and Thomas, when a youth, had followed the fortunes of the last Duke of that illustrious title. He had continued with him while he remained in France, and there married a Lady of rank and fortune, who died in child-bed of the little Anna. When the Duke went into Spain, Mr. Butler, as we shall now call him, came to England, and brought with him his daughter, and the son of his friend and relation who had been committed to his care. He arrived about the year 1719, and risked the small remains of his fortune in the whirlpool bubble of the South Sea Scheme, and was, like thousands more, undone.

THAT noble spirit of independence which is inherent to generous minds, soon determined Mr. Butler to that plan of life which we have seen him steadily pursue, and in which his industry was crowned with deserved success. The pride, if we may call it so, natural to high birth, made him conceal his name and family in the humiliating situation of a farmer; but he thought it now proper to assert his rank, in honour of the dead Mrs. Nugent and her son.—Furnished, as I have already said, with authentic proofs of his

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identity,

identity, he claimed his Arms from the Heralds Office, and conveyed them, with a copy of the register of his birth, in a letter to Sir Henry Nugent, in which he told him, that though he was fully intitled to call him to an account for the insolence of his behaviour, the injustice of his conduct had rendered him so much his inferior, that he could not think of degrading himself by meeting him on equal terms, but left him to the stings of his conscience; which, he hoped, would awaken him to a proper remorse, before he was summoned to a trial in which he should be obliged to give in evidence against himself.

AT Mr. Butler's return to his house, he found his much-loved William lying delirious in a fever. The agitation which his youthful spirits had suffered, in the trying scenes he had gone through, had brought on his disorder; and the agonies he felt at being, as he thought, for ever deprived of his dear Anna's sight, had raised it to a height that seemed to baffle all those simple medicines which his friendly neighbours had administered to him. He raved incessantly upon his Anna, and called her father cruel and inhuman; begged but to see her once, and close his eyes for ever.

MR. Butler immediately dispatched messengers for a physician and his daughter: the arrival of the latter was sufficient; William's reason and his happiness returned with Anna, and he was soon pronounced out of danger by his nominal doctor.

WILLIAM'S

WILLIAM'S passion seemed to grow with his strength, and he incessantly implored Mr. Butler to give his consent to his marriage, or to his seeking an honourable grave, by entering a volunteer into the army. The sad idea of William's departure soon drove the roses from poor Anna's cheeks, and her pale face and languid eyes were powerful, though silent petitioners to her fond father. He at length relented, and calling them together, said, "My children, I have seemed obdurate to your wishes, only for your sakes. Slight passions will not abide the trials that your union is like to draw upon you; distress and difficulties soon lose the trifling band of youthful fondness; but a sincere and virtuous love is able to surmount, or at least stand firm against, all the accumulated ills of fortune. I have proved ye both, and seen the strength of your affections in its perseverance; then take my daughter, William, with my consent and blessing, they are all I have to give; but know, young man, when you receive this dowerless maid before the altar, you marry with your equal; with one who would do honour to your choice, were you at this moment possessed of all your grandfather's injustice withheld from you. I now shall trust you with a secret, but it must remain so; for as ye still must dwell beneath this humble roof, and eat the bread of industry, how sweet we all have proved, it would but expose us to scorn or pity, the proud man's charity, to boast a rank our fortunes

84 THE TRIUMPH OF CONSTANCY.

“tunes cannot rise to. The names of Butler
“and of Nugent must be now forgotten; and
“Thomas, William, and their much-loved Anna,
“be still our only titles; but let our virtues exalt
“those simple names to terms of honour; and
“let the consciousness of what we are, inspire
“us to fill our several stations as we ought, nor
“think of superiority over the meanest of our
“friends and neighbours, but in goodness.”

He then acquainted William with his name and family, and with every thing that had passed between him and Sir Henry Nugent.

It would be needless to describe the transports of the enamoured William when he arrived at the summit of his felicity, by receiving Anna for his bride. Suffice it to say, that their happiness was permanent and pure as their affections, and that they were the wonder of their little world for conjugal and filial tenderness. In the course of three years Anna presented her husband with two lovely boys, whose early education now became the care of Thomas, as he grew too much enfeebled by years to labour as he formerly had done; but William's industry amply supplied that want, and their cottage was called, by all their neighbours, The House of Happiness.

SEVEN years thus passed away, and seemed but as a summer to them all; when, one day, William returning from his daily occupation, saw
1 a carriage,

a carriage, attended by several servants, stop at a little distance from the house, and a Gentleman dressed in mourning alight from it and come towards him. The blooming Anna, regardless of the stranger whom she saw, was coming out to meet her husband with the best produce of their garden in her lap, to assuage the noon-tide heat, while Thomas sat upon a grass-plat near, his little grandsons climbing up his knees. The stranger at first stood motionless, gazing upon the pleasing sight; then rushing forwards with impetuosity, he darted into William's arms, crying out, "It is my brother!" William received the caresses of the stranger with a mingled sensation of joy and reserve; his heart warmed in the fraternal embrace, at the recollection of young Henry's features; but it also occurred to his remembrance, that his brother had not once written, or enquired after him, for more than seven years.

"I READ your just resentment in your looks,
 "my brother (said the young Henry), but condemn me not for involuntary crimes. On our
 "first separation I wrote to you repeatedly, but
 "received no answer. At length our grandfather
 "candidly owned he had secreted all my letters,
 "and sternly declared, that if I persisted in corresponding with you, I should be as much an
 "alien to his heart and fortune as you were: the
 "latter, he informed me, was intirely in his
 "own power, and if I did not then enter into a
 "solemn

"solemn promise to hold no farther commerce
 "with you, he would bequeath his wealth to
 "some more distant relation, and turn me out
 "a wanderer to the world. What could I do?
 "I promised, and obeyed. It is now about a
 "week since my grandfather expired, and left
 "me heir to all his wealth. But no will, since
 "contrary to my own, shall exclude you from
 "your just rights, which I now come to resign
 "into your possession, and to receive a younger
 "brother's portion from your bounty; and long,
 "very long, may my much-loved brother, now
 "Sir William Nugent, enjoy his rank and
 "fortune!"

"NOBLE youth (exclaimed old Mr. Butler)!
 "the blood of Nugent is revived in thee; and
 "blush not to receive a sister, and these children,
 "though meanly clad, thy equals both in birth
 "and virtue."

THE glad tidings of William's exaltation was
 quickly spread around the neighbouring Villages;
 every heart rejoiced in his good fortune, and
 owned he merited his elevation; every tongue
 poured forth blessings on him and his amiable
 family; and every eye dropped tears of tender-
 ness when they departed from The House of
 Happiness.

SIR William took possession of his family-seat
 and fortune, and made a provision for his brother
 worthy

worthy of them both. Mr. Butler spent the remainder of his days with his son and daughter in affluence and tranquillity, and resigned his breath in his loved Anna's arms.

LADY Nugent bore many sons and daughters, who are the worthy inheritors of her own and Sir William's virtues; and a very few years since they still remained patterns of conjugal and parental affection to all who had the happiness of knowing or conversing with them.

THE
H I S T O R Y
O F
L O U I S A.

BY THE SAME.

AS there is no passion incident to the human mind which operates so strongly on the happiness or misery of life as Love, so there is none to which the young and innocent of the softer sex give way to with less caution or reflection. For their sakes then, who, guiltless themselves, suspect no fraud in others, I wish the following authentic little Tale to be made public, as a kind of beacon to my Fair Readers, to warn them against the perfidy of Men. This Story is not embellished with any episode, as it is no fable, but a literal matter of fact.

LOUISA was the only child of Mr. Hartington, an opulent merchant in Liverpool; and though she had the misfortune to lose her mother in her sixth year, the tenderness of a fond father, as far as it was possible, supplied that want, by affording her every species of education that her sex, even in an higher rank of life, are thought capable

capable of. Her natural talents more than kept pace with the advantages of her education; so that, at sixteen years old, she was deemed not only the most beautiful, but most accomplished young person in that part of the world.

THE united charms of her mind and form, joined to the almost certain prospect of her possessing a large fortune, drew a crowd of admirers round her; but none of them were happy enough to touch the gentle heart of the amiable Louisa.— As she marked no preference, she gave no offence; but few are the hearts in which Love is so firmly rooted as to subsist without hope; and, by degrees, many of her sighing slaves withdrew, in expectation of finding a kinder, though less perfect mistress elsewhere.

THERE was, however, among her train, one true votary to Cupid, whom I shall call William Selby,

Her charms, her mind, her virtue he explor'd,
Admiring; soon was admiration chang'd
To love, nor lov'd he sooner than despair'd.

FROM a friendly connection between their families, this youth, though some years older than Louisa, had been bred in the strictest intimacy with her; and she not being blessed with a brother, had bestowed on him that mild sort of affection, compounded of tenderness and respect, which
such

such a relation claims. His attachment to her, as I have already said, was of a much more ardent nature; but the difference of their prospects in life, joined to the generosity of his disposition, which wished not to debase, but to exalt the sovereign of his soul, made him determine to keep his passion secret, "and in smiles conceal his anguish." For, alas! William, though descended from a noble family, was but the son of a clergyman, who, with an humane and benevolent heart, found it difficult to support a large family upon 200*l.* a year.

WILLIAM was originally designed for the Church; but the uncertainty of finding even a provision for himself in that sacred calling, as he was not allied to any Bishop; and his earnest desire of being useful to his family, for he was the tenderest of sons, as well as of lovers, determined him to quit a collegiate life, before he had obtained his degrees, and seek for fortune in a busier scene.

By the interest of Louisa's father he was appointed a Writer in the India Company's service; and the pleasing probability of obtaining wealth, and of dispensing it to those he loved, would have filled his mind with the most delightful sensations, if the sad idea of parting from Louisa had not cast a gloom on all his hopes of happiness, and darkened the bright prospect.

As

As the time of his departure approached, his melancholy increased; and he found it would be impossible to tear himself from his adored Louisa, if he were to attempt the bidding her adieu. He therefore resolved to take his leave by letter; and left the following lines to be delivered to her by his favourite sister, as soon as it was known that he had failed.

TO LOUISA.

“MY ever dear, and, ah! too charming
“ friend! think what must be the situation of
“ thy William’s heart, when the sole image of
“ delight it can receive, is that of giving a mo-
“ mentary pain to thine.—Yes, selfish as I am,
“ I exist but in the hope that my Louisa’s gentle
“ breast will heave a sigh, and her bright eyes
“ be quenched in flowing tears, while she per-
“ uses this last adieu of her adoring, her despair-
“ ing lover.—Ah! start not at the fond presump-
“ tuous phrase, Louisa! but remember, that he
“ who writes, has never dared to utter it.—
“ That Power alone, who knows his inmost
“ thoughts, has seen his anguish; and to that
“ Power he bends, in earnest prayer, to beg for
“ blessings on thee, unmindful of himself.—
“ Thine is the medium of thy William’s happi-
“ ness; in that alone he wishes to be blest.—
“ Adieu—a long adieu!”

THOUGH Louisa had never yet experienced either the transports or the pangs of Love, she
had

had a heart susceptible of the most melting tenderness; and William's letter produced more permanent effects upon her mind than he could have imagined. Sorrow was a new guest in her gentle bosom, and she seemed to welcome the stranger with the same degree of fondness, that its opposite, Joy, is in general received. In short, her cheerfulness declined, and even the opening roses on her cheek were supplanted by the lilly. Alarmed at her situation, though ignorant of its cause, her father proposed her spending the winter in London, where she had not been since she left school; her obedience was ever the shadow to his will, except when she could divine his thoughts, and then it was their har- binger, preventing his command,

THEY set out together for the Capital, where he placed her in the care of his sister, the widow of Sir John Morton; and, after spending a few days in London, took the tenderest leave of his darling daughter, and returned, now doubly a widower, to Liverpool,

THE splendor and novelty of those scenes in which Louisa was now engaged, produced their natural effect on a young mind; yet was not William forgotten in the midst of her gaiety; and a bright drop would often tremble in her eye, when either a similarity of person, or any other circumstance, recalled him to her imagination.

NUMBERLESS

NUMBERLESS were the conquests which Louisa made in her new circle; but there was one, and only one, whose homage she accepted with pleasure. To all the tender assiduities which she had been accustomed to receive from William, he joined the fondest, warmest speech of Love; a moment's absence was an age to him; and he complained, in tender elegiac strains, of being banished his Louisa's sight, even in those hours which were necessarily allotted to rest.

THIS gay and gallant commerce subsisted for some months between Colonel Layton and Louisa, though not without some tender, but transient remembrances of William; and might have continued much longer, had it not been interrupted by Lady Morton's enquiring of her niece, whether the Colonel had obtained her father's consent to authorize his addresses. At this question Louisa started, as from a dream, and instantly recollected that her Lover had never hinted an idea of matrimony in any of their conversations. But this she immediately attributed to his delicacy, as supposing he wished to gain her affection before he would presume to ask her hand.

LADY Morton then informed Louisa, that Lord Maynard had written to Mr. Hartington for permission to pay his addresses to her; and added, that his proposals were so generous, that she did not doubt of his obtaining her brother's consent, as he had declared, that if he was happy
enough

enough to gain her heart, he desired no other treasure.

With a quickness unusual to her, Louisa replied, That was not to be disposed of to the highest bidder, and therefore never should be his.

In the midst of this not agreeable *entretien*, she received a letter from her father, repeating what Lady Morton had already told her in relation to Lord Maynard, and seconding the information with his most earnest and tender intreaties to receive his Lordship favourably, provided she had no prepossession against him, or in favour of another. He slightly mentioned his having been, for some time, in a declining state of health, and that on that account, and many others, he wished to see his daughter so amply and honourably provided for as she would be upon such an alliance.

CONCERN for her father's ill state of health triumphed over every other consideration in Louisa's mind, and she would have set out instantly to pay her duty to him, if she had not been prevented by Lady Morton shewing her a letter which she had received at the same time, wherein he said, if he did not find himself better, he should go to London in a few days in order to have a consultation of physicians. This immediately put a stop to her journey, as she reasonably supposed her going to him might at least delay, if not entirely prevent, his coming.

AFFLICTED

AFFLICTED and disturbed with the various conflicts in her mind, a friendly shower of tears came to her aid, and she sat leaning on her arm and gazing on her father's letter, when Colonel Layton entered the room unperceived by her. Perhaps she never looked more lovely than at that moment;—for, as Doctor Young says of women,

“ Heaven is pleas'd to make distress become them,

“ And dresses them most amiably in tears.”

But the Colonel's attention was more engaged by the cause, than the effect; and he snatched up her father's letter, pretending that he supposed it came from some favoured Lover, whose sufferings she might be then lamenting. Though she made every possible effort to recover the paper, he had fully satisfied his curiosity before she could prevail on him to restore it; and the moment he had done so, he threw himself at her feet in an agony of despair, declaring, that if she listened to Lord Maynard's addresses he would destroy himself; for that his life and happiness were bound up in her alone, and they should both perish before her. In order to calm his transports, she assured him, that if he could obtain her father's consent, she would most willingly sacrifice the offered advantages of rank and fortune; and, blushing through her tears, confessed, that her hopes of happiness as much depended upon that event as his; and that she would go so far as to join her intreaties with

with his, and doubted not they would succeed with the tenderest and most indulgent of parents.

SUCH a concession was certainly sufficient to abate the apprehension of the most ardent Lover; but Colonel Layton did not seem to receive the smallest degree of satisfaction from it, but, on the contrary, declined making any application to Mr. Hartington, and took every possible pains to convince Louisa, that her father would not only refuse his consent to a match so inferior to that already proposed, but probably forbid her ever seeing him, and enforce her obedience by sending for her immediately.

“He that can please is certain to persuade;”

and Louisa, for the first time in her life, forgot her father's long-accustomed kindness, and joined with her Lover in a scheme to impose upon—herself. At his request she consented to conceal their mutual passion, and, for a time, to receive Lord Maynard's visits, with a view of discovering some defect in his person or manners that might be deemed a sufficient objection to her liking him. Ah, poor Louisa! what an artful web art thou now weaving to entangle thy fair self!

In consequence of this concerted plan, Louisa expressed her obedience to her father's commands, with only this reserve, that she requested an assurance from him, that if Lord Maynard was not agreeable

agreeable to her, he would never exert his authority to compel her to marry him.

HER fond, her tender father most readily complied with her request; but, at the same time, informed her of the expediency of accepting Lord Maynard's proposal, as he found that both his health and fortune were in a declining state.

THE first of these she sincerely lamented, but the other was below her consideration; for, "what is fortune to the wish of love?"

SHE communicated her father's letter to the Colonel, and continued to receive Lord Maynard's visits with a coldness which seemed only restrained by good-breeding from expressing disgust. Enamoured as his Lordship was, he easily perceived the little likelihood there was of gaining Louisa's affections, without which her charms were valueless to him; and he was on the point of retiring from an hopeless pursuit, when the news of Mr. Hartington's bankruptcy and death were brought to his afflicted daughter.

THIS double shock was sufficient to subdue a firmer frame of mind and body than poor Louisa boasted; and she would probably have sunk under it to everlasting peace and rest, if the fond idea of being necessary to Colonel Layton's happiness had not recalled her love of life, and made her consider its preservation as a proof of her affection to him.

MANY weeks elapsed before she was able to receive even this lover's visits; but his letters daily found their way to the inmost recesses of her heart, which, softened by her present sorrows, was rendered still more susceptible of love; and she determined, as soon as her health would permit her, to see Lord Maynard, and put a final end to his hopes, by avowing her attachment to the Colonel.

GENEROUS as this resolution appears, it was by no means approved by the person in whose favour it was taken; he therefore used every art to prevent its being carried into execution: but though he could not prevail on Louisa still to trifle with Lord Maynard's passion, by continuing to receive his addresses, he had the confidence to tell her, that it was now as necessary on his own account, as it had formerly been on her's, to keep their attachment secret; for that his friends would certainly oppose his marriage with the daughter of a bankrupt.

THE cruelty of this expression was sufficient to have raised the strongest resentment in a mind less subdued by passion than Louisa's; but she was become so totally a slave, that she felt not the severity of her tyrant, and only lamented the loss of fortune, as it might have served to reconcile a mercenary world to her lover's choice. She however persisted in her resolution of dismissing Lord Maynard, who had pursued his ad-
dresses.

dresses with more ardour since the death of her father, than at first. She was not insensible to the generosity of his conduct; but a heart so devoted as her's, could make no adequate return to his disinterested affection.

WHEN he received her final determination against him, he ventured to tell her, that he lamented his want of power to obtain her heart, almost as much for her sake as his own; and seemed to hint as if he feared she had disposed of it to an unworthy object. Louisa considered this inuendo as the malice of a disappointed lover, and triumphed secretly at having had an opportunity of making such a sacrifice to her dear Colonel.

IN about three weeks after Lord Maynard had desisted from visiting Louisa, a letter was brought her, from an anonymous writer, which informed her, that there were three thousand pounds lodged in the four *per cent.* funds for her sole use, desiring that she would go immediately and sign the books to ascertain her property; and requesting her to consider this sum not as a gift, but as the payment of a debt legally due to her deceased father, whose affairs were then settled, and all his creditors fully paid.

AFTER much doubt upon this subject, she became convinced, in her own mind, that this bounty must have proceeded from Lord May-

nard; and neither Lady Morton, nor the Colonel, could prevail on her to avail herself of his generosity, from whom, she was conscious, she had not deserved it. Her delaying to accept this present, occasioned her to receive a second letter, assuring her, that if she did not take the necessary steps to secure her property, it would sink into the general fund; for that the person who had placed it there would never receive principal or interest from it, upon any conditions whatsoever.

In consequence of this letter, and the repeated importunities of her Lover, she consented at last to receive this present, for such she still considered it; and a day was fixed for her going into the City: the Colonel was to accompany her, as Lady Morton was totally ignorant of all the forms of business, and her equipage could contain but two persons, as it was only a chariot. During their little journey from Berkeley-Square into the City, the Colonel used every argument to persuade Louisa into a private marriage, and went so far as to say, that if she neglected the present opportunity they never should be united, for that her refusal could only proceed from want of true regard and confidence in him. How artful is this bait! and how secure must that lover be of his mistress's affection, when he pretends to doubt it, by demanding proofs of it! The little rhetoric which Louisa's delicacy suggested against his request, such as the not having a female friend with her, the ingratitude towards her

her aunt in not entrusting her with the design, &c. &c. was quickly overcome by his more subtle sophistry, Was he not her husband, lover, friend? In whom should she confide but him, and him alone?

If my reader has ever been in love, he or she will easily believe that Louisa did not long continue obdurate; for sure there is no task so hard as to deny the suit of one we love.

THE chariot set them down at the four *per cent.* office, and was ordered by the Colonel to drive to St. Paul's, and wait their coming. The moment that Louisa had signed the books and received half-a-year's interest, the Colonel conveyed her in a hackney-coach to a house in Ludgate-Street, where there was a person prepared, in the habit of a Clergyman, to hurry over the awful ceremony of marriage, and to precipitate the unsuspecting fair-one into a series of distress and misery.

TRIUMPHANT in the success of his scheme, the Colonel's transports were without bounds; and the innocent Louisa rejoiced in the fond hope of having made her husband supremely happy. A few short months passed away in all the delights of mutual and concealed affection. From the termination of that æra his visits were less frequent; and even when his appearance gladdened her fond heart, his looks were sometimes gloomy,

and his conversation constrained and absent. Lovers have lynxes' eyes, and are ever prone to pry too closely into the secret that reveals their misery. The wretched Louisa quickly perceived the fatal change, but had not resolution to demand the cause. At length, unasked, the Colonel told her that he had lost a considerable sum at play, and that his incapacity to discharge the debt, without laying himself under obligations to his friends, was the sole source of his chagrin. At this account, joy brightened every feature of Louisa's face, and filled her generous heart; she would have flown that very moment to collect her little treasure and lay it at his feet, had he not prevented her, by observing, that her aunt would be alarmed at her going out without acquainting her; but that in a few days she might find an opportunity of going to the Bank without Lady Morton's knowledge, and selling out her stock. To this she readily consented, and perhaps at that instant felt more gratitude to the donor of this sum than she had ever done before.

DELIGHTED with the power of obliging her beloved husband, she hoped to increase his happiness, by tenderly informing him, that her situation would render it impossible to conceal their marriage much longer; and as Lady Morton was going to spend the latter part of the summer at Bristol, and would expect her to accompany her, she thought it necessary to let her aunt into the secret, as she might then remain in her house, during

during her absence, and lie in there as privately as possible.

To this proposal the Colonel objected most vehemently, and declared that his ruin must be the consequence of revealing their marriage to Lady Morton, or any other person breathing; said, if she truly loved him, she would not scruple to sacrifice her reputation for a time, when she was self-satisfied with her own conduct, and certain that it must be justified to the world at a proper season, when he could avow his attachment with safety and honour to himself and her. Unsupported by any visible cause but his will, these futile arguments had their wished effect, and Louisa, even unreluctantly, subscribed to the covenant she had made in marriage.

In order to obviate Lady Morton's suspicions on account of her niece's refusing to accompany her to Bristol, a letter was to be written to Louisa, as from Mrs. Selby, whose known intimacy would countenance the fraud, inviting her to spend some months at her house, and acquainting her that many of her father's effects were come to light, which she might easily recover if she were upon the spot.

WHEN the day appointed for Louisa's departure arrived, Lady Morton was more surprised than affected at her niece's immoderate sorrow; indeed she knew not the source of her tears, nor

could even the poor mourner herself account for the uncommon weight of grief which hung upon her heart. She was a thousand times tempted to break her promise to the Colonel, and reveal her situation in confidence to her aunt; but her obedience was implicit, and triumphed over her reason. She therefore kept the painful secret, and, torn by a variety of conflicting passions, threw herself alone into the chaise.

At the end of the first stage she was met by Colonel Layton, who dried her tears, and soothed her anxious mind with all the apparent tenderness of love.

THE next day they set out for Louisa's destined habitation, which was a lonely cottage, about five-and-twenty miles from London, in the County of Essex. There were two servants ready to receive them there, a man and a maid. The house, though small, was neatly furnished, and Louisa considered it as a temple sacred to secret love; but did not know she was designed a victim for its altar. A week passed away in all the elegant pleasure of retirement, with the sole object of her love, before the Colonel raised the sad idea of parting from her; and though he promised his absence should be short, and his stay permanent after his return, she rather submitted than acquiesced in his departure.—Forebodings are natural to the mind, though philosophy has never yet been able to account for them.

WHEN

WHEN left alone, she yielded to all the melancholy impressions that had assailed her when she quitted Lady Morton, and spent the greatest part of the night in sighs and tears. Solely occupied by her tenderness at the time of the Colonel's leaving her, she had forgotten to mention her having but a very few guineas in her purse, which the necessary, though small demands of her family, quickly exhausted. She therefore wrote to her husband to request he would bring her an immediate supply, and rejoiced at this opportunity of pressing his return without seeming impatient of his absence,

BEFORE she left London, she had sold out 1000l. to discharge the Colonel's debts of honour; but there still remained 2000l. more, which his rapacious cruelty designed to rob her of. In consequence of his detestable intention, he wrote her word, that he had again been unfortunate at play, which had prevented his going to her, as he could not leave London till he had acquitted himself of such *honourable obligations*; and assured her, if he was once more set free, he would never again involve himself; for that he had been extremely miserable in being obliged to continue so long absent from his dear Louisa. He also inclosed her a letter of attorney that might authorize him to receive her money, if she chose that he should extricate himself from his present difficulties, and fly to her and happiness.

THERE

THERE can be no doubt of Louisa's readiness to purchase the supreme felicity of her life, her husband's company, with a few "rascal counters."

SHE hastened to execute the letter of attorney, which her servants witnessed, and returned it with the most affectionate letter by the immediate post.

THE moral certainty which she now possessed of the Colonel's speedy return, cheered her weak spirits, and recalled her natural vivacity; and though she counted the hours, it was as a traveller does the miles, rejoicing that so many were passed. For a fortnight her expectations were kept awake, and when the night closed in disappointment, she looked forward, with hope, to the dawn. Every passing sound caught her ear, and caused a momentary glow upon her lovely cheek. The delicacy of her frame, joined to her weak situation, soon rendered her unable to support this worst of racks; and she imperceptibly sunk into that heart-felt sickness which arises from hope deferred. Every post carried letters from her to the beloved of her soul; but, alas! they returned without an answer. His safety now became the object of her fears, and she imagined that sickness, or death only, could have prevented his writing or coming to her. Possessed of this apprehension, she resolved on setting out to London, though she knew not where to bestow herself in her present condition, which was now apparent; nor had she any money to subsist on, should she be so unfortunate

fortunate as not to find her husband: yet all these considerations vanished before the idea of his danger; and she was on the point of setting out, when she received the following letter;

“DEAR LOUISA,

“THE necessity of my affairs compels me to
“leave England for a few years—perhaps for
“ever.—Start not at this thought, my lovely
“girl, but strive to make the best of what your
“tenderness may consider as a misfortune. Your
“character is uninjured by me—would I could
“say as much of your fortune! but that—I
“blushing own—I have destroyed. The wisest
“way that remains for you to repair this evil, is
“to return to your friends at Liverpool as soon
“as a certain event is over, and for ever to con-
“ceal from the world the ideal connection be-
“tween us.—Pardon me, Louisa, for deceiving
“you.

“I INCLOSE you bills for two hundred pounds,
“which is all the remnant that my cursed love
“of play has left of your fortune, or my own.
“But you have still a treasure which time only
“can rob you of—I mean your beauty, which,
“if well managed, may make you full amends
“for the loss you have sustained by the attach-
“ment of

“GEORGE LAYTON.”

It

IT would be doing injury to the feelings of humanity to attempt describing those of the unfortunate Louisa, upon the perusal of this letter. Nor sighs nor tears came to the fair-one's aid, but pangs unutterable. She fell in labour immediately, and was delivered of a dead child on the succeeding day. A fever followed, and she lay for several weeks in a state either of insensibility or delirium. During her illness the manservant, which Colonel Layton had provided for her, imagining it impossible that she should recover, resolved to be her executor, and decamped in the night with her bills, watch, and every valuable moveable that he could find means to carry off with him.—But death, as well as sleep, too often flies the wretched; at least, he comes not at their call, “nor mends his slowest pace for “plaints or cries.”

WITH only the assistance of an humane country Apothecary, Louisa was again restored to *life*, if we may call existence marked by misery, by *that* name.

THIS worthy and benevolent succedaneum to the Faculty quickly perceived that his fair patient was unhappy; and as soon as she was able to be removed from the scene of all her woes, generously offered her an asylum in his house, till she could establish her health, and bring about a reconciliation with her friends, whom he supposed to be acquainted with her situation.

LOUISA'S

LOUISA's delicacy necessarily prevented her accepting his friendly offer; for the Doctor, as they called him, was unmarried, and looked upon as a man of gallantry by his neighbours. Though hurt at her refusal, he generously discharged all the little debts which her illness had occasioned, and continued to visit her with the honest warmth of an old friend.

WITH the power of thinking, Louisa's misery returned, and her thoughts were at times as much distracted as when she had been actually deprived of her reason. The sole source that remained to furnish her even with a glimpse of hope, was, that of trying to awaken Lady Morton's tenderness, by a full confession of her own weakness, and Colonel Layton's villainy.

THE tale was long and interesting to the unhappy writer, and some weeks were spent in recapitulating and resuffering the agonies of mind and body which she had endured. At length this task was finished, and she waited in anxious suspense, with regard to her future existence, which must necessarily depend on Lady Morton's answer.

DURING this painful interval, her friend, the Apothecary, came to visit her; and in order to amuse her, brought with him the last month's Magazine, in which he observed there was a gentleman married, of the name of Layton, who might probably be a relation of her's.

SHE

SHE snatched the book with eagerness, and casting her eye upon the paragraph, she read these words: "Such a day was married at St. George's Church, Hanover-Square, Colonel George Layton, to Lady Morton, relict of Sir Thomas Morton, Baronet: as soon as the ceremony was over, the new-married couple set out for France."

LOUISA's eyes had not speculation enough in them to finish the paragraph; the book dropt from her slack hand, and she fell senseless on the floor.

BEHOLD her now deprived of the last glimmering ray that was to guide her trembling steps through the intricate and thorny paths of life! Robbed of her fame, her fortune, and her friends—whither, ah! whither could she seek for aid! From Him alone who knew her upright heart, and saw her bitter anguish. To Him the mourner bent the suppliant knee; not to implore his vengeance, but to beg for leave to lay the burden down of wretched life, which was become too heavy to endure.

A GENTLE decay, which she imperceptibly fell into, seemed to forward her most earnest wish; and had she been possessed of any means for her support, she would have sunk silently into the land of oblivion, unpitied and unknown. But her landlord now demanded rent, and her servant wages,

wages, which she was incapable of paying, but by disposing of her small effects in furniture and cloaths, which, when sold, amounted to as much as would discharge her debts to every one but the friendly Apothecary, who refused to receive any part either of his disbursements or his bill.

FORLORN, distressed, and sinking to the grave, she bent her melancholy course to Liverpool, in hopes of finding shelter, for her few remaining days, beneath the hospitable roof of Mr. Selby. As she measured back the tedious miles which led to that loved scene of innocence and peace, could she avoid reflecting on the change which two short years had made?—Her tears flowed fast, but silent; and the passengers who travelled in the coach with her, though not possessed of the most delicate sensibility, were so much affected with her grief, that for their sakes she endeavoured to restrain it. For the unhappy Louisa wished not for sharers in her woe, nor would have pained another heart, even to ease her own. She even lamented her having written to Lady Morton, as she feared, if she ever received her letter, it might make her unhappy, and be the cause of dissention between her and her husband.

ON her arrival at Liverpool she enquired for Mr. Selby, and was informed he had been dead almost a year, and that his wife and daughters kept a boarding-school at Preston. This was a new and a severe distress; for how could the generous

nerous Louisa think of becoming an expence to those who were unable to support themselves. And yet it was her sole resource; for though she had a number of intimate acquaintance in Liverpool, who, in the sun-shine of her prosperity, assumed the name of friends, she knew of none that would support that character towards her in her present hapless state. She therefore kept herself concealed that evening, and set out early the next morning for Preston, where she was received with such real transports of joy, as could only be abated by the appearance of her delicate and declining state of health. By the good Mrs. Selby she was welcomed as a daughter, and by her daughters as a long absent and beloved sister. They talked in raptures of the joy that William would receive from knowing she was with them, and gently reproached her for not having enabled them to satisfy his earnest and constant enquiries about her. She answered only by her tears; but they were tears of tenderness, not sorrow: she rejoiced in the prospect of William's success, and in finding the situation of his family, though not desirable, yet far from wretched. Louisa found every thing in this retirement that could give ease to her afflicted heart: she acquainted Mrs. Selby with her whole story; and that good and pious friend poured in the balm of comfort to her wounded mind, by convincing her how much more wretched she must have been, had she known aught of guilt; and used to say, she pitied Colonel Layton even more than Louisa.

As soon as it was known that Mr. Hartington's daughter was at Preston, many persons came from Liverpool to wait on her; and some of the principal merchants there, not only offered her every service in their power, but brought her different sums, which, they said, were balances of accompts due to her father after his affairs were settled. These little sums, in all amounting to about 500*l*, gave infinite pleasure to Louisa, as it prevented her from being a burden on the amiable family she was settled with. Wrapped in the arms of friendship, some years passed gently on; Peace seemed once more to reassume its favourite mansion in Louisa's bosom; and her returning health spread joy around her.

THE faithful William still preserved his passion inviolate for her; and from the moment he knew where she was, wrote to her constantly. His success, in point of fortune, was proportioned to his merits; and by the time he had been six years in India, he was able to support his mother and sisters in independent affluence; but he declared he would never return to England till he had made a fortune worthy of Louisa's acceptance.

His generous constancy pained Louisa's heart; for well she knew there were insuperable bars between them, as she must ever consider herself as Colonel Layton's wife, though he had cast her off to want and infamy.

DURING this interval, the public papers gave an account of Lady Morton's dying in a Convent in France, and that her husband was at that time a volunteer in the Empress of Russia's army. In a few weeks after, a packet was sent to Louisa by Sir Thomas Morton's nephew, who was heir to her aunt's jointure : this packet had been inclosed to him by the Abbess of the Convent where Lady Morton died, with an earnest request to have it delivered as directed. It contained a letter written by Lady Morton when dying, lamenting the involuntary wrongs which she had been guilty of towards her unhappy niece; and hoping that her sufferings here would atone for them, as she had been the most miserable being upon earth from the moment she had received her letter, which had been forwarded to her at Paris; in consequence of which she had taxed the Colonel with his crime, which he denied not, but smiling, stiled it *un ruse de guerre*: and on her expressing the horror she felt at his conduct, he had behaved most inhumanely to her, and at last conveyed her into Brittany, and confined her in a Convent there, from whence she could only hope to be released by death, whose approaches she received with joy. She again implored her forgiveness, and with her dying breath bequeathed her blessing to her, which was all she then had left to bestow.

THIS letter recalled all Louisa's tenderness for her unhappy aunt, and afflicted her sincerely ;
she

she had, however, the consolation to hope, that her sufferings had amply atoned for her imprudence, and that they were now at an end ; and she could not help rejoicing even in her own past misfortunes, since they had freed her from the society of such a monster as Colonel Layton.

THE year following there was an account of an engagement between the Turks and Russians, and Colonel Layton was mentioned among the slain.

It was impossible that Louisa should lament his death ; yet she felt a true Christian sorrow for his being sent to his account so unprepared as she feared he might have been :—she had never ceased to pray for his conversion ; and had she been a Catholic, she would have expended her little remnant of fortune in masses for his soul.

As soon as Mrs. Selby knew of Colonel Layton's death, she requested Louisa's leave to acquaint William with her story, which had been hitherto kept a secret from him and his sisters. To this she readily consented ; and the youngest Miss Selby, from whom I had this Story, was appointed secretary upon the occasion. It is easy to imagine how William must be affected, on reading the interesting narrative of his Louisa's sufferings :—indignation, pity, and tenderness, became auxiliaries to his fondness, and he resolved to return to England to soothe the sorrows of

the lovely mourner, and devote his life to her happiness, as soon as he could settle his affairs in India. His generous plan was soon put into execution; and he returned to his country, family, and mistress, in perfect health and happiness.

THE days of Louisa's mourning seemed now to be expired, and an universal joy was diffused over the countenance of every Selby. William was All their fondness could have wished; and Louisa joined in acknowledging the united graces of his mind and person: yet still that dear delirium, which she had once experienced for the worst of men, was unfelt for the worthiest! Gratitude, esteem, and friendship, were all she could bestow, and she in vain lamented her incapacity of giving more. Strange caprice of the human heart! whose motions nought can regulate, while, like a meteor, it shoots along, too oft portending ruin.

EVERY possible enquiry was now made to ascertain the death of Colonel Layton; but no other account had ever been received by any of his friends, than that which the public papers had given of his being killed in battle. This was fully sufficient to satisfy William and his family; and if Louisa seemed to express a doubt upon the subject, they charged it to unkindness and want of affection for them all.

It

It was impossible long to withstand their united importunities; and Louisa at length crowned all their wishes, by bestowing her hand on the deserving and faithful Selby. Ease and affluence were now her constant attendants:

“Chearfulness danced all day before her;
“And, at night, soft slumbers waited on her downy
“pillow.”

THE lover, husband, friend, were all united in the generous Selby; and if felicity was ever the lot of mortals, this happy family enjoyed it. Louisa’s now apparent situation seemed to promise an addition to their happiness, if it could admit increase; and they all set out to a house Mr. Selby had taken in London, on account of Louisa’s approaching accouchement.

I SHOULD long since have mentioned, that Louisa had discharged the pecuniary part of her obligations to her friendly Apothecary in Essex. On her marriage, Mr. Selby had presented him with a bill for an hundred pounds, and now wrote to desire him to come to London to attend his wife upon a similar occasion to that in which she had formerly experienced his skill and tenderness, though he now hoped in a much happier situation. The good man obeyed the summons, and Louisa was safely delivered of a lovely boy.

SHE had lain-in about ten days, with every prosperous omen of recovery, her fond, her

tender husband sitting by her bed-side, when a man with haggard and pale looks, wild staring eyes, and every dreadful mark of madness, rushed into her chamber, and with a hollow voice cried out, "She is my wife, and I will die beside her!" The more than terrified Louisa could only say, "It is, it is my husband"—and sunk upon her pillow. What now were Selby's feelings! The stranger's madness seemed contagious—he flung himself between his dear Louisa and the frantic wretch, who struggled to embrace her; they fell together; and in their fall, a pistol, which the Colonel had concealed, went off, and wounded Selby in the side. They leaped upon their feet—and Selby then snatched a sword which hung within his reach, and buried it in the other's bosom. By this time the family were alarmed, and rushed together into the chamber to behold a scene of complicated horror. She only was insensible to all the miseries around her, nor could they call her back to reason, though she returned to life in strong convulsions, and expired, in a few hours, a hapless victim to her only error, the having ventured to confide too far in him who had so cruelly betrayed her.

WHEN they attempted to draw the sword from Colonel Layton's wound, his life-blood seemed to follow it; he therefore begged that they would let it rest till he had made the sole atonement then in his power. He recapitulated all his crimes, and said, that from the moment in which he

abandoned Louisa, he had carried a burning hell within his bosom; that he had fought for death to free him from his torments, but that, though left for dead upon the field of battle, he had recovered in his own despite; that, upon hearing of Lady Morton's death, he had determined to seek out Louisa, and make her all the reparation in his power, but was then taken prisoner by the Turks, and only set at liberty within that year; that, on his return to England, finding his Louisa married to Mr. Selby, he had grown quite frantic, and resolved to expiate his offences by dying before her; and for that purpose came prepared with a pistol. He acquitted Mr. Selby of his death, and, imploring mercy, pulled forth the weapon from his breast, and died.

THE wound which Mr. Selby had received from the pistol was not dangerous; but his dear wife's death had sealed his doom. The complicated agonies of his mind threw him into a fever, from which he wished not to recover. He expired in a few days, and his last sigh breathed forth Louisa's name.

THE
DANGEROUS EFFECTS
OF A
WRONG EDUCATION:
OR,
THE FATAL CONTEST.

A Genuine NARRATIVE of an Authentic STORY.

BY THE SAME.

SOME years ago there lived in the City of Norwich a rich merchant, of a respectable family, of the name of Rawdon. At about the age of thirty he wedded a young Lady with a good fortune, perfectly suited to his inclinations, situation, and other circumstances of life. Happy in each other, they had nothing to wish for, or regret the want of, but an inheritor to their ample possessions.

THIS blessing was, however, with-held from them for the first eight or nine years of their marriage, when, to their mutual satisfaction, Mrs. Rawdon at length presented her joyful husband with a son. This long hoped-for gift of Heaven became now the sole object of their joint care and attention;

attention; the summer's days seemed short while spent in gazing on the welcome guest; and the winter's nights were passed in contemplating the placidness of his countenance and harmony of his features, while he slept.

BUT the serenity of mind which they had before enjoyed, was now perpetually disturbed by their apprehensions about his health; and that domestic concord, in which they had been exemplary to all their acquaintance, became soon interrupted by a difference of opinion with regard to the mode of education which they should in future adopt for their darling charge, and the various schemes they planned for their dear William's establishment in life.

IN one point, however, they happened both to agree; which was, never to thwart the inclinations of their pupil, or suffer him to be contradicted or controuled, upon any occasion or pretence whatsoever. "For how, otherwise, were
 "his natural dispositions and real character to be
 "known, and his education, consequently, be
 "adapted to them? If sense and virtue did not
 "come with years, restraint could but render
 "him a docile fool, or an artful hypocrite." Such maxims as these must undoubtedly be extremely hazardous, at least; and could, even at best, have obtained him but the title of a book, written by the late M. Helvetius, stiled *The Child of Nature, improved by Chance*.

It is reasonable, therefore, to apprehend, that so strange a scheme of conduct must have been attended with fatal effects in the experiment. The analogy of nature is observable throughout all its works. The beasts of the forest become savage for want of discipline only ; the lands of the desert remain waste, because uncultivated ; the trees of the wood run wild from neglect of pruning ; and man is rendered savage, waste, and wild, without the discipline, the cultivation, and the prunings, of education.

FROM this reflection it may consequently be supposed that this weak, though well-meaning pair of preceptors must have rendered their pupil a perfect demon of ill-temper and caprice ; but our *Sweet William* was happily endowed with a mild and gentle disposition, and amidst the large field of human vices and follies that were thus laid open to his adoption, he was infected with but one single and singular weed.

CHILDREN learn cunning sooner than sense ; William quickly perceived the foible of his parents, and indulged himself in it to a surfeit. He was eager in pursuit of every childish toy that struck his fancy ; but when once obtained, he from that moment became disgusted with the object he had before so ardently desired, would look on it with contempt or dislike, and cast it from him for any thing newer, though of inferior value. This *flaw* of youth “ grew with
“ his

“his growth, and strengthened with his strength,” and marked the character and complexion of his future life throughout.

WHEN arrived at the proper age for something more than mere domestic instruction, his anxious parents, who could not bear to have him one moment out of their sight, provided him with a sensible and indulgent tutor, under their own roof. But though William had ever before expressed a fond inclination for knowledge and learning, he now manifested a total disregard for his master's instructions, seemed disgusted at the slightest tasks appointed to him, became melancholy, and pined in sullen silence.

THE solicitous guardians of his welfare were quickly alarmed at so unaccountable a change in his disposition, and, after much soothing and intreaty, drew from him a declaration of his wishing to be sent to a public school, where emulation might assist to inspire his exertions. Dear as this parting must necessarily cost his doating father and mother's heart, his inclination was no sooner known than indulged; and sinking with sorrow themselves, and bathing William with their tears, they directly placed their darling hope at Westminster-school.

POOR William soon became dissatisfied at this kind of life; the noise, confinement, and discipline of his new course, were irksome to him;
so

so that, by the next ensuing vacation, he had intirely lost all relish for classical studies; and on his return home to Norwich, intreated to be received into his father's compting-house, and trained up to mercantile business, as the final election of his mind and inclinations.

BOTH his parents accepted this overture with joy. The mother fondly concluded, that by this means she would have him constantly in her sight; and the father very prudently thought that it was a more certain way of improving his fortune, than the most assiduous application in any of the learned professions might possibly be. Accordingly, he immediately appointed him one of his clerks, and allotted him a considerable portion of his business to transact.

As usual, the too ready concurrence with his desire soon disgusted the capricious youth; he seldom sat down to his desk, opened the ledger, or troubled himself with any part of the occupation he had so lately and so ardently solicited before, but spent most of his time at a little farm-house near the town, where he privately fitted up a bed-chamber and library for himself, both which he furnished properly, and devoted himself to study, with as much earnestness, as if his fame and fortune depended on a progress in some of the literary professions.

SOME time had passed in this clandestine commerce with the Muses, when his father began to be

be alarmed at his frequent and continued absences from home, and without giving any account of his purpose or pursuit; but more particularly as he discovered that the farmer who was his son's host, had a very pretty daughter in the house, which Mr. Rawdon very naturally suspected to have been the magnet of attraction; and though he had hitherto made it a principle to himself, as before related, never to contradict or restrain his son's will or inclinations, he had, in former instances, sufficient reason to see the ill consequence of that maxim, and was therefore resolved now to interpose in this case, where either his son was likely to enter into engagements below his rank and fortune, or an innocent young woman in danger of being betrayed to infamy and prostitution.

HE determined, therefore, to expostulate with his son immediately upon this subject; but it is difficult to begin a thing. Not being used to such domestic discipline, whenever William came before him, he felt himself unequal to the task, either of condemning his behaviour or resisting his inclinations; and it was some time before he could muster up resolution enough to be able to open the conference.

THE idea of parental authority was a notion as thoroughly foreign to William's conception, as snow to an Indian; so that when the old gentleman, after first remonstrating, began to
sputter

sputter out his injunctions and indignation, for he was obliged to put himself in a passion in order to keep up his resolution, the young man stood motionless and aghast, on supposing his father to have been suddenly seized with a fit of phrenzy. Nor was such a conjecture at all unnatural, as he was equally innocent of the charge, as unused to either document or command. For it is as true as strange, that the pretty Jenny Wilson, though frequently seen, had never yet been taken any particular notice of by our young student, who was by no means of an amorous complexion.

WHAT between surprize and perverseness, he returned not the least answer to his father's harangue; and from the peculiar bias of his mind, the reader will be able to account for his silence on that occasion, lest finding his real motive for retirement approved, the pleasure he then took in his spontaneous studies might be destroyed. But this very conversation first awakened his attention towards the pretty Jenny, and he returned to his dear asylum with a degree of impatience and emotion which he had never before experienced for her, or any other of her sex.

BUT, though he had been hitherto so insensible to her charms, his person and air, so superior to those of her own level, had not passed unmarked by the susceptible Jenny, though she never re-
vealed

vealed her passion by word, look, or action. She was simple, but not silly; ignorant, but not vulgar; with manners gentle and unaffected. These qualities William thought were good materials to work upon; and having, on a little conversation with her, conceived a strong attachment to her, immediately set about informing and improving the mind of his fair pupil, in order to render her worthy of the respectable situation of life he meant soon to place her in.

He had quitted his father abruptly, after the last interview, and the old man's assumed rage now became real; in the first transports of which he made a solemn vow, that if his son did not forthwith return home and abandon Jenny, he should never again be received under his roof, nor would he ever leave him a shilling that he could deprive him of; and the most considerable part of his fortune being of his own acquisition, was, consequently, in his own power.

His fond mother immediately communicated this intelligence to him, but unhappily without effect; for we have already seen that opposition was not the way to conquer his obstinacy. Like an untamed colt, he was not to be restrained by the curb; but give him the reins, and he would run himself out of breath. This character in him they had discovered, indeed; but too late, alas! to reclaim him.

THIS

THIS unhappy breach in her family soon fell heavy on Mrs. Rawdon; she could not exist without seeing her darling child, and in a short time was sunk into such a state of dejection and languor, as awakened her husband's tenderness towards her; which he shewed by a full forgiveness of his son, whose banishment he revoked, sending an embassy to him, desiring his immediate return.

BUT the perverse delinquent, I might add inhuman too, if a person governed by a froward nature might not rather be considered as an Automaton moved by internal springs which actuate it unwittingly, refused to take the benefit of this *Act of Grace*, unless they would consent likewise to his marrying his dear Jenny, and publicly acknowledge and receive her home as their daughter-in-law. Agreed.

BUT, no sooner was this fond desire of his heart complied with, than his former ardour towards his favourite Jenny began to decline, and was soon extinguished after he had introduced her into a polite circle in his mother's drawing-room that was assembled upon the occasion. The charms of her person were lessened by a comparison; and her blushing modesty, her timidity, with the constraint and want of graces in all her gestures, too plainly betrayed indications of mean birth and uneducated rusticity.

He lamented, indeed, his own inconsistency and inconstancy both; but could not resist the ascendancy of that malign planet, that powerful and fatal weakness, which influenced and impelled him not only to dislike, but detest, his every pursuit, when placed within his reach. As usual, he sighed and wept for his play-thing, then cast it with contempt away.

THE return of this worse than prodigal son had restored both health and happiness to his fond mother; and the most sumptuous preparations were made for the intended nuptials; when, on the morning of the day appointed for the solemnization, the unaccountable bridegroom disappeared from Norwich, without leaving the least hint behind him of his motive, or any trace for a pursuit. Grief and lamentation succeeded to festivity and joy; his unhappy parents were plunged into the deepest sorrow; and the disconsolate Jenny returned home again to her father's, to live in a cottage, but not upon love, mourning the loss of a lover, and the disappointment of a husband.

THE equally unhappy fugitive, for such he really was, wanted neither sense or virtue; he was both conscious and ashamed of the waywardness of his disposition, yet continued still enslaved to it; nor were either his reason or morals sufficiently strong to conquer the unfortunate bias of a wrong education. He felt for the suf-

ferings he inflicted on those he loved; but not having resolution enough to prevent them, he never attempted even to excuse, much less to justify, his misconduct.

WITH a disturbed mind, and agitated frame, he had strolled out of Norwich, about four o'clock that summer's morning, without having determined on any particular route, or planned any manner of scheme for his future life, except a fixed resolve of never returning to marry the forsaken Jenny, for whom, notwithstanding, he still retained a fond affection. When he had walked about a dozen miles, a stage-coach happened to be passing by, and, finding himself fatigued, he stepped into it, without even inquiring whither it was going, and pursued his journey till he was set down in London.

AMONG the passengers there happened to be a Recruiting Officer, of the cavalry, who, perceiving our young traveller had the appearance of a Gentleman, entered into discourse with him, at sight. They talked on a variety of subjects; but the gallant son of Mars expatiated more particularly on the nobleness of his profession, of the honour and delights of a soldier's life. The inexperienced adventurer became quickly captivated with the dazzling idea of glory and renown, which the gasconading Captain had so pompously displayed; his youthful imagination was kindled at the flame of heroism; and, by the time they had

had reached Whitechapel, he acquainted his new friend that he had conceived an ardour and ambition to serve a Volunteer under his banner.

THE Captain was highly delighted with such a prize, as he hoped to be well paid for his discharge, ere long, when he might probably become weary of his profession, or ashamed of his station; and immediately closed with the proposition. On their arrival at the Inn, he invited William to supper, and kept him with him that night, as he apprehended that our young soldier might possibly have some friend in London, who would discourage or oppose his present martial disposition.

THE next morning he offered to enlist him, by the usual method of giving money, but William rejected the proffer; as a gentleman Volunteer, or Cadet, and a common trooper, he imagined not to be subject to the same confinement, or strictness of discipline; but he soon discovered the futility of that opinion, when he entered upon duty at Coventry, where the corps was then stationed.

THIS mortified him extremely, and he now began to lament his precipitate adoption; and, according to the general tenor of his character, became thoroughly unhappy and disgusted, both at the meanness and fatigue of his situation and service. He would, as on former occasions, have

flung away his play-thing : but, alas ! the indulgence of his usual caprice remained now no longer in his power.

He sometimes thought of communicating his distress to his parents, in order to procure a release from his captivity, as he now deemed it ; but then again, his pride revolted against the humiliating idea of confessing his folly, and his perverseness opposed a consequent submission to their will and governance. He therefore endeavoured to reconcile himself to the lot he had cast, and the fate he had made for himself : the resource of books was still left him, and a Circulating-library became, for a time, the only solace of his woes.

DURING the Captain's abode at Coventry, our young Adventurer had received a random shot from Cupid ; for, on the opposite side of the street to where he was billeted, lived an opulent Ribband Weaver, lately married to an handsome young woman, who happened to have a little more of romance, or rather of *novel*, in her composition, than suited well with her situation or other circumstances of life. Respective glances had passed to and fro, which soon created a mutual desire of being further acquainted with each other.

A TOLERABLE figure in a red coat, though it were but in a common soldier, is more apt to captivate

captivate an uneducated female mind, than an handsomer person dressed in black, brown, or blue. Besides, the regularity of William's conduct, and his continued application to books, gave our young wife an higher idea of his character, than suited with his present condition; and by the force of a warm imagination, she concluded him to be some knight-errant Chevalier, perhaps a Prince in Masquerade.

UPON such a prepossession, she frequently took occasion of observing to her husband, the sobriety and decency of the young Trooper's behaviour; adding, that she thought it incumbent upon persons *of a certain rank in life*, to encourage so much propriety and regularity of demeanour in the military. The honest man, who, like most other domestic husbands, might possibly by this time have become a little weary of a constant *tête-à-tête*, and being reasonably confident of his wife's integrity, inclined to her argument, and agreed to invite our Cadet to their next Sunday's beef and pudding.

THIS certainly was the best meal our hungry foldier had sat down to, since he had wandered away from his father's house; but his eyes became still more voracious than his appetite; for, upon a nearer view of his fair neighbour, he discovered the strongest likeness between her and his still loved, but once adored Jenny. This peculiarity of resemblance might, perhaps, at first, have

attracted his gaze; but his admiration of her beauty was much farther enhanced by the improbability of his being able to gain her; considering her as the property of another, upon whom she had voluntarily bestowed her person and affections.

Mrs. Nash, our present heroine, was weak, but not wicked; fond, but not free; and therefore, though she frequently indulged herself in the pleasure of seeing and conversing with her imaginary hero, she never trespassed, in the least, against the strictest rules of decorum, by either countenancing or permitting any improper liberties to be taken with her person: the alienation of her heart was the sole crime she committed against her husband; and as it does not appear that he ever missed it, she comforted herself with thinking, like Othello, that "he was not robbed at all."

MATTERS remained in this situation, till the route for the removal of the regiment from Coventry drew near. It just then happened that Mr. Nash, his friendly host, was taken ill of a slow fever, which prevented our platonic pair from meeting as frequently as usual; which, though but a single distress to William, was a double one to Mrs. Nash, as being an addition to *her concern for her husband*. However, the evening before the troops began their march, they contrived to meet, alas! to part—after
having

having mutually exchanged professions of fondness and everlasting remembrance, with some whisperings of a contingent connection for life, if *a certain melancholy event* should come to pass.

THIS appears to me the only place, throughout our story, where that well known moral observation may be introduced with propriety, that "Fate ever aids the vows of Lovers, when the torch of Hymen is to light them to their wishes." It followed, then, as a thing of course, that a few days after William's departure from Coventry, Mr. Nash also took his departure from life; and, as he had no child, left the whole of his fortune, amounting to about six thousand pounds, to his *mourning relict*.

It is not quite impossible, but that the generous idea of rendering her lover *a soldier of Fortune*, in the literal sense, by presenting him with her hand and purse together, might have in some sort helped to console her for the loss of her *elder friend*. However, Mrs. Nash, ever acting up to the nicest regard to propriety, resolved to wait the usual solitary and tedious interval which the decorums of the world have established in viduity, before she would proceed to make the overture, by acquainting the lover with her present disengaged situation; thinking, very justly, that to deserve a man's esteem, goes a great way towards the preserving his love.

DURING this her interval of probation, apprehending that what between the loss of her husband, and the absence of her lover, the time might hang heavily on her hands, she bethought herself of inviting a pretty young woman, a cousin-german of hers, to her house, as a companion to relieve the irksomeness of her solitude. It is said, that "It is not good for man to live alone," and woman thinks it a double evil.

THIS person happened luckily to be just then in such a sympathetic disposition of mind, and circumstances, as best suited the occasion; being herself also in love, and separated from the dear object of her affections; for I think this as good a time as any to acquaint the reader, that this very friend was no other than the forsaken Jenny Wilson; and this may likewise account for the great likeness between them, before hinted at, as taken notice of by William.

Miss Wilson readily accepted of the invitation, and came accordingly, unknowing of Mrs. Nash's engagement; who was, at the same time, equally ignorant also, of her cousin's prior attachment and præcontract with the same person. But it was not long before a mutual discovery of this secret was made, to the mutual unhappiness of them both. For as the unburthening of an oppressed heart in the bosom of a friend, is one of the greatest and most natural indulgencies and reliefs to a distressed mind, the afflicted Jenny
soon

soon made the widow a confidant in her unfortunate story; concluding it with weeping over the supposed ashes of her betrothed swain, whom she had, by that time, from not having received any manner of account of him, since his flight, already numbered with the dead.

Mrs. Nash had patiently listened to the first parts of the narrative, with mute attention; with cordial looks of friendship and compassion; the description of the face, person, and manners, of the hero of the tale, more particularly interested her, from a likeness in the portrait; and she most highly commended her cousin's taste and attachment, *in honour of her own*. But when the disconsolate Jenny had sighed out the name of *William Rawdon*, the astonished relict uttered a loud scream, and sunk back motionless in her chair.

THE affectionate Jenny's surprize at this circumstance, was suspended for the present by her alarm about her friend, to whom she assiduously applied every manner of assistance in her power; and who, as soon as she had recovered the use of her speech, left her no longer in doubt with regard to the cause of her emotion, by immediately launching out against the perfidy of man, the baseness of William in particular, and the disappointment of women who expect either truth, honour, or constancy, in the faithless sex; while the tender Jenny's resentment at her lover's defection,

defection, became wholly absorbed in the joy she was sensible of, at hearing that he was still alive; though dead, alas! to her,

SHE would have instantly sent off an express to acquaint his unhappy father and mother with the lucky discovery she had made of their son's existence, in order to have a release procured for him from his present mean and irksome situation; but the artful widow prevented the kindness of her intention; having first determined to see her spouse elect once more, in the same rank of life he had been at parting, with a view of interesting his gratitude, at least, in her favour, by a display of her own generosity, in offering to make him master of her person and fortune, under the presumption of his present apparent circumstances.

THE mild and meek-spirited Jenny was forced to acquiesce in this delay; she had neither resolution, nor even its bastard brother, obstinacy, in her nature; so that not having any measure of her own to pursue, she submitted herself implicitly to be governed in this matter by the advice and conduct of her more potent matron and rival,

THE gentleness of her manners, with the unhappiness of her mind, conduced greatly to soften the heart of her cousin into a sort of sympathy with hers, as soon as the first shock of this eclaireissement had subsided; so that she freely communicated

communicated to her the several schemes she was every minute framing upon this occasion, which, though many, were all unsatisfactory; till at length she resolved on one purpose, in which she desired the concurrence of her friend and fellow-sufferer; which was, that they would both see him together, make their separate claims and remonstrances to him in presence of each other, and then leave him perfectly free in his choice; mutually engaging, that, on his determination, the rejected claimant should acquiesce in his option, and not attempt to make use of any means whatsoever to impede the happiness of her more fortunate rival.

THESE conditions were gladly received, and readily agreed to, by the desponding Jenny, as they seemed to be perfectly candid on the part of the proposer; and afforded her also some small gleam of hope, a possible chance at least, of what she had hitherto despaired of, ever since her dear faithless William's unaccountable elopement,

NOR indeed was this proceeding of his even now cleared up by the information she had since received from the widow; as his acquaintance and engagement with her, had been subsequent to his so sudden disappearance. Had this been a matter of higher consequence, of more public notoriety in the annals of a state, Historians would be found, as is too much their manner, who

who would have pretended to offer a solution of the difficulty; in which, from an ignorance in human nature, they would have been as much mistaken, as Tacitus and such deep writers have been, before them, in other instances of like nature, by most ingeniously deducing motives from reason, policy, or design, which were merely owing to constitution, character, or caprice.

“The mighty Czar what made to wed a Punk?”

“The mighty Czar might answer, *he was drunk.*”

THIS resolution being once digested and mutually assented to, these amicable, though still anxious, competitors for the prize of love embraced each other with the most perfect cordiality and restored affection; but still postponing the completion of their scheme, till the period prescribed *par l'etiquette du bienseance* should have *limped* away, when the impatient, but still decent widow might be at liberty to throw aside her sable garb, and either assume the gay bridal garment, or wear the pale willow green, for life.

HERE, in order to amuse this dull interim, let the reader take a trip with me after William to his cantonment, and enquire how he has employed his leisure there, in the absence of a woman whom he not only loved with fondness, but also most highly esteemed; to both of which regards, indeed, Mrs. Nash's behaviour towards him had fully intitled her, as it was at once both kind and guarded. This need not be deemed the *surest*, for in truth it is,
and

and ought ever to be, the *only* method of rendering a passion permanent.

THE Cornet of the troop he belonged to, was a young man of most engaging manners, for whom our William happened to conceive so strong an affection, that he manifested his attachment to him by every attention and assiduity in his power. His complacences were soon remarked by the Cornet, and a sympathy of good-will led him, in turn, to distinguish his friend from the rest of his corps. He had him frequently to dine with him in his own apartments, and always took him abroad upon his sporting parties.

BUT this amicable intercourse was of a short date, as the restlessness and inconstancy of William's mind soon put an end to it. Being once in possession of his wish, it required some new difficulties to continue his enjoyment. He of course became cold and careless; refused his patron's invitations to dinner, and declined attending him in his excursions into the country round about their quarters.

SUCH an unaccountable behaviour at first surprised Cornet Adams, next disgusted, and at length provoked him to some warmth of expostulation upon the subject; in which, happening to make a merit of his condescension to the meanness of William's station, he felt himself so highly piqued at this reproach, that he immediately revealed

vealed his real condition in life; and told him, that if the strictness of military law did not oppose his resentment, he would that instant convince him, that he was not by nature unworthy of the rank he had so unhappily degraded himself from by his indiscretion.

CORNET Adams being hot, brave, and impatient, quickly waved the punctilio of discipline, and drew his sword. William was as ready, on his part, and a conflict ensued; in which the latter had the *misfortune*, as may hereafter appear, to reserve his own life, and wound his antagonist so mortally, that he died in a few days; but behaved himself with so much honour as to acquit William of the duel, so as to screen him from the penalties of a court-martial upon that account.

BUT to return:—As soon as the day appointed by the Ladies, for putting their plan of experiment into execution, arrived, the fair rivals set off from Coventry to Canterbury, where the troop that our hero rode in was then stationed. They travelled post; and by eking out the day with half the night, they reached their purposed stage on the second noon, just as the cavalry was returning from a service of danger in support of the Revenue, against a gang of smugglers on the Kentish Coast.

As soon as they alighted at the Inn, they dispatched a messenger in quest of William, with

an anonymous billet, containing only these few words: "Two Ladies, just arrived in town, present their compliments to Mr. Rawdon, and desire the pleasure of his company to dinner, and spend the evening together." They concealed their names, for fear of apprizing him of the design of their coming upon him thus in couples; while our anomalous Cavalier, to whom the completion of his wishes ever became a disappointment, whose possession ceased to be enjoyment, and who was tired to death with spending two days succeeding each other in the same company and unvaried occupation, readily accepted the galant invitation, in hopes it might possibly turn out an adventure, or serve, at least, to diversify the dull scene of his present life.

He was in so great a hurry to obey the summons, that accoutred as he was, just as he had alighted from his horse, with his carbine slung across his shoulder, he immediately repaired to the Inn. But when he was shewn into the room where his fair hosts were seated, his embarrassment and surprize became equally visible in his looks and actions; nor were the Ladies themselves, though better prepared for the interview, under less difficulty or confusion; so that it was some minutes before any one of the triumvirate could collect their spirits sufficiently, either to advance to salute each other, or open the congress.

At

AT length, the timorous Jenny, as had been before agreed upon between the cousins, that as first claimant she should first speak, with a mild aspect and fond regard, a faltering voice and trembling accent, thus addressed her speech to the astounded Cavalier:

“ AFTER the pains you took to win my affections, and afterwards to obtain the consent of your own family to our union, your sudden disappearance, and at the very crisis of your wishes too, I own both surprised, and rendered me unhappy. I feared some extraordinary and unaccountable accident had befallen you, and the pique and resentment which such a behaviour might naturally have inspired, were thus suspended by the alarm I had conceived with regard to your life and safety. Under these apprehensions, my mind had laboured for some time; till my friend and near relation, here present, having become a widow, desired the solace and relief of my society at her house, during the prescribed interval of her mourning; and as it is natural, in grief, to communicate one’s affliction, I had, upon mentioning your name, the pleasure to hear that you were still alive; but the mortification and concern, at the same time, to learn that you had entered into an engagement with her, inconsistent with your own honour and my happiness. I come not here, notwithstanding, to upbraid your seeming infidelity, as I cannot
“ not

“ not yet divest myself so far of the good opinion I had once so fondly conceived of the man I loved, as not to suspect that the slight you have so strongly marked towards me, must have been owing rather to some fault or error in my conduct, than to any falsehood or baseness in your own character. The intent, therefore, of this interview, is not to reclaim your affections, but merely to afford you an opportunity of vindicating yourself from the unkindness and contempt you have shewn me, by charging me with that unworthiness in myself which alone could justify so extraordinary, and otherwise unaccountable a proceeding. I pretend not to urge my argument any further on this subject, I demand nothing but what I have a right to exact; I take part with you against myself, and shall be rendered less unhappy in being able to acquit you, even though this should turn out to my own condemnation.”

HERE she rested; and the distressed William looked on her with fondness and concern, but remained silent; while the other plaintiff, who both by her countenance and gestures, notwithstanding the amicable terms before entered into, betrayed the utmost impatience and anxiety while the lovely Jenny continued her tender and pathetic expostulation, fearing it might have revived William's former passion for her, and defeated her own suit, advanced towards him, and thus delivered her harangue, in turn:

L

“ I SHALL

" I SHALL not, Sir, said she, desire so long an
 " audience of you as my friend here has done.
 " A story of *so old a date* as hers, may, perhaps,
 " have required a detail from the beginning; but
 " all I think necessary, on my part, is to com-
 " mence mine from our last interview; and for
 " the recollection of the engagement then en-
 " tered into between us, the shortest memory
 " may, I think, be sufficient. I shall, therefore,
 " only add, that I have manifested my attach-
 " ment towards you in the most unequivocal
 " manner possible, even under the condition of
 " a prior obligation, and before I knew that you
 " were intitled, either by birth or fortune, to the
 " rank or consideration of a Gentleman. I am
 " now set at liberty of fulfilling my part of our
 " mutual engagement, and am come hither to
 " know whether you are willing to perform
 " yours?"

SHE ceased; and the unhappy and distressed
 William, resembling the figure of Hercules stand-
 ing irresolute between the two female advocates
 for pleasure and virtue, regarding her with a
 countenance of perplexity and shame, sighed
 often, turning his eyes sometimes towards Jenny,
 then up to Heaven, and then on the widow again,
 till after a few minutes passed in mournful looks
 and mute reflections, he thus replied:

" MY fate has been, indeed, most peculiarly
 " unfortunate, as it has rendered me not only
 " miserable

“ miserable myself, but the cause also of unhappiness to others. Both of your claims I acknowledge to be just, and yet I find it alike impossible to discharge my obligations to either; not from the equality of your rights, of your merits, or from the equipoise of my own affections; for even though either of you should, this moment, resign your pretensions, the difficulty would yet still remain with me as strong as now; for I must confess an insuperable *præ-engagement*, long before I became acquainted with either of you.—I was, alas! wedded to my own caprice, by an unhappy bias of education; which renders me not only indifferent, but even averse, to every wish I frame, to every object I desire, from the moment I have it in my power to compass or enjoy them. Those who have been treated too long like spoiled children, will become techy and froward to their life’s end. Unrestrained desires create a satiety to the mind, as too great an indulgence of appetite gives a loathing to the stomach; so that to a person thus forlorn, rational pleasures, as well as natural food, become at length too insipid to yield either satisfaction or enjoyments. I have, for some time past, been disgusted with my existence, and this event has completed my aversion to it. I cannot endure life upon such terms, to be thus an outcast of society, and the cause of wretchedness to those principally, whom duty or affection have ever connected with me. I

“forgive, however, my too kind, too cruel
 “parents, begging of Heaven also to forgive
 “my own distraction.”

So saying, he leaned his breast over his musket, and touching the trigger with the toe of his boot, instantly discharged the piece, and fell a victim to his own discontent, and a sacrifice to the vice and folly of a fatal and ill-judged indulgence. The astonished rivals first screamed aloud, and then sunk down together on the bleeding corpse; in which situation they remained till the people of the Inn, being summoned by the shot and cries, came running into the room, and separated the living from the dead.

THE Painter who drew a veil over Agamemnon's face, at the sacrifice of his daughter, gave a proper hint to all who should attempt to describe some of the miseries of the human mind, either with the pencil or the pen; as there are certain situations in misfortune, which are not to be conveyed by either. Among these, I think, may be ranked that in which we now leave poor Mrs. Nash, and the still more unhappy Jenny Wilson. The latter did not long survive this sad disaster; the disappointed widow too persevered in her solitary state of viduity, *till she was asked to change it*; and the unhappy parents of the unfortunate Suicide died soon of grief, lamenting their indiscretion and mistaken notions of Education.

STORY

S T O R Y

O F

VALMORE and JULIA:

B Y T H E S A M E.

VALMORE was descended from an antient and reputable family in Brittany. His father was a gallant Officer, who had served his King and Country for the space of thirty years, without receiving any other reward for his services than a distinguished reputation for bravery, and a Captain's commission—which at the end of that era he resigned, and retired to his native country, and a small patrimony which he inherited, with a beloved wife and an only child, the unfortunate Hero of the present Tale.

WHEN Valmore was about ten years old, his mother died; and from that moment no other object seemed to exist on earth for Capt. Valmore but his son. To the care of his education he devoted his every thought; and when the youth had reached the age of eighteen, the fond father thought his son must be happy, because he was perfectly satisfied that his principles were noble, and his heart good. He procured a commission for him from one of his former friends, in the same regiment in which he had served; equipped

him properly for the service, and presented him with a hundred louis d'ors, "which (he said) he " had saved from the poor, who should, from " that time, be heirs to his superfluities."

ABOUT a month before young Valmore was ordered to join his regiment, in one of his morning walks he happened to see a chariot overturned by the negligence of the coachman, and heard a female voice give a loud scream. He flew to offer his assistance, and beheld a most beautiful girl, about sixteen, who had fainted from the fright and shock she had sustained. He soon released her from the carriage, caught her in his arms, and bore her to a bank before the servants who attended her could come up. A few minutes brought her to herself; and the modest confusion she expressed at finding her head leaning on the bosom of a stranger, completed the conquest which the beauties of her form and features, even in that death-like state, had already begun. She expressed her gratitude in the most elegant terms; and as she had received no injury, except fright, from the accident, said, "She would accept of his arm to convey her " home, as the distance to her father's house was " not more than a quarter of a mile." When arrived, she presented him as her Deliverer to her mother, Madame De Forhele, who, upon hearing his name, acknowledged an acquaintance with his family, and pressed him to pass the day with
her

her and the lovely Julia, as Monsieur De Forhele was then absent.

FROM that time Valmore appeared both to himself, and to every one who saw him, a new being; an idea of happiness which he had never before conceived animated his whole frame, his eyes sparkled with unusual lustre, he scarcely touched the ground as he walked, and the sound of his voice seemed to vie, for musical sprightliness, with the morning lark.

HE rose before the sun next day, in order to renew his visit, mounted his horse, and found himself at Monsieur Forhele's, long before any of the family were stirring. He rambled about the adjacent country, impatiently waiting for the rising of his bright luminary; and had again the happiness of passing the day under her benignant auspices. At this second interview he was introduced to Monsieur Forhele, who received him with civil reserve and distant courtesy; but our Hero was by no means sensible of any peculiar slight from his behaviour, as he thought himself in every respect his equal.

THE days now flew away on downy wings with Valmore, as none of them passed without seeing and conversing with his adored Julia, who now seemed to think with him, that the hand of Providence had guided him to the spot where they first met, and that they of course were de-

stined for each other. Full of this juvenile idea,
 “ What hinders then (said Valmore, as he walked
 “ with Julia in the gardens of Forhele), what
 “ hinders me to avow my passion to your father,
 “ to implore his consent to our union, to our
 “ becoming the happiest pair that the blest sun
 “ can see, even in his annual course.”

BEFORE Julia could start an objection to this
 proposal, Monf. Forhele gave him an opportunity
 to try its effect, by walking towards them with a
 countenance full of resentment. Valmore was
 no Physiognomist, he read no face but Julia's.
 He threw himself at Forhele's feet; declared the
 ardour of his love; and added, that he hoped
 his respectful tenderness had inspired his fair
 mistress with such a predilection in his favour,
 as to approve his passion.

WITH the most insulting coldness Monf.
 Forhele replied, “ Your alliance, Sir, would,
 “ doubtless, do me infinite honour; but I am
 “ both surprized and sorry that my daughter
 “ should have disposed of her affections without
 “ my consent, as it is not from her choice but
 “ mine she must receive a husband, and you are
 “ by no means the person I should chuse. I
 “ must therefore desire you to retire immediately,
 “ and never more repeat your visits here.”

WHEN Valmore returned home, the traces of
 the deepest despair were visible in his countenance;
 his

his father was immediately alarmed, and tenderly enquired the cause of his affliction. As soon as the unhappy youth could give utterance to his grief, he exclaimed, "O! Sir, receive into your bosom the sighs of a wretch who is weary of his existence, and who is no longer worthy to live, for having wanted confidence in the best of fathers! But I will repair my fault, and avow a passion which is only rendered criminal by concealment." He then related every thing that had passed between him and Julia, and with streaming eyes implored his father to solicit Mons. Forhele's consent to their union.

THE good old Gentleman, though softened by his son's distress, saw the folly of his pursuit, and commanded him in the most peremptory tone to join his regiment immediately. "There (said he) my beloved Valmore may have opportunities to render himself worthy of the amiable Julia. Love makes heroes; and if your mistress deserves your attachment, fear not that even a father's power can rob you of her heart; no force can subdue a passion founded on esteem. If she can give her affections to another, that ought to console you for her loss, by shewing her to be unworthy of you."

OUR young soldier's spirits were fired by this discourse; he tenderly embraced his father, said he was ready to depart that moment, and trusted that his future conduct should never deviate from the

the noble sentiments with which his father's precepts and example had inspired him.

It was impossible, however, that he should set out without taking leave of Julia. He was forbid the Castle of Forhele; but he found means to convey a letter to her, filled with the tenderest professions of love and ever-during constancy. In her reply, she approved his resolution; called Heaven to witness, that her heart should never be bestowed on any other object; though certain that she never more should see him, as her father's cruelty must quickly end her days; and begged he would forget her, though her last sigh, she vowed, should breathe the name of Valmore.

THIS tender billet quickly banished all the salutary advice he had received from his father; his passion was augmented by the idea of Julia's sufferings, and to forsake her in such a situation appeared dishonourable. He instantly resolved to rescue her from her father's tyranny; and at all events to become her husband and protector through life. He wrote to her to this effect, imploring her to throw herself into his arms; adding, "that he had a rich uncle at Falaise, in Normandy, who would, he was certain, receive and cherish them both; that under his protection they would have nothing to fear from her family; that there they should be indissolubly joined, and that the study of his whole life should be to render her happy."

THE moment he had sent off this letter, his heart was torn to pieces by the idea of the deceitfulness of his conduct towards his father, and of the anguish he must feel when he should discover his son's flight: but passion triumphed over filial affection; and to avoid the painful sight of a parent whom he loved and honoured, though he disobeyed, he took leave of him, as intending to join his regiment directly. Old Valmore was pleased at his seeming impatience to become a soldier, repeated his parental admonitions, embraced and blessed him.

OUR young Adventurer travelled no farther than to the next village, which was about a league from the Castle of Forhele, and there waited the return of his messenger with Julia's answer, which was to determine both their fates. Judge of his distraction when he read the following words:

“ IT is over! You have removed the veil that
 “ concealed your real sentiments, and from this
 “ moment I tear asunder the ties that attached
 “ me to you. The purity of my own mind
 “ made me think your's virtuous. In that idea
 “ I found an excuse for my weakness, and gave
 “ myself up to the delightful thought of being
 “ beloved by the worthiest of men: this was a
 “ consolation for all my sorrows, and I should
 “ have cherished it to my latest hour. But you
 “ have banished this illusion, and in its room
 “ have shewn me a Wretch, who would lead my
 “ unsus-

“ unsuspecting fondness to shame and misery ;
 “ that would load me with the reproaches of my
 “ injured parents, and tempt me to disgrace a
 “ respectable family, by bringing infamy on my-
 “ self. This, inhuman as you are, is the return
 “ you make to tenderness like mine !

“ CONTEMPTIBLE as you are, I still pity you ;
 “ my tears at this moment will not be restrained ;
 “ but I will dry their source, by banishing your
 “ idea from my heart.

“ Adieu, for ever !

J U L I A.”

THE instant stroke of lightning could not have had a more sudden, nor, indeed, a much more fatal effect upon Valmore, than the perusal of these lines :

The damps of Death bedewed his face,
 He sighed, he groaned, he fell !

The good folks of the cottage where he lodged ran to his assistance, and brought him back to misery. On the instant he wrote to his offended fair-one, in the following terms :

“ THE Wretch who has offended Julia does
 “ not deserve to live ! nor will he longer endure
 “ a being which her contempt has rendered odi-
 “ ous to him. But before he takes his ever-
 “ lasting

“ lasting leave of all his heart holds dear, ex-
 “ mine his offence, and try if you have not
 “ misjudged him, and mistaken the innocent
 “ ardour of his passion for the artful plan of a
 “ Seducer.

“ I CANNOT bear the thought, nor will I at-
 “ tempt to excuse what you think criminal. You
 “ have withdrawn your love; my life depended
 “ on that only. The moment I receive a con-
 “ firmation of that cruel sentence, my death
 “ shall rid you of a being that must be hateful
 “ to you, and in the grave, at least, I shall elude
 “ your hate.

“ Adieu, for ever !”

HE had no sooner dispatched the letter, than the agitation of mind he had suffered began to operate upon his body; he was seized with a fever, and became delirious in a few hours. The tender Julia was almost as much distracted as her lover when she had read his letter; she feared the violence of his resentment at her unjust suspicions, might tempt him to destroy himself, and willingly would she have laid down her life to have saved his.

HER father and mother were at that time on a visit. What hindered her seeing him once more, granting his pardon, and bidding him farewell for ever? No time was to be lost; she mounted be-
 I hind

hind his servant, and arrived at the cottage where he lay, as quick as the horse's speed could carry her. Valmore, as I have already said, was senseless, but her loved voice soon lured his reason back, and the soft tears she shed upon his cheek dispelled the fever's rage; she gave him leave to plead his pardon as soon as his health would permit, and gave him a key which would open an entrance to her father's garden, where he should come at midnight, before he set out for the army, and receive her last adieu.

NEED I say that Julia's presence, as if by magic, restored the health and happiness of Valmore? He availed himself of her permission to sue his pardon at her feet on the ensuing night, and many interviews ensued; at each of which Julia became less shocked at the idea which had at first so much alarmed her prudence. To be short, she at length consented to elope, and the Lovers set out accordingly for Falaise.

VALMORE truly loved his mistress; his behaviour to her, therefore, during their long journey was bounded by the most respectful tenderness, which, however, could not dissipate the sorrow she felt, from the consciousness of having acted wrong. The moment they arrived at Falaise, Valmore left Julia at the Inn, and flew to his uncle's house. He was received with the most cordial caresses by the old Gentleman, till the impatient youth declared the occasion of his visit, and

and implored his parental protection for one far dearer than himself. The scene was quickly changed; instead of caresses, he was loaded with reproaches, and bade to fly with his infamous companion for ever from his sight.

AT his return to the Inn, Julia read her fate in Valmore's looks; he was incapable of revealing the anguish of his mind by words; he threw himself at her feet, and bathed them with tears. "I know it all (said she); we are completely ruined; we have offended Heaven, and deserve our punishment. I became a sharer in your guilt, from the moment I calmly listened to the fatal proposal that has undone us both. — But I will not reproach you."

THE unhappy fugitives passed the night in tears, without being able to form any plan for their future conduct or subsistence; towards morning they retired to their separate chambers, and Valmore's exhausted spirits were refreshed by a profound slumber. It was late when he awoke, and the first object that struck his sight, was a letter that had been thrust under the door of his chamber; he took it hastily up, and read as follows:

"RETURN thanks to Heaven, my dear Valmore, for the happy resolution with which it has inspired me. Those illusions of felicity with which we flattered ourselves are vanished,
" and

“ and in their room the most horrid realities remain for both, if we continue together. My flight will prevent your misery, and may in time secure my repose; at least I will bury my faults and my shame together in a Cloyster.

“ Adieu!

“ Strive to forget the unhappy Julia!”

I WILL not pretend to describe Valmore's situation when he had read this fatal billet; suffice it to say, that it was very little short of distraction. He flew to the adjacent Convents, and made fruitless enquiries for his Julia; no one could give him tidings of her. He questioned every human creature he met on the highways if they had seen his love; and for many months continued his vain pursuit, without ever sleeping under a roof; his countenance became ferocious, and his figure squalid, so as to inspire every one who saw him with horror.

AFTER enduring a variety of misery, and being totally devoid of the means of subsistence, he enlisted as a common soldier in a regiment which was then going to serve in Germany. During the campaign he sought death, even in the cannon's mouth, in vain; all that he wished eluded his pursuit, and he dragged on a wretched existence in despite of himself. In this deplorable state he continued almost five years, till at the conclusion of the war, the army marched into winter-quarters at Frankfort.

VALMORE'S

STORY OF VALMORE AND JULIA. 161

VALMORE's despair alone could withstand the joy that then universally reigned in that great city; he shunned the haunts of men, and lived in the wild woods alone. He happened in one of his sequestered walks to see his Colonel drive by with a Lady in a chariot, and he paid with sullenness the usual compliment of a salute to his Commander. On the instant his eyes seemed fascinated; the form of Julia appeared to his bewildered imagination, a thick darkness overshadowed his sight, and he sunk senseless to the earth.

THE Colonel ordered one of his servants to dismount, and take care of Valmore. When he came to himself, he eagerly enquired who the Lady was that he had seen in the chariot; and was informed, that she was a Lady of *easy virtue*, whom Mons. De Farbanne, his Colonel, was remarkably fond of. He then exclaimed aloud, "It is impossible! Dear Shade, forgive the injury which for a moment my rash thoughts have done thee!"

ON his return to Frankfort, the likeness between Julia and the Lady he had seen, still haunted him, and he resolved to clear his doubts by an interview. The next morning he found out her house, and desired permission to see her; she immediately supposed he brought some message from his Colonel, and permitted his admission to her presence. She was alone; he gazed on

M

her

her till all his doubts were passed, and then with streaming eyes addressed her thus: " Ah, Julia !
 " have these tears flowed for thy loss so long, to
 " find thee thus ! Is this the Cloyster in which you
 " wished to bury the hapless errors of an inno-
 " cent love ? And didst thou leave the chaste, the
 " tender arms of the despairing Valmore, to
 " plunge into the horrors of vice and infamy ?"

THOUGH the change which so many years of misery had wrought in Valmore, prevented her knowing him at first, his accents and his words quickly recalled his former image to her recollection, and made her rush into his arms, exclaiming aloud, " It is, it is my Valmore !"
 Then tearing herself from him, she threw herself on a couch, burst into tears, and turned away her face. " Cruel Julia (said Valmore) ! wouldst thou again deprive me of thy sight ?"

" YES (she replied), I wish to fly from thee,
 " of all mankind, because I am unworthy of
 " thy love, and have forfeited every claim to my
 " own esteem, as well as thine ; thy contempt,
 " my own, and that of all that know me, is
 " my portion. Yet Heaven is my witness, that
 " when I quitted thee, I meant to consecrate my
 " heart to God, and in a Convent expiate the
 " crime of having disobeyed my parents, for
 " that thou knowest was then the only guilt my
 " soul was conscious of.

" IN

STORY OF VALMORE AND JULIA. 163

“ IN vain did I repeatedly implore admittance
“ at different Monasteries ; my dress, my youth,
“ and even my beauty, were objections to my
“ being received into any. I had no means of
“ assuring them that my pension would be paid ;
“ and they seemed to consider me as a wretch who
“ had been seduced from virtue, who might pos-
“ sibly carry about me the effect of my supposed
“ crime, and disgrace their community. In con-
“ sequence of these reiterated disappointments,
“ I returned to the Inn where I had left you ;
“ but you had fled from thence like an arrow in
“ the air, and left no trace behind.

“ DISTRACTED with my grief, and not know-
“ ing whither to direct my steps, I wandered on,
“ resolving to lye down and die, when my poor
“ feeble limbs could not convey me farther.—
“ That hour approached, I breathed a prayer for
“ you, and sat me down beside a little brook,
“ hoping each sigh I drew would be my last.
“ A chaise came driving on. I had not strength
“ to move out of the way, though called to by
“ the postillions. The horses stopped to water.
“ A Lady who was in the carriage gazed upon
“ me, and became interested by my appearance ;
“ she spoke to me with kindness. I answered
“ not but with my tears. She alighted and
“ took me by the hand, bid me be of comfort, and
“ pressed me to accept a seat in her carriage to the
“ next Inn, where she would endeavour by any
“ means in her power to be serviceable to me.

" THE voice of pity soothed my breaking
 " heart, and as well as I was able I expressed my
 " gratitude, and accepted her offer. To be
 " short, I acquainted her with my distressful
 " story, concealing only my name and family.
 " She conveyed me to her house at Rouen, and
 " treated me like a sister. But judge of my
 " distress, Valmore, when I discovered that my
 " amiable benefactress, though she possessed all
 " others, was deficient in the most material of
 " all female virtues! A thousand times did I
 " resolve to quit her; but the charms of her
 " conversation, the gentleness of her manners,
 " and, above all, her generosity and kindness to
 " me, prevented me. Vice is contagious; spare
 " my confusion, Valmore, and guess the rest."

" If you have virtue enough left (said Val-
 " more) to blush at your unhappy situation, you
 " surely will consent to quit it. Fly, my
 " adorable Julia! fly from the paths of Vice!
 " Renounce these gilded trappings, these marks
 " of infamy; repent in humble poverty, strive
 " to atone thy crimes by patient suffering, and
 " in thy faithful Lover's arms regain thy virtue."
 " Heaven (said Julia) is witness of my sincere
 " repentance; but whither shall we fly?"

As she pronounced these words, Colonel Far-
 banne entered. He stood amazed at seeing Val-
 more, and observed that they were both dissolved
 in tears; then turning to him said, " What dost
 " thou

STORY OF VALMORE AND JULIA. 165

“ thou here ? Begone, this instant ! ” “ Do you
“ begone ! (said Valmore) Vice is forbidden now
“ to enter here. ” “ What means this insolence ? ”
replied the Colonel, and raised his cane to strike
at Valmore, who at that moment drew his sword,
saying, “ The very garb he wore, forbade his
“ receiving the indignity he had offered, and bid
“ him instantly defend himself. ” The Colonel
drew, and in a moment Valmore’s too furious
arm directed his weapon’s point to his antagonist’s
heart, who fell dead on the instant.

VALMORE was quickly seized, torn from his
Julia’s arms, who begged to accompany him, and
thrown into a dungeon. A Court-Martial was
immediately called, and he was sentenced to be
shot on the next day. He received his sentence
with firmness. The hope he felt of having re-
called his beloved Julia to the paths of Virtue
sat smiling at his heart. He marched to execution
between two ranks of his former fellow-soldiers
with a manly step and an elevated air. His eyes
alone were dry.

As he approached the fatal spot, he heard a
tumultuous sound. He turned his head, and saw
a woman pale and dishevelled, rushing through
the croud ; he heard his name pronounced by a
soft dying voice, and at that instant Julia caught
him in her arms. Exhausted, trembling, sighing,
she expired, and sunk upon the earth never to
rise again. The now distracted Valmore could

not support her in his eager arms, for they were pinioned; he threw himself upon the ground beside her, and fell into strong convulsions. Insensibility succeeded these emotions; he was remanded back to prison, and ere the next day's dawn, his spirit was released from his poor suffering clay, and free to seek the kindred soul of Julia.

STORY

S T O R Y
O F
R O S A L I E.

BY THE SAME.

THE fair but unfortunate Rosalie was the daughter of reputable, though not illustrious parents, her father being, at the time of her birth, a considerable merchant at Bourdeaux. But the misfortunes which were fated to attend her through life, seemed to commence even with her existence; for in a few years from that era, her father beheld the fruits of his honest industry dissipated by a succession of unavoidable losses, and became at length a bankrupt. The only consolation that remained to her afflicted parents was this their darling daughter; when gazing on her, they forgot their sorrows, and lamented the want of riches for her sake only. Rosalie deserved their love; she discovered so many charms both of mind and person, that Monsr. Domerval, her father, willingly sacrificed the little remnant of his broken fortune to the bestowing an education on her, more suitable to her genius and merit, than to the rank which she then held in life.

JOINED to other amiable qualities, Rosalie was possessed of the most refined sensibility and deli-

cate sentiment, which exalts the heart it warms above its fellows, and is yet, perhaps, more prejudicial than serviceable to the female sex; as the very softness it inspires contributes but to render them unsuspecting, and of course an easier prey to the arts of seduction.

DEATH deprived the unhappy Rosalie of both her parents before she had reached her sixteenth year. Left without friends or fortune, a maiden aunt of her mother's, who was tolerably rich, took this lovely orphan to her care.

It may not be improper here to give a slight sketch of Mademoiselle Mezirac's character. — She was one of those narrow-minded souls who are incapable of feeling for any creature but themselves; who mistake their dislike of human kind for an abhorrence of vice; and justify their spleen and ill temper to their wretched dependants, as arising from their want of virtue. She boasted of her never having loved any human being; she considered marriage as a gross attachment, and looked upon a state of celibacy as a state of perfection. Added to these perverse qualities, she was censorious, avaricious, and an outrageous bigot. Notwithstanding the hatefulness of her disposition, as she was known to be rich, she was visited by persons of the best rank in the village where she lived, and was particularly intimate with a neighbouring widow lady, of the name of Montalmant, who had a son about two years older

older than Rosalie. This youth soon distinguished our fair orphan, and became so assiduous in his visits to Mademoiselle Mezirac, that he never suffered his mother to go there without him.

WOMEN are quick-sighted in love, and Rosalie soon discovered the cause of Montalmant's attention to her aunt; but for a long time their eyes only declared the mutual affection which had taken possession of their youthful hearts. At length Montalmant dared to write, and Rosalie to receive the fullest and tenderest declaration of his passion. She had now found an object on whom she could bestow that vast fund of sensibility which was treasured in her heart; she poured it all forth into her lover's bosom, while her own received, almost in the same instant, the opposite passions of love and hate. Her aunt's severity, which she had hitherto borne with patience, rendered her now detestable; and she determined to deceive her, without considering that she was at the same time deceiving herself. The young people eluded the vigilance of their parents, they had many stolen interviews, and the too tender Rosalie sacrificed that honour which she had till then held dearer than her life, to her fondness for the no less enamoured Montalmant.

IN a few days after she had been guilty of this fatal error, she received the following billet from her lover :

“ I AM compelled to obey my mother ; she
“ has discovered all, and refuses absolutely to
“ consent

“ consent to our marriage. By her authority I
“ am hurried from this place, and obliged to
“ renounce my love, nay, even my hope; as
“ there is a match concluded for me, which must
“ throw me into the arms of another.”

ROSALIE had not power to finish this shocking adieu; she sunk upon the earth, as if she had been blasted by lightning, and continued senseless for a considerable time. No words can describe the state of her mind, when her sorrows and her senses returned together. She called upon her husband, her lover, her Montalmant! nor could she believe that he was really fled, till she went to the house where his mother had resided, and was informed that the whole family had quitted it on the preceding night, without letting any person know whither they were gone.

THE unhappy Rosalie, loaded with the reproaches of her own mind, abandoned by her Lover, without a friend to whom she could reveal her grief, devoured it in secret, and vainly thought she had reached the summit of affliction. —But, alas! her present sufferings were but like the foundation, from whence the superstructure of her future miseries must arise. It was not enough that she should blush in secret, or humble herself before the Almighty for her crime; public contempt and infamy awaited her; for the unhappy orphan soon perceived that she was likely to become a mother. Death was the sole resource
which

which now seemed left ; her fame was dearer to her than life, and she determined to hide her sorrows and her shame together within the silent grave. But that true friend which flies not the afflicted, but stretches forth a pitying hand to raise the wretch oppressed with crimes and sorrows, opposed the fatal purpose—Religion forbade suicide, and stopped her trembling hand. She bowed, adored, and suffered.

If any event of Rosalie's life could be deemed fortunate, Mademoiselle Mezirac's being confined to her bed at this particular crisis was so. Rosalie was too ill to quit her's ; this screened her from the prying eyes of her aunt and every other person, and in the fullness of time she brought forth a lovely boy. Though she had not much attendance from her aunt's servants during her illness, and though her chamber was retired from the rest of the family, she knew it would be impossible to conceal her infant there ; at midnight, therefore, she stole softly down stairs with him in her arms, and conveyed him to a little decayed summer-house at the end of the garden, and deposited her precious charge upon some clean straw. To this spot she retired as often as she could, unseen, to nourish and attend her helpless child. Reflection soon convinced her that he could not long remain there undiscovered ; maternal tenderness at length triumphed over the fear of shame ; she went to the Curate of the Parish, Monsieur Freminville, threw herself at his

his feet, confessed her crime, and implored his protection for the innocent effect of her's and Montalmant's guilt.

THIS good, this pious man calmed her wild transports, approved her penitence, and received her child, whom he immediately put to nurse, without revealing its unhappy mother's shame.

ROSALIE'S mind now became a little calmer; her health returned of course, though sorrow's deepest traits were not effaced either from her heart or face. Mademoiselle Mezirac during her illness had, in the height of her zeal for her own recovery, devoted her Niece, as her bigotry conceived, to God; and as soon as her health was established, she communicated her pious resolution to Rosalie, and bid her prepare immediately to pass the rest of her days in a Convent. In vain the devoted victim knelt, wept, and prayed before her, and as vainly assured her she had no call to that vocation. She would not even listen to her pleading, and allowed her but eight days to take her leave of the world, and all that it contained.

ROSALIE again flew to her venerable friend and benefactor, again poured forth her sorrows in his humane and pious bosom. He promised her to use his utmost power of persuasion with her aunt to dissuade her from her cruel purpose. He kept his promise; but the obdurate Mezirac,

so far from being softened by his eloquence, flew into the most outrageous passion, both against him and her Niece, and treated him with the most opprobrious language. Not content with having insulted, she resolved to injure him still farther; and wrote to the Bishop of the Diocese, representing him as a debauched and wicked man, who had at that time a bastard child, nursed even in the face of the whole parish, as she had heard it whispered. Mademoiselle Mezi-rac's affected piety had gained her so great a reputation for sanctity, that the Bishop, without enquiring farther, immediately dismissed Freminville from his Cure with the most ignominious reproof.

THIS was, of all that she had felt, the severest wound to the generous heart of Rosalie; and setting at nought even the fear of infamy, she hastened to clear the innocence of Freminville, and prostrating herself at the Bishop's feet, confessed herself the mother of the child, and avowed her obligation to the good and virtuous Freminville. The Bishop was affected by the nobleness of her conduct; said he would give Freminville another Cure, for his was disposed of; and also would use his authority with her aunt, to prevent Rosalie from being forced into a Convent. But, alas! this gleam of hope soon vanished; the Bishop had been long in a bad state of health, he was seized with a paralytic stroke in the night, and expired on the following day.

DEPRIVED

DEPRIVED of every resource, the almost distracted Rosalie wandered into a public garden, where the people of condition in the village used to walk; it was at that time full of company; but her disturbed imagination prevented her from taking notice of any object that surrounded her, till Chance directed her eyes to a little wooden bridge which was over a deep piece of water, the floor of which was decayed by time: at that instant she beheld the woman who nursed her child with him in her arms, crossing the bridge; a plank gave way, and they both fell in together. The feelings of a mother were not to be suppressed; she screamed aloud, "O save my child from perishing!" and rushing madly into the water, caught him in her arms, still crying out, "O my child!" All the people in the garden ran to her assistance; she was dragged out more dead than alive, and fainted the moment she was brought to land. The whole village was now in an uproar; the cause soon reached Mademoiselle Mezirac's ears; she flew amongst the rest to gaze on her now dishonoured Niece, whom she found clasping her infant to her bosom, and chafing his chilled limbs. Mezirac darted towards her, and would have torn her and her child piece-meal, had she not been prevented by the humanity of the spectators. But though her hands were restrained, her tongue was free; she loaded her with the most pointed abuse, and declared that Freminville was the father of the child.

ROSALIE

ROSALIE again rising superior to her sex, nay to herself, still pressing her infant to her heart, declared aloud her amour with Montalmant, and the humane and pious part which Freminville had acted towards her.

FROM that hour her aunt abandoned Rosalie to want and wretchedness; the short-lived commiseration which her extraordinary accident had occasioned, expired with the surprize; and she had now no other means of support for herself and infant, but what she could procure from hands weakened by sorrow, and unused to labour; yet still she felt much more for the distress which she had brought on the good Curate, than that which she herself most patiently endured.

IN about two years the iron-hearted Mezirac expired, bequeathing her whole fortune to the Convent where she meant to bury her Niece, refusing even to forgive her with her latest breath.

WORN out with continual sorrow, the unfortunate Rosalie fell into so languid a state of health, that she was no longer able to assist in supporting herself or child. Freminville's resources were also at an end; that good, that ministering Angel had long since parted with every thing he possessed, which could contribute to the relief of the wretched Rosalie and her lovely boy. Yet the pious father still continued to enforce
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that humble resignation to the dispensations of Providence, that would entitle her to happiness hereafter, however for wise ends denied her here. His admonitions were not lost upon his penitent; she owned her chastisement was just, and only prayed for blessings on her son.

At length the hour of her release approached; the pious Curate administered the last Sacraments; that over, she clasped her child close to her dying bosom, bathed him with tears, and covered him with kisses.—“ These are the last
 “ (said she) that I shall ever give him. But
 “ thou best, most generous of friends! if you
 “ should ever learn what is become of—Alas!
 “ I should forget him—but he is the father of
 “ my hapless orphan—If you should ever hear
 “ that Montalmant lives—Why, O gracious
 “ Heaven, will not this fatal passion quit my
 “ troubled heart, while yet one quivering pulse
 “ remains to beat!” At these words she sunk upon her pillow, the paleness of death spread fast over her countenance, her lovely boy, shocked at the sudden change, gave a loud cry, and sprang to catch his mother in his arms.

At that instant, a young man with the utmost precipitation threw open the chamber-door, and exclaimed, “ Where is she! Where is Ma-
 “ demoiselle Domerval!” “ You see her there
 “ before you (said the Priest), she is just now
 “ expiring.” “ Expiring! (said the youth) It
 “ must



Rosalia

" must not be;" and rushing towards the bed, " O my dear Rosalie!" was all that he could utter, and sunk down senseless by her. " O Heavens! you are Montalmant," cried out Freminville. This sound seemed to recal the parting spirit of Rosalie; she opened wide her eyes and sighed out, " It is Montalmant!" " Yes, my adorable Rosalie! (he replied) but " oh! in what a state do I now find you!"

" I DIE content (said she), having seen you. " But are you married? Is it another's husband " I embrace?" " O no!" he answered quick. " Behold your son (said she); let him remind " you of his mother's fondness." " My son " (said he, and caught him in his arms)! My " mother is no more (added Montalmant), I now " am free; you are, and ever were, the only " object of my love. I flew with transport to " repair the ills you have suffered, and offer you " my hand and fortune; my heart has ever been " your own, nor shall it ever wander from you;" if " you should die, the grave unites us both. But " try, my love, try to recover, for this cherub's " sake, for this beloved boy!" Physicians were immediately sent for, and every aid employed for Rosalie's recovery, which for some weeks remained doubtful. At length the peace of mind which she now experienced, joined to her youth and naturally good constitution, prevailed; and as soon as she was able to quit her bed, the worthy Freminville had the satisfaction of uniting

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her in marriage to the husband of her heart, and rendering them both completely happy.

MONTALMANT settled a handsome provision upon the Preserver of his wife and child; and Rosalie's gratitude continued undiminished to the last hour of her benefactor's life. The latter part of her own was as singularly exemplary in goodness, as the beginning had been in misfortunes.

CONJUGAL

CONJUGAL FIDELITY:

OR,

FEMALE FORTITUDE.

A GENUINE STORY.

BY THE SAME.

A VERY moderate knowledge in History may instruct any intelligent person, that great events have frequently been produced by the most trivial causes, and that the fame of some of our greatest heroes, both antient and modern, has been derived from accidents perfectly insignificant in themselves, and which owed their consequence merely to the adventitious circumstances of time, place, or occasion.

THE bravery of that renowned warrior, the redoubted Achilles, as well as that of his still nobler and braver (because not invulnerable) adversary, the gallant Hector, would never have reached our ears, if there had not happened to be a man born at Chios, Rhodes, Smyrna, Colophon, Argos, Salamis, or Athens*, who from the loss of his sight was deprived of any other means of obtaining the *sine quâ non* of those, and indeed of

* The names of the seven Cities that claim the honour of Homer's nativity.

all times, by any other method but that of chaunting forth the military exploits of the aforesaid heroes, in strains at once so sweet and sonorous, that they will in all probability be trumpeted down to our latest posterity, even till the last trump shall silence all the Heralds upon earth.

THE fame of those persons already mentioned, as well as of all the other illustrious personages recorded in the Iliad, was also in a great measure owing to the romantic spirit of those old-fashioned times, in which they had the advantage of being born. For if Madam Helen were alive at this day, and were to elope, as formerly she did, with Ensign Paris, her flight might, perhaps, furnish a paragraph for a Newspaper, but would not even rouse her Captain Menelaus to challenge her paramour to single combat, or so much as inspire any of our ballad-mongers to bewail her mishap to the tune of *The Lady's Downfall*. So greatly are we improved of late in good-sense, politeness, and the true mode of *savoir vivre*, that those little peccadillos which our formal ancestors made such a fuss about, are treated by us, their wiser posterity, merely *en bagatelle*.

THE unlucky wife of Menelaus, then, is gibbeted to perpetual infamy, and hung up as a solitary scare-crow for school-boys to hoot at, only for the same offence which my Lady, and Mrs. A, B, C, D, and so on from Alpha to Omega, have committed, without leaving any records

records of their transgressions, except what may be found in the Archives of Doctors Commons. —Alas, poor Helen!

BUT though this fair Lady has been rather unkindly treated, by being handed down to us as a *single* instance of Conjugal Infidelity, I am apt to believe that Homer was a much more singular character than Helen, and that there has been a greater scarcity of such Poets than of such wives, in all times. I ask pardon of my own, and every body else's Grandmother. As I have ventured thus boldly to suppose that there have been some frail Dames whose faults lie buried with them, I can as readily believe, that there have been many bright and shining examples of conjugal and maternal virtue, in the softer sex, whose—"good has been interred with their bones."—And though Arria and Portia had for ages usurped the first female form in the Temple of Fame, till Lord Lyttelton, in his elegant Dialogues of the Dead, with the justice of a Minos, made the haughty Dames give place to, and own the superiority of, the mild Octavia; I am convinced there are also many others whose virtues might claim precedence, or, at least, an equal rank with either of those heroines—

" Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
" The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear;
" Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
" And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

ONE proof is worth a thousand assertions; I shall, therefore, relate a little story, which has been handed down by *tradition* in an Irish family of my acquaintance; for, alas! that nation has not yet been blessed with an Homer or a Tacitus to record its heroic deeds.

AT the time of the late Civil Wars, about the year 1640, there lived in the County of Kilkenny, in Ireland, a Gentleman, of the name of Pansfield, who was descended from an English family that had received a grant of some lands in that country from Queen Elizabeth, which their industry had improved into a good estate. Some time before the era I have mentioned, this Gentleman had married the beautiful Elvina Butler, a near relation to the Ormond family, endowed with every grace and accomplishment that suited her high birth. Yet, spite of all the fair Elvina's charms, Mr. Pansfield was not happy in the possession of them, nor suffered her to be so. He was dissatisfied at her not having children, and, while he indulged himself in the lowest amours, affected to be jealous of her spotless conduct and pure affection: thus were they situated when the fatal event of the Irish Massacre took place, in which so many English Protestants were destroyed. The native Irish had naturally an aversion to all the English settlers, but their general dislike was heightened into a peculiar hatred for Mr. Pansfield, from the unkindness of his treatment to his amiable wife.

ELVINA

ELVINA had been brought up in the Roman Catholic religion. Mr. Pansfield had banished her Confessor, and forbidden any Priest to enter his house. This was an aggravation of his former offences, and roused the uncharitable zeal of bigotry so highly against him, that he was marked for one of the first victims that was to be sacrificed to the honour of their *holy* faith. They therefore determined to set fire to his house at midnight, and destroy him and all his Protestant domestics in the flames: yet they wished to preserve Elvina; and for that purpose sent a Priest in disguise to warn her of some approaching danger, and advise her on some pretence or other to quit her house that night.

THE unfortunate Priest who was sent upon this embassy, was met and discovered by Mr. Pansfield, before he could make known his errand to Elvina. The enraged husband, either stung with jealousy, or affecting to be so, fell upon the miserable Ecclesiastic, and beat him so unmercifully, that he died of his bruises in a few days after; his fury then vented itself on his unhappy wife, whom he turned out of his house, and confined in a little summer alcove in his garden, without any food except bread and water. Her imprisonment, however, was not of a long duration; for the night after, the door of her gaol was thrown open by the same hand that had set fire to the dwelling-house, which she beheld in flames. Her lamentations for the un-

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happy fate of her undeserving husband, whom she supposed to have perished in the conflagration, filled the air, and affected even the hearts of those who had planned his destruction. "Her soul refused comfort;" and she determined to devote the remainder of her days to sorrow for his death, and to remain a voluntary prisoner, even in the very place to which his unjust and mistaken resentment had confined her.

THE troubles that then raged through all parts of Ireland, made her unhappy situation less remarkable than it would have been in a calmer season, and she was suffered to indulge her sorrows alone, unmolested by foes, and unassisted by friends.

THOSE of her domestics who had escaped the flames, fled to distant parts for safety, and but one faithful servant only remained to share her miseries, for she had now scarce any thing else to share; her lands were plundered, and her cattle stolen; so that the produce of her garden, and the milk of a cow, were all the subsistence that now remained to her and her attendant.

ON the third night after this dreadful event, as she was sitting almost drowned in tears, she perceived, by the light of the moon, a man enter her little cell, whose figure resembled her husband. Impressed with the idea that it must have been his ghost, she fell upon her knees
before

before him, and solemnly protested the innocence of her past life, and intreated his forgiveness for having, even involuntarily, offended him. But what was her surprize and joy, when he told her that he had escaped the horrid death his enemies designed for him, and that he had remained for the last three days hid in the cave of Dunmore, which was about a quarter of a mile from his late dwelling-house! He added, that he had subsisted, during that time, upon the petrified water which hung round the cave; but no longer able to bear the agonizing pangs of hunger, he had resolved to meet that death he could not in his present situation shun; that he was then in her power; and that if she wished for vengeance on him, she might give him up a sacrifice to his foes.

WITH transport, far exceeding all description, she caught him in her arms, renewed her vows of love and duty to him, and instantly flew to bring him such relief as her poor condition could furnish. They passed that night together, to her the happiest she had ever known, and at the dawn of day he retired again to his cave; at noon she visited his lonely dwelling, and brought with her the best supply her scanty means could yield; and he returned to her embrace at night.

THEY passed several months in this anxious and clandestine commerce together, when, to their mutual sorrow, Elvina found herself with child.

child. This additional circumstance of distress abated not her fond attention to her adored husband, though it rendered her daily attendance on him more difficult and painful. Through rains, through fogs, through frosts and snow, she daily waited on him, and nightly lighted up her neat abode with the bright smiles of chearful innocence.

IN the midst of this mixed scene of happiness and woe, Elvina became the mother of a female child, a young Elvina, and both her joys and cares were doubled. The lovely infant drew its nourishment from that soft bosom which had denied herself almost the necessary support of life to cherish its loved father, who was now become the tenderest, best of husbands; as was Elvina, spite of her distressful circumstances, the most contented of wives.

Two years and more had elapsed before Elvina's situation became an object of attention, even to her nearest friends; the dreadful scene of the massacre was long since over, but Ireland was still rent with intestine commotions; the Royalists and Parliamentarians were but new names for Persecutors and Persecuted; and each side exchanged those titles, as their parties rose or fell.

BUT, notwithstanding the storms which had the overwhelped that wretched land, Mr. Panfield

field might have appeared again upon the stage of life, and claimed his inheritance, if the death of the Priest whom he had sacrificed to his ill-founded suspicion, had not subjected him to a criminal prosecution, which he was certain would not only take place, but be carried on with the utmost malevolence against him; particularly as the Royalists, who were mostly Roman Catholics, were then in possession of all the places of trust and power.

HE therefore, at Elvina's earnest request, submitted to his situation, and waited for more favourable times to make his second entrance in the world. Mean while, she was strongly importuned by many of her relations to quit her solitary abode, to sue for the recovery of Mr. Pansfield's fortune, and to live as became her station in the world.

IN answer to their solicitations, she pleaded the vow she had made, at her husband's death, of remaining a recluse, in that spot which she had chosen, for the remainder of her days. Her friends were at length wearied out with her obstinacy, and left her to enjoy her solitude in peace. Mr. Pansfield's next heir took possession of his estate, and allowed his supposed widow some trifling pittance, with the possession of her beloved retreat to dwell in.

THE part of the country in which she lived, was almost uninhabited; she was therefore totally
free

free from the restraint of prying eyes; and custom had rendered the life they led less irksome than could be imagined, both to Mr. Pansfield and Elvina; their apprehensions with regard to his safety every day grew less, and in the winter months he but seldom visited his former asylum in the cave.

WHEN they had passed about three years in this retirement,

“ The world forgetting, by the world forgot,”

it happened that a Priest of a neighbouring parish, travelling over the plain of Dunmore, near Elvina's dwelling, in the winter, was overtaken by a violent fall of snow, and sought for shelter beneath her roof. He entered without ceremony, and, to his amazement, found Mr. Pansfield, the young Elvina and her mother, seated by their little fire. A sight like this would have affected any heart that was not rendered callous by bigotry. To see even an enemy fallen from a happy state, and patiently submitting to misfortune, would soften even the most obdurate mind, that was not tainted with the true *Catholic* zeal for vengeance upon heretics,

A DESIRE of revenge, which he called justice for his brother's blood, immediately possessed the Priest; he thought proper, however, to stifle his resentment at the time; and on Elvina's imploring him upon her knees to conceal the discovery

covery he had made, he promised secrecy; and, when the storm was over, departed, leaving his canting peace and benediction behind him.

THAT there is no faith to be held with heretics, is one of the tenets of the *Mother Church*, and our pious Priest was too good a son to infringe his mother's precepts. He, therefore, set out directly to the next Justice of the Peace, and gave in an information against Mr. Pansfield, for the murder of the Priest whom he had killed on the day preceding the night in which his house was set on fire; and not only directed the Justice to the place where the culprit might be found, but became a voluntary convoy to the Sheriff, and led them to poor Elvina's little peaceful cottage before the break of day.

THEY instantly seized on Mr. Pansfield, who was incapable of making the least resistance, while his lovely and distracted wife, snatching up her infant in her arms, set forward with him to the county gaol. They lay there for some months; and though during that time Elvina's friends and family made all the interest in their power to save her husband's life, he was condemned to die at the following Assizes.

ELVINA had never quitted her husband during his confinement, but lay or sat by him, night and day, on the ground in his wretched cell. On the day preceding that which was fixed for his

his execution, she brought the young Elvina to her father, and bade him bless and take his leave of her. She then took the infant by the hand, and led her out of the prison to a friend's house, to whose care she bequeathed her darling child, and after many fond adieus returned to her husband's dungeon, with an air of more than common dignity and composure; then seating herself by him, and taking his hand in hers, she thus addressed him:

“ My Pansfield, you must die; the laws have
“ doomed you; and though no malice armed
“ your hand against the unhappy man whose
“ death you are answerable for, the laws of God
“ require atonement: life for life is due; and
“ may your mild submission to the stroke of
“ justice, expiate the crime for which you are to
“ suffer, and all your other offences! Considered
“ in this light, Death is a little fine we pay for
“ an exceeding great reward, an happy immor-
“ tality!—But wherefore should the mode of
“ paying that small penalty be rendered still
“ more irksome to us, by being made the public
“ gaze, the mark of vulgar scorn, and leaving
“ infamy entailed upon the innocent object of
“ our love?—Being compelled to die by the
“ vile hands of common executioners, can it
“ appear a voluntary act of expiation, or be re-
“ ceived as an atonement for our crimes? I do
“ not think it can. Let us ourselves inflict the
“ punishment we have deserved, and by so doing,
“ prove

“ prove our own sense of justice. The means
“ are in my hands, I will give them into yours.
“ But first, this last embrace. Now let me try
“ the weapon.” Then drawing forth from its
sheath a long sharp knife, which the Irish call a
skeen, she plunged it in her snowy bosom, and
sunk expiring by her husband’s side; who instant
drew the fatal steel, and struck it to his heart.

Now tell me, gentle Readers, does not this
fair Hibernian dame, in nobleness of soul, by
far surpass your Arria’s and your Portia’s? They
died for husbands who had lived for them, and
who also would have died to save them. But my
Elvina shewed greater fortitude even in her life,
than they did in their deaths; she unrepining
bore the harshest treatment from the man she
loved, and afterwards preferred want, misery,
and death, to wealth, to pleasure, and to life,
without him.

S T O R Y
O F
LADY FANNY BEAUMONT
AND
L O R D L A Y T O N.

BY THE SAME.

A FATAL animosity, which had subsisted for more than a century between the families of Beaumont and Layton, could not prevent the union of two hearts, though derived from ancestors who seemed to possess an hereditary hatred to each other. The gay and pleasing Lord Layton was captivated with the fair and blooming Lady Fanny Beaumont, and her gentle mind felt no aversion to his Lordship, although he was deemed an enemy to her house. At the time when their acquaintance commenced, her father was gone to Nice, for the recovery of his health; she had no mother living, but was left in the care of her eldest brother, Lord Belville, who felt a personal disgust, joined to a family resentment, against Lord Layton. The Lovers could have no hopes of combating his aversion, nor could they sacrifice their affections to his dislike: there remained then no alternative

tive for Lady Fanny, but to throw herself into the arms of Lord Layton, and trust to her father's parental affection, for the pardoning an action to which he never would have consented. In short, the Lovers took a trip to Scotland, and returned irrevocably united.

LORD Belville represented his sister's disobedience in so strong a light to the Earl of Beaumont, that he sunk beneath the shock, lived but to curse his daughter, and expired.

LADY Layton, who, notwithstanding the rash step she had taken, was a dutiful and affectionate child, was sincerely afflicted for having offended her father, and lamented his death with such unfeigned sorrow, that her husband was obliged to exert his utmost tenderness to soothe her grief, and prevent its becoming fatal to her life. Time's lenient hand, and Lord Layton's unceasing fondness, at length triumphed over her affliction, and she became as happy as a mind endued with sensibility can be, when conscious of having committed an irreparable fault.

IN less than two years after her marriage she became the mother of a lovely girl. This darling object, at the same time that it afforded her the highest delight, brought with it the remembrance of her unforgiven offence. She would often press the little Fanny to her heart, bathe her with tears, and then exclaim, "O may'st thou never be so unhappy as to incur a father's curse!"

FOUR years rolled on, and saw Lord and Lady Layton the happiest pair in the gay circle of the *beau-monde*. What a surprising length of time for such a fashionable couple to enjoy the delights of conjugal affection! But fear not, my gay Readers: Happiness neither is, was, or ever will be permanent, whilst men have passions that controul their reason.

It happened about this time that Lord Layton, being in company with some of his brother Peers, was prevailed on to go with them to a Masquerade at Carlisle-House. He sauntered about for some time with that indifference which persons who have been used to those scenes of dissipation, after their novelty is worn off, are generally sensible of; and was on the point of returning home, when the pressing of the croud occasioned a Lady to miss her step from a part of the floor that was raised, and fall directly into his Lordship's arms. With the utmost activity and address he conveyed her out of the croud, and seated her on the first vacant sofa that was near. When he had deposited his precious charge in safety, he was struck with admiration at the grace and elegance of her figure, and surprized at his own want of attention in not having taken notice of it before. The Lady returned him thanks for the assistance he had rendered her in the politest terms, but with a foreign accent. His Lordship replied to her in French; and some ladies, who were of her party, coming up, he begged he might be permitted

mitted the honour of joining them for the remainder of the night. The service he had done the fair Louisa, intitled him to the compliance of the company with his request; and for the first moment of absence, for four long years, he felt not a wish to return to his, till then, beloved Fanny! When the party sat down to supper, he had been indulged with a sight of Louisa's face, which in a moment obliterated all the beauties he had ever seen; he gazed on her in silent rapture, and looked his peace and happiness away. Poor, thoughtless man! He knew not then the misery which he was likely to entail on a deserving and beloved wife, upon himself, and on the charming object who was the innocent source of all their misfortunes!

At parting, Lord Layton obtained permission to wait upon Louisa the next day, and returned home with such sensations as he never had before experienced; for though his mind was exalted with delight and rapture, there was a something like remorse that mingled with them, and prevented their being perfect. He blushed when he met his Fanny at breakfast, turned away his face when she tenderly enquired after his health, and was too much in a hurry to give her any account of the Masquerade, as he was obliged to dress and go out instantly.

He flew to his appointment with Louisa, who received him with all the cheerfulness of unsus-

pecting innocence; but told him that as her aunt, with whom she lived, was in so bad a state of health as not to be able to see company, she must decline the honour of his future visits. This circumstance rendered the moments precious; he took the fair occasion, and declared he could not live without beholding her. The rhetoric of lovers is generally prevailing; and our young Frenchwoman was so far drawn in by that of Lord Layton, as to tell him that the back-door of her aunt's house opened into the Park, and that she frequently walked there at an early hour in the morning.

It is not to be doubted but that Lord Layton took advantage of this information, and for many months their clandestine interviews continued uninterrupted.

WE are told in Scripture, that "No man can serve two masters at the same time;" and I will be bold to say, it is as little possible for a man to love two women at once. Lord Layton's conduct did not contradict my opinion.—His neglect and indifference toward the amiable and virtuous Fanny, kept pace with his encreasing fondness for the lovely and innocent Louisa. He considered the former as an obstacle to his happiness with the latter; but as his mind was not yet totally abandoned to vice, he knew not how to remove this bar without plunging too deep in guilt.

THE reader has, I suppose, long since discovered, that Louisa's heart was almost as susceptible of Lord Layton's agreeable qualities, as his Lordship was of her charms; her being a stranger in this kingdom, joined to the secrecy with which she had carried on her acquaintance with him, prevented her from knowing any thing relative to his situation, but what he thought proper to reveal; and no one will suppose that he had ever mentioned his wife. But being now pretty well assured of Louisa's affections, he flattered himself that he might prevail on her to become a voluntary victim, and sacrifice her virtue to his vice. At their next interview, after the most extravagant professions of love, his Lordship lamented, in the most pathetic terms, the misfortune of not having a hand as well as a heart to bestow upon the fair Louisa. The surprise which she felt at this discovery, rendered her speechless for some moments. When the power of utterance returned, she exclaimed, "Basest of men! Have you then, in spite of
" the integrity of my heart, and the innocence
" of my conduct, drawn me in to be an accomplice in the worst of crimes, that of defrauding another of their happiness? Fly from
" my injured sight this moment, and never let
" me see you more!" At these words the virtuous Louisa rushed from his hold, conveyed herself instantly into the garden, and made fast the door against her insidious Lover, who was, perhaps, as much astonished as she had been.

From that moment his Lordship in vain essayed every art to gain the sight of his offended fair; even his letters were returned unopened, and all kind of correspondence was cut off between them. Opposition seemed to encrease his passion; and he determined to obtain the object of it, even at the hazard of every thing that should have been dear to him.

THE hapless Lady Layton, who had spent many months in solitude and sorrow, though under the same roof with her Lord, was now to be removed entirely from his sight; she never had reproached his want of tenderness, but he could not silence the upbraiding of his own heart. He had a seat in Westmoreland, which had not been inhabited by any of his family for above a century.—In this dismal Castle he commanded his obedient wife immediately to be immured; she did not presume to murmur against this harsh decree, but only entreated that her little Fanny might be the companion of her solitary hours. This was denied her, on account of the unwholesomeness of the situation she was to be confined to. Her maternal tenderness triumphed over her self-love, and she resigned her child to the care of a Governess, without betraying her resentment of her husband's inhumanity by any other signs than sighs and tears,

DURING Lady Layton's melancholy confinement she wrote frequently to her Lord, entreating him to

let her know in what she had offended him, pouring forth her prayers for his and her daughter's welfare. He never deigned to answer her epistles—his whole time and thoughts were taken up in the pursuit of Louisa, who still continued firm to her resolution, and would neither hear from, or see him. For near two years there seemed to be no alteration in the situation of this unhappy family. At length, one night, as Lady Layton lay upon her sleepless couch, about midnight she heard her chamber-door open, and saw her Lord standing by her bed-side:—she started with surprise, and on her first emotion would have rushed into his arms; but he repelled her with a look that froze her to a statue. “Madam, (said he) “you have much boasted of your obedience and “your love, I require a proof of them now— “Your life is the great bar to all my happiness.” “Then rid yourself and me of misery “at once! (exclaimed the unhappy Fanny) Be- “hold my naked bosom! it shall meet the blow, “and bless the hand that gave it.” “No, “Madam (he replied), I will not be a murderer; “but hear me, and obey. Feign yourself sick, “to-morrow; the servants in this house are all “at my command; they will ask no questions; “let all but the servant who attends you, and “in whom I can confide, believe you dead. In “about ten days a hearse will arrive, in which “you must consent to be placed, and conveyed “a few miles from hence. A chaise will then “meet you, with my servant in it, who will

“ attend you to the Continent, and place you in
 “ a Convent by another name.—You will there
 “ have society, and spend your days more chear-
 “ fully than here:—you must there continue to
 “ conceal yourself, and by so doing, you will
 “ have the satisfaction of knowing that you have
 “ obliged, and rendered me happy, which it is
 “ not in your power to do by any other means.
 “ I wait for your reply.” With streaming eyes
 Lady Layton answered, “ In marrying you, my
 “ Lord, I broke the first of ties, filial obedi-
 “ ence; and all my sufferings are but due pu-
 “ nishments for such a crime. Though I have
 “ failed in my first duty, I will fulfil the second
 “ —You shall be happy, if I can make you so!”
 “ It is enough,” he cried; and instantly with-
 drew.

THE almost distracted Lady Layton had no
 occasion to affect sickness; the disorder in her
 mind was sufficient to inflict it. Hope, the
 wretch's last resource, had now quitted her sad
 bosom; Despair usurped its room; and she de-
 termined to exceed her cruel husband's com-
 mands, by making that a reality which he had
 only desired her to feign. The means alone were
 wanting; but as Shakespeare says, “ O Mischief!
 “ thou art swift to enter into the thoughts of
 “ desperate men.” She recollected a closet in
 which there hung some rusty armour—she sought,
 and found a dagger. Wild with her griefs, she
 would have plunged it instantly in her sad heart;
 but

but on drawing it from the sheath, she found the point so encrusted with rust, that her force was not sufficient to make it penetrate her bosom. The delay which was necessary to make it answer her purpose, afforded her some time for reflection: she had been bred religiously; and the tremendous idea of rushing into the presence of an offended Deity in the actual commission of a breach of his Laws, deterred her, for some time, from attempting her life. But the distraction of her thoughts again returned; she could no longer doubt that her husband wished her death, in order to bestow the name of Wife on some beloved object. Then what had she to do with life, when no longer permitted to act in the tender and respectable situations of wife or mother? She considered herself as a blank in the creation; and hoped it might not be deemed criminal in the Almighty's sight, to rid herself of an existence which was only marked by wretchedness.

IN this desponding, miserable state she continued for ten days, when hearing the sound of a carriage, which she had long been refused to, and supposing it to be the gloomy vehicle used only to convey the dead to their last peaceful mansions, she exclaimed, "I will not be entombed alive!" Then snatching up the dagger, and plunging it deep into her breast, cried out, "This, to punish disobedience to a tender father; and this, to prove obedience to a cruel husband!" At that fatal instant her chamber-door

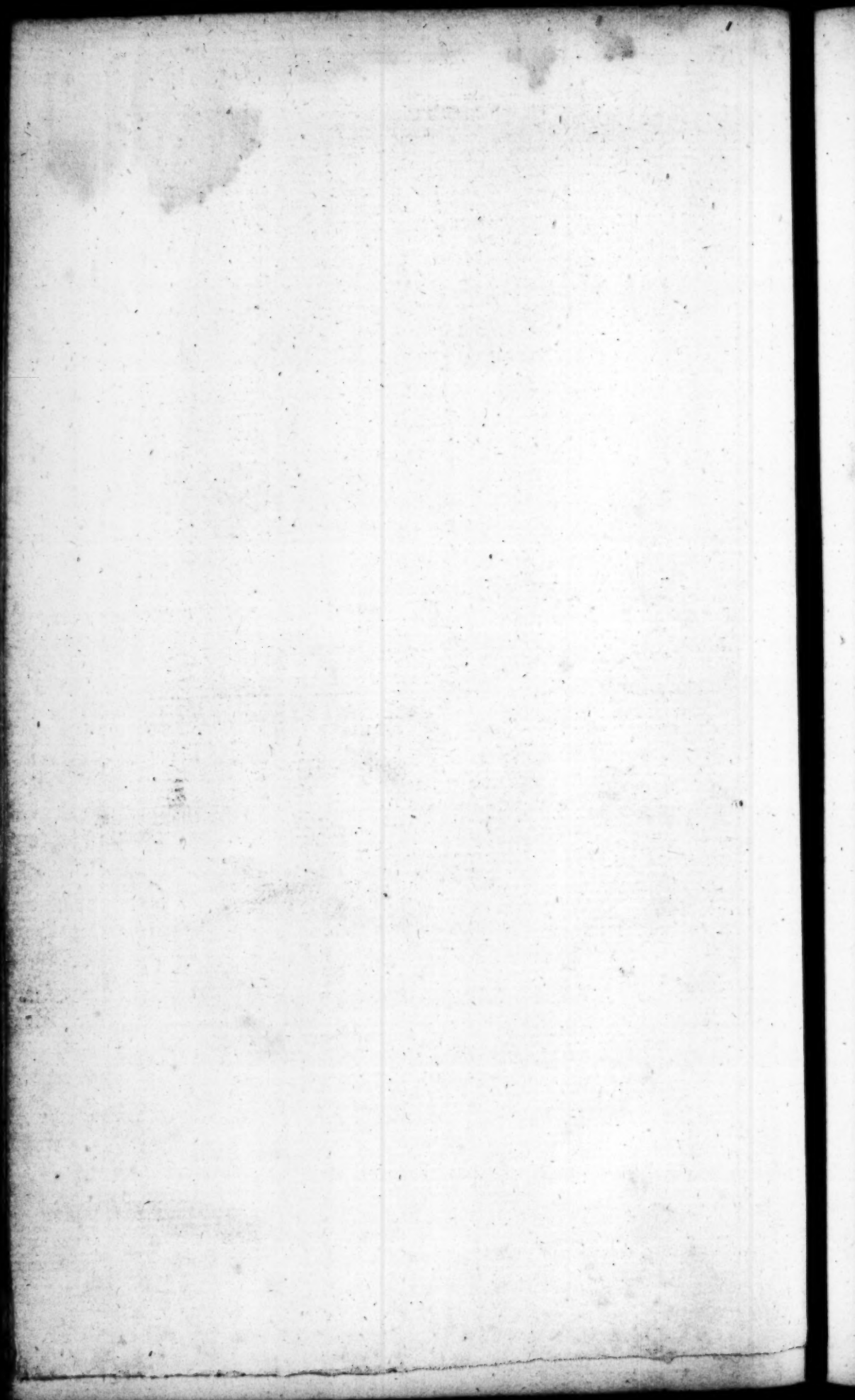
door was thrown open, and her lovely little Fanny sprang forward to rush into her arms. The dagger dropped from her trembling hand; and the Governess advancing, quickly informed her now expiring Lady, that her brother, the Earl of Beaumont, had met Lord Layton on his return from Westmoreland; that they had fought, and her husband had been mortally wounded; but that before he died, he had sent off an express to her, ordering her immediately to bring the little Fanny to plead his pardon with her much-injured mother, and to release her instantly from her confinement.

THE unhappy Lady Layton caught up her lovely Fanny to her bleeding bosom, deplored the untimely fate of her unhappy Lord, sunk on her knees to implore forgiveness from offended Heaven for her fatal rashness, and expired.

FROM this sad Story let the young and thoughtless learn, that the smallest deviation from the paths of virtue is liable to plunge the soul and body into the extremes of vice and misery; for none can say to themselves, "Thus far, and no farther will I go."



*Story of Lady Fanny Beaumont
and Lord Layton.*



THE
S T O R Y
O F
MISS WILLIAMS.

BY THE SAME.

YOU are to know, Mr. Editor, that I am what the world calls an Old Batchelor, having reached my fifty-fifth year in a state of celibacy; and being blessed with an excellent constitution and a plentiful fortune, I cannot say, though I have the highest respect for the Fair Sex, that I have ever much regretted the want of that inestimable treasure, a lawful helpmate. But certain it is, that a desire for posterity is by nature implanted in the heart of Man; and the nearer we verge towards dissolution, the more earnestly do our wishes tend to the leaving some part of our very selves behind,

FROM this impulse, I have for the last five years of my life frequently thought of entering into the holy state of matrimony; and have, in the course of that time, seen many beautiful young women, whose parents have fully given me to understand, that *they* were willing I should wed their daughters. But, alas! Mr. Editor,
I am

I am an epicure in love, and would not give a guinea for the person of the finest woman in England, whose internal merit was not as much the object of my esteem, as her exterior charms of my adoration.

AND on what principle can a man of sense, at my time of life, found his esteem for the blooming Beauty who devotes herself a willing victim at the altar of Plutus, when she should only sacrifice to Hymen? or what right has the sensual Dotard to expect a sincere attachment from a woman, who, in order to deceive him, affects to reconcile impossibilities, and make Summer and Winter agree?

AFTER what I have said of myself, you cannot suppose me base enough to receive an unwilling bride from the hand of compulsive Authority.—No! Childless I am, and childless will remain, rather than wound the breast of injured Beauty by forced embraces, or debase the pure untainted mind by subjecting the person to legal prostitution,

How often, when left alone with an amiable girl, whose obedience to an avaricious father had compelled her to endure such a *tête-à-tête*, have I surprised the sad fair-one, by exclaiming with Don Carlos in *The Revenge*,

——“ Disobey

“ Rather than come thus coldly,

“ With

“ With adverse looks, and alienated mien,
 “ Suffering address—the victim of my love.”

WITH such a peculiar turn of mind as I have described myself to be possessed of, you will readily conclude, that it is not very likely I should alter my condition; and to say truth, I have now given up all thoughts of doing so; in consequence of which equally moral and prudent resolution, I shall endeavour to beget children for the future like Jupiter, and transfer my parental fondness to the offspring of my *brain*; no longer hoping to be author of any other issue, lawfully begotten.

FROM this day, then, I resolve to commence Writer, and do hereby constitute and appoint you, Mr. Editor, the sole guardian of my future progeny. My first attempt shall be in the narrative stile, as that species of writing and speaking is peculiarly adapted to elderly Gentlemen. But my Tale, though really authentic, shall not be long.

IT follows thus:—In the month of July, in the year 1773, some business calling me to London, I took a lodging in the house of a reputable tradesman, whom I shall call Mason, near Charing-Cross. In this house I occupied the middle apartment, and frequently heard the not unpleasing sound of a light female footstep on the floor above me, and on the staircase. Good-manners forbade my opening my chamber-door, to indulge my

my curiosity with a sight of my fellow-lodger ; but chance soon granted my wish, by my accidentally coming in at the street-door as she was stepping out. There was something uncommonly interesting in the appearance of this young person, exclusive of either youth or beauty, though she possessed them both, not being above eighteen years old, and very handsome. It proceeded from a look of diffidence, and an unfashioned air, which denoted her to be unpractised in the arts or habits of the world.

SHE passed along, and I entered my landlady's parlour, impelled by an earnest desire to know something more of the fair vision which had glided by me. Mrs. Mason readily informed me of all she knew relative to this young woman, whose name she said was Williams ; that she had been recommended to her by a person whom she had formerly known, and who had kept a little school at Horsham in Sussex ; that she had lodged and boarded with her about four months, paying regularly for her entertainment at the end of every week ; that she never went out but to Church, which she daily frequented, or to take a walk round the Park ; that never any creature had come to visit her, nor had even a letter been directed to her, since she had been under her roof ; that she was of a grave, but not a melancholy cast, worked well at her needle, seemed fond of reading, and sometimes sung very sweetly in her own chamber, when she thought no one could

could hear her; that she often declined accompanying her to any of the public Gardens, nor could ever be prevailed upon to sit five minutes at a time in the shop; that she sometimes mentioned her having a friend in the country, whom she much wished to see, but did not expect that pleasure soon.

FROM this account I found it impossible to form any reasonable conjecture with regard to the real situation of this young woman. Her forlorn and friendless state might induce a belief of her being one of those unhappy females who have been seduced from the fostering arms of parental affection, and kept secluded from the world to gratify the suspicious temper of her betrayer, who, conscious of his designing to abandon her, might naturally suspect her fidelity to him. But in such a case the absence of her lover would be a source of sorrow; and Miss Williams was not sad: her confinement, too, was voluntary, and her constant attendance on the service of the Church spoke a mind devoid of guilt, or its attendant, shame. If she were privately married, her husband would either write, or come to her, and she would necessarily bewail his absence; and if she was what she appeared to be, a virtuous single woman, it was almost impossible she should be so totally unconnected with the whole world, as not to have one friend or correspondent in it.

IN short, after long puzzling myself in vain about this fair mystery, I gave up all hopes of being able to unravel her destiny, and endeavoured to banish her and her riddle-me-ree situation intirely out of my mind; when one evening after dusk, a loud rapping at the door, and the entrance of a person in a sedan-chair, who enquired for Miss Williams, revived mine and my landlady's curiosity, who flew out of her parlour and lighted up a Gentleman nearly of my own age to her young inmate's apartment, and putting out her candle, and gently stepping into a closet adjoining to Miss Williams's room, sat herself down to listen to the conversation that was to pass at this interview.

IN about three quarters of an hour, I was surprised and shocked at hearing a sudden noise, like that of an heavy weight tumbling on the floor, which was instantly followed by a loud and piercing shriek, which was almost as suddenly echoed by Mrs. Mason from her concealment, which she now quitted, and called out for help for *the dead Gentleman*. On this alarm I flew up stairs, and found the disconsolate Miss Williams kneeling on the ground, with a ghastly aspect, and vainly endeavouring to raise a lifeless body, whose weight was much too ponderous for her strength: I aided her with all of mine; and our landlord coming to our assistance, we with some difficulty laid the corpse, for such it now was, upon her bed.

My

My servant was instantly dispatched for a surgeon, who arrived in a few minutes. During this interval, the unhappy girl shewed every symptom of the deepest sorrow; she fixed her eyes upon the lifeless form that lay before her, and exclaimed, "Oh! he is gone, my father, friend, and benefactor!" At the same time, drops, chafing, sprinkling of water, and every other means, were used to call back the parting spirit which had so lately left its long-accustomed mansion. But when the surgeon had vainly tried to make the stagnated blood flow from the opened vein, and steadily pronounced that life was fled, distraction seized on the now wretched maid; she tore her hair, beat her breast, and hardly was withheld from doing violence upon herself. At length, quite overcome by the too strong exertion of her passions, she fainted quite away, from whence she was recovered to a state of languid stupefaction, and seemed insensible to all around her. In this melancholy situation she was conveyed into my apartment, where I left her with Mrs. Mason, and returned up stairs to enter into consultation with the man of the house and the surgeon, to determine in what manner to proceed, on this extraordinary event.

My landlord had already searched the pockets of the deceased, but found neither letter or address of any kind, that could indicate who he was. In his pocket-book there were Bank of England bills to the amount of two hundred

P pounds,

pounds, one half of which were folded in a piece of paper, on which was indorsed, in a very particular hand-writing, "Mary Williams."

WE all remained totally at a loss in what manner to proceed, when my landlord, who was extremely anxious for the credit of his house, and of course unwilling that a Coroner's Inquest should be held there, observed, that his wife must know more of the matter than we, as she had been listening to all the discourse that passed between the corpse and Miss Williams, previous to his death. Mrs. Mason was accordingly summoned from her attendance on the afflicted fair-one, and questioned with regard to what she had discovered in her auditory, as to the name, profession, or connections of the deceased; but all our enquiries were fruitless: she said Miss Williams only called him Sir, and addressed him with the respectful manners of an affectionate daughter; while he seemed to treat her with the familiar tenderness of a fond and long absent father, and even rallied her on her having been so long in London, without having ventured under the matronage of the good woman of the house to partake of any of its pleasures.

As my landlady's information did not suggest the least rule for our conduct in the present difficult crisis, her husband insisted on her endeavouring to persuade Miss Williams to acquaint her with the name and abode of the deceased,

that

that he might be conveyed home that night, and save them any further trouble; alledging, that in case that was not done, he must be obliged to send for the searchers in the morning, and keep his shop shut perhaps all day, as no one would chuse to come into a house where there was a corpse, whose death they could not account for.

THIS ingenious harangue of Mr. Mason's was intirely needless; for the curiosity of his spouse was a sufficient incitement to make her use every means in her power to discover the history both of the living and the dead. But after all her most earnest and reiterated enquiries, she received no reply from the almost petrified Miss Williams but, "Alas! I know not."

I CONFESS I was now startled at her persevering in such an answer, and began to fear her reason was disordered by the shock her sensibility must have received from the sudden death of one whom I considered, from all apparent circumstances, as her parent or guardian. I therefore advised her being immediately let blood, and suffered to give full vent to her sorrows, without being interrupted or importuned for the present, by any farther questions. With much difficulty I obtained a promise of a profound silence from Mrs. Mason, and leaving the fair mourner in possession of my apartment, I went to look for a bed at the Hummuns.

ON my return home in the morning, I found all that Mr. Mason's fears had predicted fully verified; the *Searchers* had entered his house, and a very riotous mob were gathered round it, who threatened to pull it down, if they were not suffered to see the corpse of the man whom they said he had murdered. When I had made my way through the croud, I found both Mr. and Mrs. Mason in the utmost distress, not knowing how to act, as Miss Williams, though to all appearance in her perfect senses, persisted still in denying her having any knowledge of the name, family, profession, or abode, of her deceased friend and benefactor.

I COULD scarcely give credit to the report of such peculiar obstinacy, in a case where it must involve others in real difficulties, without apparently benefiting herself, and took upon me to persuade her to be so far communicative with regard to her departed friend, as might relieve the good people of the house from the irksomeness of their present situation. I framed my address towards the weeping maid with all the softness and gentleness I could possibly assume; she heard me patiently, and even seemed to suppress her sighs, and stop her flowing tears, to listen to my speech.

BUT when I had ceased speaking, she rose, and with a look of the most perfect innocence, and all the firmness which attends on truth, fell

on her knees before me, and called on Heaven to witness, that she knew not the name of her deceased friend, nor by what ties he was connected with her; but only knew, that he had been her benefactor from her earliest years, and that she had no other friend but him.

CONVICTION ever must attend on truth, where the mind is not warped by prejudice; my doubts, therefore, of Miss Williams's veracity instantly vanished; but my surprize at the peculiarity of her situation augmented every moment that I reflected on it; which curiosity prompted me to ask her by what extraordinary chance she had become connected with her late benefactor? Without the least hesitation in her speech or manner, she replied to my question in the following words:

“ THE longest and deepest trace that remains
 “ upon my memory, with regard to my exist-
 “ ence, is, that I was placed, when a mere child,
 “ in a very wretched house, in the town of Guild-
 “ ford, under the care of a parish-nurse, who
 “ treated me most inhumanly. I had one day
 “ given some part of the miserable pittance al-
 “ lotted for my breakfast to a little kitten that
 “ cried for hunger, which so enraged this brutal
 “ woman, that she fell upon and beat me most
 “ unmercifully.

“ It happened, that, at that moment, my ever
 “ dear benefactor passing by, and hearing my
 “ shrieks,

“ shrieks, stepped in and rescued me from the
“ hands of my tyrant. He had justice enough
“ to enquire into the cause of her severity, and
“ on being informed of it, became more in-
“ terested in my favour. He set me on one of
“ his knees, and placed the kitten on the other;
“ and when I stroked it, and sobbed out, ‘ Ah,
“ poor puffy!’ he caught me in his arms, and
“ seemed delighted with the tenderness of my
“ expression to the innocent cause of my suffer-
“ ings. He gave the nurse a proper reproof,
“ and bade her to take care of the child and the
“ cat, and he would call to see them again in a
“ few days.

“ WHEN he left me, I thought my little heart
“ flew after him, and his idea was never
“ absent from my mind. I could not then be
“ above four years old, and yet I think if I had
“ never seen him more, I never should have for-
“ gotten him. His was the first voice that had
“ ever soothed my infant ear with the soft sounds
“ of fondness. In about ten days he returned,
“ according to his promise, and brought an
“ order to the nurse to deliver me up to him,
“ which she most unwillingly obeyed; but posi-
“ tively refused to let me take the half-starved
“ kitten with me, unless he would pay her a
“ guinea for it: he complied with her exorbi-
“ tant demand, and so rendered two little ani-
“ mals happy.

“ FROM

" FROM this scene of misery I was conveyed
 " to a very decent house at Horsham, and treated
 " with the utmost humanity and kindness by the
 " person to whose care I was entrusted. I re-
 " mained there three years, during which time
 " I saw my benefactor but thrice. At the ex-
 " piration of that time, I was removed to a
 " school in the same town, which was kept by
 " two sisters, of the name of Tyrrel, and there
 " continued till the elder of them died, and the
 " school was broke up. The youngest sister then
 " brought me to this house, and recommended
 " me to the care of Mrs. Mason.

" DURING the ten years I lived with these
 " good women, I received an annual visit from
 " my friend. I found he always paid a year
 " before-hand for me, and left ten guineas in
 " the hands of one of my mistresses, exclusive
 " of my common expences for cloaths and
 " other necessaries, in case I should be sick, or
 " he should fail to come exactly at his usual
 " time, which was generally the latter end of
 " July, or beginning of August.

" FOR the last three years I spent at Horsham,
 " I was continually resolving that the next time
 " I saw my friend, I would enquire his name,
 " and how I became intitled to his goodness?
 " But the moment I beheld him, my resolution
 " vanished. No words can ever describe the
 " respectful tenderness I felt for him; and I

" should readily have persuaded myself that it
 " was filial love, if I had not for ever recollected
 " the particular circumstance which had first in-
 " troduced me to his notice. Fatal timidity,
 " which has left me as totally ignorant of every
 " thing that relates to myself, as I am of my
 " Patron's name or family !

" THE good Mrs. Tyrrel, when she left me
 " in this house, gave me about forty pounds,
 " which she said belonged to me, as it was the
 " surplus of the money that had been left in her
 " hands for my use, and not expended. She
 " bid me keep up my spirits, and said when my
 " father, for so she always called him, came to
 " Horsham, she would let him know where she
 " had placed me. The good woman lived but
 " to fulfil her promise ; for my departed friend
 " informed me, last night, that she died about
 " a week after he saw her last.

" I HAVE now, Sir, with the utmost ingenu-
 " ousness, related every circumstance with which
 " I am acquainted, relative to my more than
 " father, and my unhappy self. I implore your
 " advice in the present crisis. With regard to
 " his dear remains, let them be treated with that
 " respect I owed him living ; and the last far-
 " thing I am mistress of, shall be expended for the
 " pious purpose. I am, thank Heaven and my
 " departed friend, who had taken care to pro-
 " vide me with a proper female education, well
 " qualified

“ qualified to get my bread, by work or service,
 “ nor do I feel an anxious thought about my
 “ future welfare.”

I CONFESS, I was charmed with the spirit of candour and generosity that appeared in Miss Williams's account of herself. A mean mind would never have revealed the lowness of its situation; and the frankness with which she acknowledged hers, raised her to the highest pitch in my esteem. While she had been speaking, it occurred to me, from the circumstance of the particular season of the year when her friend made his annual visit into the country, that he might possibly be a lawyer; as the months of July and August are the usual time of the Assizes; and that it was likely he might be, like myself, an Old Batchelor, and might probably have chambers in some of our Inns of Court.

UPON this surmise, I set out directly for the Temple, luckily met with the Porter, described the dress and figure of the person who lay dead at Mr. Mason's, and enquired if he knew such a one? The man instantly replied, “ It must be
 “ my good master, Counsellor G——l, whose
 “ servants are all alarmed at his staying out last
 “ night, as he has not done such a thing these
 “ ten years; and his elder brother, Squire
 “ G——l, of Suffex, came to town this morn-
 “ ing, and is now waiting to see the Counsellor
 “ at his chambers.”

I BEGGED of the Porter to conduct me thither, and met the Gentleman he mentioned, whose appearance confirmed his relation to the deceased. With the best preparation which the time would admit of, I informed him of the circumstances of his brother's death, and took occasion to mention his attachment to Miss Williams, in the true, and of course most favourable, light. We set out together in Mr. G——l's coach; and the moment he beheld the corpse, Nature proclaimed the consanguinity of brotherhood; for he wept bitterly.

THE body was immediately put into his coach, and conveyed to his late home. Mr. G——l saw Miss Williams, spoke kindly to her, and bid her be of comfort; said, he doubted not the veracity of the story I had told him, was sure his brother had made a proper provision for her in his will, and desired to see her and me together in a few days. In less than a week he sent to desire she would come to his lodgings, in Soho-square, and bring a friend with her; upon which summons she intreated Mrs. Mason and me to accompany her.

MR. G——l received us very politely, but with an air of real concern told our young friend, that after the most diligent search through his brother's papers, he had not been able to find a will, nor any memorandum wherein her name was mentioned, except one of a very slight nature,

ture, in a pocket-book, which was fourteen years old; he therefore entreated her to recollect, if possible, what kind of connection there had been between his late brother and her, and assured her, that if she could claim any relationship, or even promise of provision from him, he would do more than justice to her plea.

THE honest generous girl frankly declared she had not the least claim to his intended bounty, and without the least hesitation or variation related the same story with which the reader is already acquainted. I saw Mr. G——l's countenance much moved, during her artless tale; which when she had finished, he produced the pocket-book he had mentioned, in which were only these few words: "August 3d, 1759, I have this day
" taken a female child under my protection,
" whom I mean to educate and provide for, as
" she is friendless, and of an amiable disposition.
" Her name is Mary Williams."

" Now, Madam, said Mr. G——l, I am fully
" convinced you are the person here mentioned,
" from the particulars of your own story. Your
" candour in relating it deserves a reward; and
" my respect for my brother's memory inclines
" me to fulfil his wish. I will, therefore, to-
" morrow morning, order my lawyer to draw up
" a deed of gift, which shall convey to you the
" sum of one hundred pounds per annum dur-
" ing your life; and if a match worthy of your
" merit

“ merit should be proposed to you, I will then
“ add one thousand pounds to it upon your wedding-day. In the mean time, accept of this
“ sum (presenting her with the hundred pounds
“ in bills, which had been found in Counsellor
“ G——l’s pocket, with her name endorsed), as
“ a present from your late benefactor, and may
“ you long enjoy my little gift !”

MR. G——I might have gone on, much longer, without interruption. Gratitude had overpowered every faculty of the gentle Williams’s soul; and left her but just strength sufficient to throw herself at his feet, bursting into a flood of tears. Mrs. Mason was struck dumb with astonishment, and stared at the good man as at a supernatural being. For my own part, “ although unused to the melting mood,” I found it necessary to apply my handkerchief to my eyes, and remained silent, because I could not speak. And if your fair Readers, at least, are not in the same situation at perusing this last page, I shall think I have less reason than ever to lament my having lived a Bachelor.

PETER TARDY.

T H E

THE
STORY
OF
MISS WARNER.

BY THE SAME.

I THINK it is now some time since I deputed you * the Guardian of my Literary Offspring, and consigned my first-born to your care. Your having so well acquitted yourself of that charge, certainly entitles you to all the future Essays or productions of my pen. Not having travelled much in my youth, I have taken a fancy to see a little of the world before I leave it. I accordingly travelled, in the beginning of March last, to Ireland; and though I do not at present mean to give you an history of my travels, or to describe a country too little known to the inhabitants of this, I must say in general, that it is a fine and beautiful country by nature, and that had it the advantages of commerce and culture, which we so eminently possess, it would be by no means inferior to its elder sister, Britain. The

* Both This and the preceding STORY were addressed as Letters to the EDITOR of the WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE.

people

people of Ireland, I mean the Gentry, or better sort, are lively and hospitable, and particularly affable to strangers : the whole nation seem to have a turn for humour, and are apt to see any thing that is truly ridiculous, in a quick and strong light. The Irish Ladies have a peculiar knack of relating stories, whether grave or gay, with infinite propriety : from one of them (whose name is Taylor), at whose house I spent a fortnight most agreeably, I learned the following Tale ; which I here devote to the service of my fair Countrywomen, as it is an additional instance to a million of others, of the perfidy and barbarity of men to those unhappy frail ones, who, forsaking the real guards of innocence and virtue, are compelled to rely on their seducer for kindness and protection,

Now to my Story.—Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are both young people ; he being about three-and-thirty, and she about seven-and-twenty. They have been married about five years, and have not yet had any children ; yet, to my great surprise, there was a young Lady, of the age of nineteen, who was called Lucy Warner, that lived in the house, who constantly addressed Mrs. Taylor by the title of Mother, and behaved in every respect towards her, as the most dutiful and affectionate daughter. The impossibility of this relationship really subsisting between the Ladies, was too obvious to admit of a doubt ; and I thought it much too early for Mrs. Taylor to have

have given up the hopes of having children, and content herself with settling her affections on an adoption,

ONE morning, then, that Miss Warner was gone to pay a visit, I took the liberty of expressing my curiosity upon the subject of the connection between these Ladies, to my fair hostess; who, in the most obliging manner, immediately satisfied my doubts, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following words:

“ LUCY WARNER (said she) has been my adopted daughter, ever since I was six years old; the circumstances that attended her birth, and occasioned my attachment to her at that early age, are so very extraordinary, that I will relate them to you.

“ My mother, then a widow, resided with me at her country-seat, in the County of Roscommon. One day, a beautiful creature, not above seventeen years of age, with an infant in her arms, her hair flowing loose and wild, and, like Ophelia,

“ Chaunting snatches of old tunes,

“ As one incapable of her own distress,”

“ came into our court-yard, where I was then at play. Though this phenomenon had all the symptoms of madness in her appearance, the sweetness of her voice and aspect prevented

“ vented my being terrified, or flying from her,
“ I gazed in silence at her, while she cast the
“ most piteous looks alternately upon her child
“ and me. At length, perceiving that I did not
“ shun her, she walked up slowly to me, and
“ said, ‘ Sweet Innocence, O save this little life !’
“ She held her infant to me, and dropped upon
“ the ground. I caught the child, and clasped
“ it in my arms, but gave a scream at the same
“ instant—which alarmed the family, and brought
“ my mother and servants to the place where I
“ then stood.

“ THE unhappy mother of my helpless charge
“ was now in strong convulsions: she was in-
“ stantly carried into the house, and every tender
“ care applied for her recovery; but, alas! they
“ came too late. When the convulsions ceased,
“ she fell into fainting-fits, and expired, the next
“ evening, without having had one interval of
“ reason, sufficient to reply to any question that
“ was asked her.

“ THE tattered remnants of the cloaths she
“ had worn, were of the best materials; her
“ gown was silk, and her linen fine. On search-
“ ing her pockets there was a prayer-book found,
“ in a blank leaf of which was written a solemn
“ contract of marriage, but the name of the
“ parties totally erased; nor was there any trace
“ to be found which could lead to a discovery of
“ her name or connections.

“ THE

" THE infant she had left did not appear to be
 " above ten days old, and of course she must
 " have lain-in somewhere in the neighbourhood.
 " The day after she was buried, my mother sent
 " her steward to the town of Roscommon, with
 " orders to enquire at every Inn and Cottage
 " where there was a possibility of her having
 " received shelter. He found out a little
 " wretched Inn, where, upon his making inquiry,
 " they told him, that about a fortnight before
 " that time, a Gentleman had brought a young
 " Lady there, in an open chaise, at night; that
 " he did not stay there half an hour, but took
 " the hostess aside, when he was going away,
 " and gave her a guinea, telling her he should
 " return, and take away the Lady before that
 " sum was spent, strictly charging her not to let
 " her guest know what he had said. The hostess
 " added, that the next day the young Lady
 " seemed to expect his coming every moment,
 " and seemed so very unhappy at his delay, that
 " she acquainted her with what the Gentleman
 " had told her; that upon hearing it, the Lady
 " appeared more composed, though constantly in
 " tears, and waited with seeming patience for five
 " days. That on the sixth day, she found her-
 " self very ill, but would walk out; that she
 " went towards the Plains, or Common, and
 " from that time they had never seen her. The
 " hostess farther owned, that she believed she
 " was with child and near her time, and that
 " there was a small trunk belonging to the Lady
 " still in the house.

“ OUR servant pursued his enquiries amongst
“ the cottagers, and at length found out the hut
“ where this unhappy creature had been deli-
“ vered. The wretched owners of it, immersed
“ in poverty and ignorance, were utterly inca-
“ pable of affording her either comfort or con-
“ venience: all they could do they did; which
“ was to share the straw, milk, and potatoes,
“ with her. She had not been accustomed to
“ lye on the damp earth, or feed upon such fare.
“ These hardships, therefore, with the despair of
“ her mind, produced the effect above described.
“ On the ninth day after she was brought-to-bed,
“ her senses left her, and snatching up her infant
“ in her arms, she wandered wild about the
“ Plains, which are immensely large, till Provi-
“ dence directed her untaught steps to my mo-
“ ther’s not inhospitable gate. There was a
“ nurse immediately provided for my baby, as
“ she was called in the family; she was baptized
“ by my own name, Lucy; and I was permitted
“ to stand godmother to my little adoption—to
“ whom my mother added the surname of Warner.

“ THOUGH my mother was determined never
“ to give up Lucy into the hands of her inhuman
“ father, she resolved if possible to find him out,
“ and expose his villainy to the world. For
“ this purpose, she wrote to every post-master
“ through the kingdom of Ireland, describing
“ the age, person, and figure of the deceased
“ young Lady, and desiring to know if such a per-

" son was missing in their several districts? In pro-
 " cess of time she received a letter from the post-
 " master of Lurgan, in the North, acquainting
 " her, that about five or six weeks before the
 " date of her letter, a Gentleman who lived in
 " that town, of the name of Stewardson, had
 " taken a young Lady from thence, who was
 " an Orphan, and his own Ward, to carry her to
 " Dublin, in order, as he said, to compleat her
 " education; that he returned home without her
 " in about ten days; and that upon some of
 " her friends making enquiry where she might
 " be found, and expressing an anxiety at not
 " hearing from her, Mr. Stewardson had disap-
 " peared, and had not since been heard of.
 " That the young Lady could not be found in
 " Dublin, though she had been advertised in the
 " News-papers, and the strictest search made after
 " her. That her friends had endeavoured to trace
 " them from their first setting out from Lurgan,
 " and had discovered that they travelled quite
 " across the country, but could not by any means
 " find out in what part of the world Mr. Steward-
 " son had left her, as he had sent back his ser-
 " vant when he was about twenty miles on his
 " road. He added, that the description my mo-
 " ther had given of the young Lady, exactly
 " resembled her who was missing, and that all
 " their friends supposed there was a strong attach-
 " ment between him and his Ward, and that he
 " meant to marry her as soon as she came of
 " age. From that hour to this we have never

“ heard of the worthless wretch, Miss Warner’s
“ father ; nor has he, I believe, ever returned to
“ his country.

“ I HAVE now, Sir, continued Mrs. Taylor,
“ accounted to you for the peculiar kind of con-
“ nection between my Lucy and me : I have only
“ to add, that my mother bequeathed her a thou-
“ sand pounds, and that, with Mr. Taylor’s
“ permission, I presented her with five hundred
“ pounds more before my marriage ; that she is
“ perfectly good and amiable, and were she my
“ own daughter, I think I could not love her
“ better than I do.”

HERE ended my fair Narrator, and here also
will I conclude, Mr. Editor, as I think the Story
admits not of any comment ; for if those whom
it is meant to serve, do not deduce a proper warn-
ing from it, “ Neither would they be persuaded,
“ though one rose from the dead.”

PETER TARDY.

THE

THE
STORY
OF
SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY.

BY THE SAME.

POETS and Philosophers have universally agreed, that the Country is the native soil of happiness, as being the scene and nurse of Innocence. But this truth has been oftener pronounced as a mere *ipse dixit*, arising from choice or opinion, than as a demonstrable problem proceeding from natural causes, which necessarily produce their effect.

HAPPINESS and Virtue are twins, which can never be divided; they are born and flourish, or sicken and die together. They are the joint offspring of Good-sense and Innocence; and while they continue under the guidance of such parents, they are invulnerable to injury, and incapable of decay.

THIS allegory can scarcely want explanation, even to the simplest mind; for every one will readily admit, that good-sense will be less sophisti-

cated in the calmness of rural retirement, than amidst the noise and bustle of a city, where every sober thought is hurried away by the torrent of Fashion, and swallowed up in the whirlpool of Giddiness and Dissipation. Nor can it admit of a doubt, but that Innocence will be more likely to preserve its purity where it is least liable to temptation. But if this does not sufficiently demonstrate the proposition, the following Tale may serve more fully to illustrate it: for as theory without experiment is intitled to no credit in Philosophy, so is precept without example of as little avail in Morals.

SIR William Sidney had been married about three years to one of the most lovely and amiable women that this country or any other ever produced. They had long been the objects of each other's choice, and, when united, were either the delight or envy of all who knew them.

ABOUT this æra an unjust attack upon a very considerable part of his estate obliged him to defend his property by law; and he was of course under a necessity of going to London to solicit his suit. It was impossible he could think of being separated from his beloved Julia; she could as ill support his absence; they, therefore, mutually agreed to quit their peaceful retirement together, and take a house in Town till their affairs were finally adjusted. She brought two lovely infants with her, determined that the care of
their

their health and education should be the principal object of her attention, and their innocent blandishments the chief source of her amusement during this excursion.

At their first coming to Town, Sir William was obliged to pass much of his time with his lawyers, but always returned with a delighted heart and chearful countenance to the happiness that awaited him in the society of an elegant and fond wife and his beautiful children.

In the course of his business, he became acquainted with an agreeable young Barrister, of the name of Wilson, who was reckoned a man of parts, and uncommonly eminent in his profession; he had a pleasing person and engaging address, with an appearance and countenance calculated to inspire confidence, even upon a slight acquaintance.

UNDER this fascinating masque this wretch concealed one of the vilest hearts that ever yet disgraced human nature. Upon his first introduction to Lady Sidney, he formed a plan for her seduction; but when, upon a more intimate acquaintance, he found her virtue guarded by the tenderest attachment to her husband, he changed his battery, and resolved to compleat the ruin of this happy pair, by detaching Sir William's affections from his amiable wife.

HE began by expressing his astonishment to Sir William at their mutual fondness, upon hearing they had been married near four years; talked of the charms of variety, and of the misery of confining affection to a particular object. Sir William seemed, at first, rather disgusted at this common-place conversation; but as constant dropping wears the marble, this kind of discourse, aided by wit and raillery, at length produced its effect so far as to make Sir William cautious of expressing his tenderness for his wife or children before Mr. Wilson.

LOVERS have lynxes eyes, and even this little change in her husband's manners quickly alarmed the anxious heart of Julia. Unused to disguise a thought from him, she expressed her apprehension of having unwittingly offended; but Sir William quickly removed her delicate fears, by the tenderest assurances of his love and constancy; but observed, that it was unfashionable in London to shew the same degree of fondness and attention towards each other which they had been used to indulge in *the country*.—"Then would to Heaven (said Julia, smiling through her tears) that I had never quitted *it*!" He kissed away the pearly drops that glistened in her eyes, and Lady Sidney's happiness and confidence returned.

THOUGH Wilson had been originally possessed of a sufficient patrimony, which was rendered

more affluent from his profession, he was at this crisis become necessitous to the last degree. His extravagance had long since dissipated the first, nor could the latter support his debauched manner of living. Upon various pretences of unexpected calls for his clients, he had frequently borrowed pretty large sums from Sir William, though he was convinced that he would lose his suit, and of course be under a necessity of requiring immediate repayment.

THIS, however, did not deter him from proceeding in his base design; he thought he had already gained some ground in his pursuit, and he resolved to hurry his victim on even to the gulph of misery. One morning that Wilson had invited Sir William to breakfast with him at his chambers, he was surprised; on his entrance, with seeing the most beautiful woman he had ever beheld, with some parchments in her hands, sitting by Wilson: she was dressed in weeds, and did not appear to be above eighteen years old. Sir William would have retired immediately; but Wilson, with an unembarrassed air, begged him to walk in, saying, he could make free with Mrs. Herbert, as she was both his cousin and his client; and hoped the Baronet was not so strait-laced as to fly from a pretty woman, though Lady Sidney was not of the party.

THE freedom of this address excited Sir William's gallantry towards the Lady, who received

it with the ease and politeness of a woman who had lived in the world; and the conversation became so interesting, that the clock struck three before any of the party thought of separating.

ON Sir William's return home, his thoughts were entirely taken up by the beauty and vivacity of the young Widow. Lady Sidney was near lying-in, and happened on that day to be confined to her chamber; so he had nothing to interrupt his reverie, and continued to indulge it, till he was roused from it by Wilson calling upon him about seven in the evening. Their conversation immediately turned upon Mrs. Herbert, whom Wilson said he had dined with, and that she had never ceased talking of the happiness Lady Sidney must possess, in being blessed with such a husband:—"For (added he) I have been describing you as the paragon of conjugal constancy."

WHERE is the mortal proof against flattery! The unhappy Sidney became its victim, even whilst it was undermining the virtue which it seemed to praise.

DURING the time of Lady Sidney's confinement, Wilson took particular care that Sir William should not waste his days in solitude; he contrived perpetual parties of pleasure so artfully, as almost to make them appear the effect of accident, lest Sir William's remaining tenderness

ness should have been alarmed at a continued scene of dissipation, and negligence towards his wife. In all these interviews, the lovely, lively widow Herbert was the principal object; and in order to apologize to Sir William for her uncharacteristic vivacity, she forged a tale of having been compelled to marry an old wretch, who used her ill when living, and dying left her poor. This last circumstance excited the generosity of her lover, as he was now become; he gave with profusion, and she accepted with avidity, till his circumstances became shortly so much distressed, that he was obliged to make a reform in his family, by reducing the number of his domestics, and laying down his coach.

THE neglected and unhappy Lady Sidney languished away her hours in useless regret for the absence of her husband; he seldom saw her; he was out early, and came home late; and even in those moments when she would request to see him, even at the hazard of her rest, his short stay was marked by impatience, and his enquiries after her health expressed in such a manner as if he seemed not to desire an answer.

Too quickly she perceived the loss of her happiness in that of his love, yet did she never once attempt to make him wretched by lamenting her sufferings, or upbraiding his unkindness:—"Sir William's heart is good and generous (would she often say to herself); and though, by fasci-
" nation,

“ nation, for it must be such, estranged for the
 “ present from me and my children, Nature will
 “ yet recover its rights, and his affections will
 “ return to us, perhaps endeared by their tem-
 “ porary intermission.”

NOTWITHSTANDING the sense, virtue, and reso-
 lution of her conduct, grief preyed upon her
 tender frame, and she fell into a consumption,
 which it was supposed would terminate her life
 in a few months. Sir William was not so totally
 lost to the feelings of humanity, as not to be af-
 fected at seeing her decline; he wished to behave
 with kindness towards her; but whenever he
 beheld her, his conscience smote him, as the cause
 of her sufferings, and he endeavoured to fly from
 her and himself into the arms of dissipation and
 vice. His concern for Julia was absorbed by
 Mrs. Herbert's gaiety; and the distress of his
 circumstances received temporary relief by Wil-
 son's fertility in expedients. The loss of his
 law-suit, however, putting an end to the latter,
 he was besieged by his creditors, and their
 clamours rendered his home as uneasy to him,
 as it had before become unpleasing.

THE tender, the neglected Lady Sidney saw
 and pitied his distress, and, with a firmness which
 virtue alone can bestow, proposed to him what
 he wanted courage to require from her, the sel-
 ling of her jointure, in order to accommodate
 his difficulties. She assured him she felt infal-
 lible

lible signs of her approaching dissolution, and that therefore she should not need the generous provision he had made for her; but that if any thing could restore her health, it would be the transport she should feel at having it in her power to contribute to his happiness.

SIR William could not support such unmerited goodness; he threw himself at her feet, declared himself unworthy of her tenderness, and promised that his future life should atone for his past errors. She flew into his arms, he pressed her to his heart, embraced his children, and once more experienced the sincere delight of an husband and a father.

THE only difficulty now remaining was to break with the still charming Mrs. Herbert. He was resolved to part from her, but that separation should be gentle. Little did he know that Mrs. Herbert's thorough knowledge of his distressed circumstances had rendered him perfectly indifferent to her, and that she heartily wished for an opportunity to get rid of the engagement, without any seeming rupture on her part.

FORTUNE at that instant played one of her extraordinary gambols, and introduced a young man just arrived from India to the acquaintance of Mrs. Herbert. In the course of their conversation he told her, that a Gentleman had died in the ship that brought him over, who was supposed to be worth about a million of rupees, and
that

that he had left his whole fortune to a niece of his, who was called Lady Sidney. This intelligence instantly changed Mrs. Herbert's sentiments toward Sir William, and attached her more strongly to him than ever; she was therefore really afflicted, when he with faltering tongue and downcast eyes informed her, that he was come to take an everlasting leave of her. She burst into tears, threw herself at his feet, commended his virtue, lamented the tenderness of her attachment to him, which could end but with her life, and begged, that in order to soothe her scruples, and prove that he had really loved her, he would consent to sign a promise, that if it should ever be in his power to marry her, he would do so, under a penalty of ten thousand pounds. He was at first startled at the proposal, but he still loved her, and would at that moment have fulfilled the promise she exacted, had it been in his power. Her tears and blandishments prevailed; and the infatuated Baronet signed the article, which Wilson had already prepared.

HER point so far gained, this artful woman and her vile accomplice, Wilson, were impatient for the total accomplishment of their designs, by hastening Lady Sidney's death. They provided a poisonous drug for her, which Wilson undertook to persuade Sir William was almost a panacea in consumptions, and begged of him to prevail upon his wife to take it. The unsuspecting husband fell easily into the snare, and the draught

draught was accordingly prepared for the innocent Julia.

BUT Providence would not suffer their wicked designs to succeed:—Mrs. Herbert's maid had overheard the infernal accomplices discoursing of the deed, and seen them mix the deadly potion; and being struck with remorse, flew to Sir William Sidney's house, and revealed the dreadful secret to Lady Sidney's woman. That faithful creature trembled at the horrid tale, and when her Lady called for the supposed medicine, refused to deliver it into her hands, and acquainted her with what she had just heard.

THE terrified Julia too easily conceived that her husband must necessarily be an accomplice in this crime, else wherefore should Mrs. Herbert or Wilson wish her death? “If it be so (said she to her maid), Maria, I have no wish to live, and will obey my fate. The bane of life is an antidote to all its ills; and, oh! I charge you, by all you hold most sacred, never to reveal this fatal secret, nor let my cruel husband suffer for his crimes to me, more than his conscience shall inflict upon him. Now bring my children to me; let me embrace and clasp them to my dying bosom, and recommend them with my parting breath to the protecting care of Heaven. Alas! they soon will have no earthly friend;—they have no father! or sure he would not wish to rob them of a mother's fostering care.”

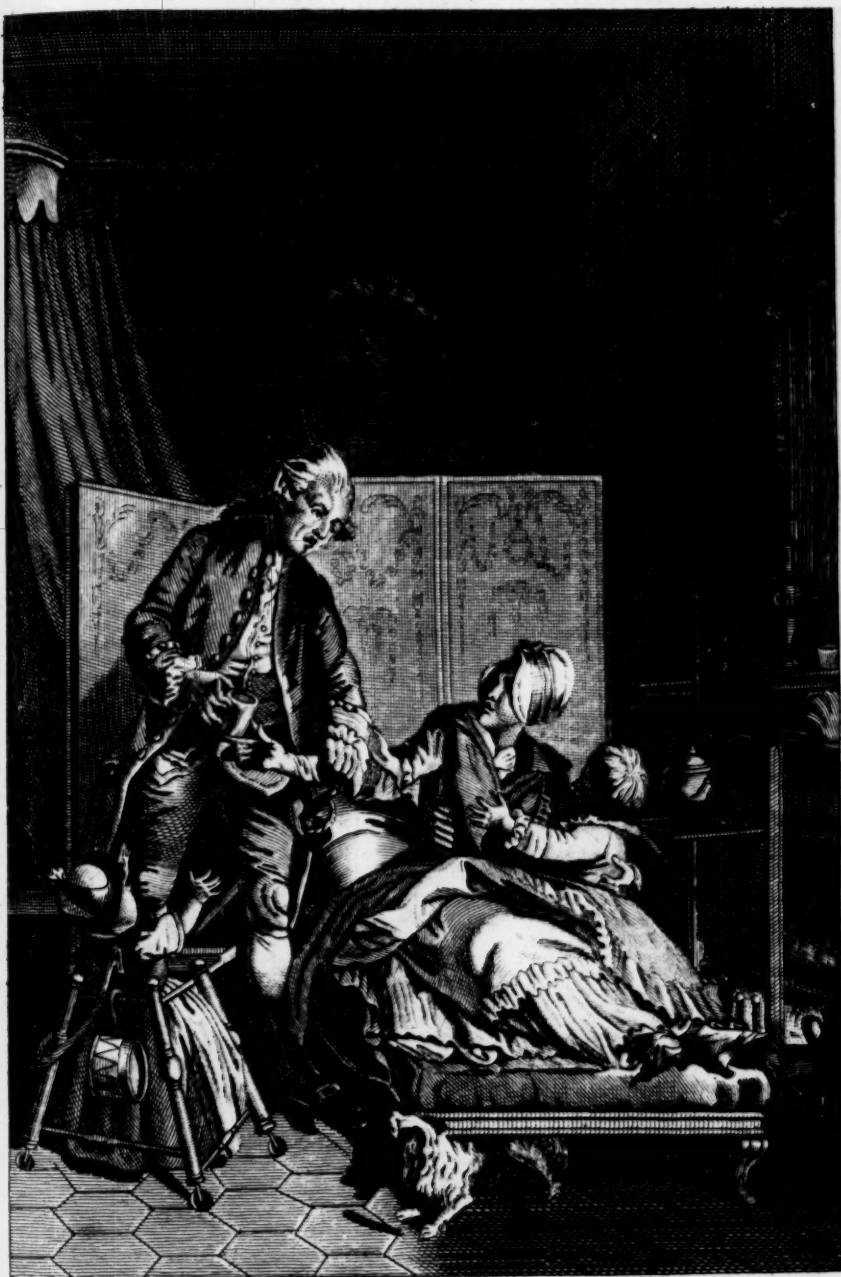
THE

THE painful parting with her children past, she forced the poison from her weeping maid, and raising up her eyes to Heaven, implored forgiveness for her cruel husband, and blessings on her children; then bent her lips to meet the fatal draught, which she was sure would give her endless peace.

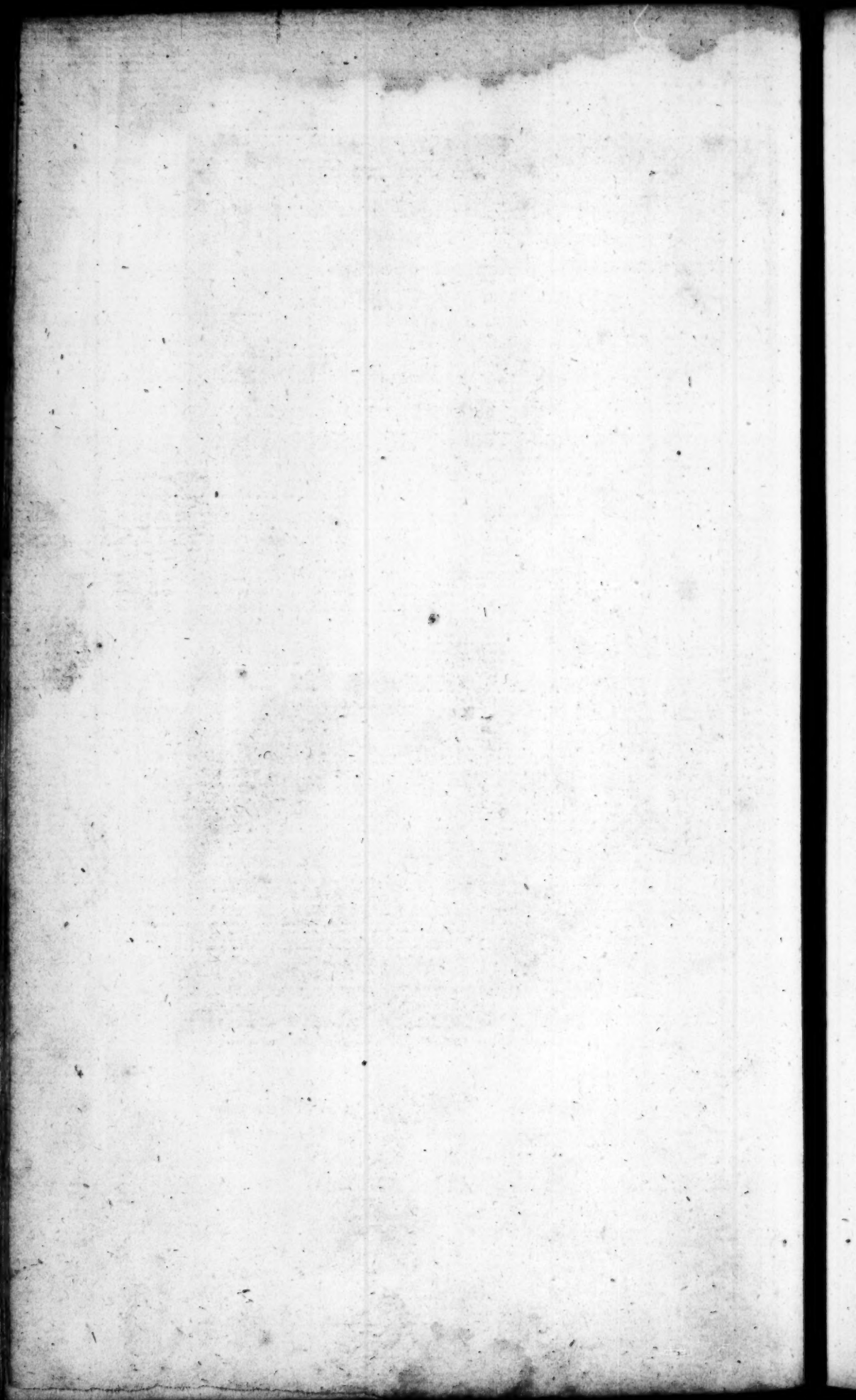
AT that instant Sir William, pale, frantic, and almost breathless, rushed into the chamber; he snatched the envenomed drug from her weak hand, and dashed it to the ground.—“ Oh, have “ I saved you !” he exclaimed, and sunk upon the bed beside her.

WHEN his returning sense would give him leave, he prostrated himself upon the earth, and returned thanks to Heaven for having been the instrument of his beloved wife’s preservation.

RETURNING home he had met Mrs. Herbert’s maid, who had acquainted him with the horrid particulars already related, and he had flown to save his Julia. When reconciled to her, his next emotion was that of just resentment. He sent for an Officer of Justice to seize Mrs. Herbert and Wilson, but their guilty souls had taken the alarm at her maid’s long absence, and they were both fled. Wilson was some years after broke upon the wheel for a murder at Paris; and his fair, but wicked associate died in a premature old age of want and misery.



Story of Sir William Sidney.



STORY OF SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY. 241

SIR William, now entirely cured of his delirium, after receiving his Indian legacy, and settling his affairs, returned with his amiable wife into the country; where peace and affluence soon restored her health; and where they still continue, in the midst of their lovely family, living proofs of the maxim first laid down, "That the Country is the native soil of happiness; as being the scene and nurse of Innocence."

R

THE

THE
STORY
OF THE
COMTE DE BERNIS.

BY THE SAME.

AFTER an absence of near four years, I am just now returned to my native land; and though I am not seized with the fashionable folly of Travel-writing, or giving a Description of the Tour I made from Calais to Paris, or from Paris to Toulouse, within a few leagues of which last mentioned place I lived during the space of three years; yet, as I own myself smitten with the true *Amor Patriæ*, I would wish to eradicate every illiberal prejudice from the minds of my untravelled Countrymen, to which, I am sorry to say, they are generally but too prone, even in this enlightened æra; for since my return to England, I have been asked by many persons, who are by no means supposed to want a competent share of understanding, How I could live so long amongst a contemptible people made up of cringe and grimace, and wholly deficient in honour and sincerity?

IN

IN answer to this general and unjust charge, I could only deny the *Postulatum* by a single negative, for common conversation does not admit of exposing the absurdity and unphilosophicalness of such an idea; yet justice to the amiable and worthy people amongst whom I passed so much of my time agreeably, demands its being more fully refuted.

THE declining state of health of a truly-loved and most deserving wife, was the cause of my leaving England. On our arrival at Paris, I found she was not able to travel farther without great inconvenience to herself; and as the winter was then approaching, I resolved to spend it there.

It is a general complaint amongst the English, that the French Noblesse are difficult of access. Strange, indeed, it would be, were it otherwise. Paris, if not the first mart of commerce in Europe, is certainly the principal and general rendezvous of all nations in this habitable globe: and in this complex concourse of strangers, adventurers of every nation, and of every rank, must necessarily abound.

IF, then, the proper forms of introduction into the French families of distinction were to be dispensed with, and strangers admitted *ad eundem*, under whatever characters they chose to assume, every kind of fraud and imposition would be

daily practised against that indiscriminate hospitality, which could neither do honour to the bestower or the receiver.

BUT let an English Gentleman be properly introduced to any one family of distinction at Paris, and I will take upon me to say, that it must be his own fault if he does not pass his time as agreeably, and receive as many marks of attention and good-nature, as he could possibly do in the society of his most intimate acquaintance in his own country.

THIS I can pronounce from experience; for having formerly had the honour of being known to the Duke de Choiseul, when he was Ambassador at the English Court, though I had not the happiness of meeting him at Paris, his Grace being then in retirement, yet, through the favour of his recommendation, I received every mark not only of the most perfect politeness, but of the most unaffected kindness from persons who were as eminent for their merits as their high rank at the Court of Versailles.

WITH a heart filled with gratitude and real regret, at quitting the most amiable society I had ever enjoyed, I set out in Spring for the South, and fixed my residence in a delightful village near Toulouse, where I resided some months above a year, till I found my wife's health sufficiently established to venture back again to England.

THE inhabitants of the Province are infinitely more reserved than those of the metropolis; their commerce with the world has not been so general. The Noblesse are treated like Princes by their tenants and vassals, insomuch that an Englishman would be apt to imagine that the Feudal Laws had only been repealed within a certain distance of the Capital. Slaves necessarily create tyrants; the rustic Nobility have of course a haughtiness, or *fierté*, in their manners which is very disgusting to strangers till intimacy and mutual liking makes one party abate of it, or, at least, the other becomes less hurt by it from use.

By the advantage of our introductory letters, my wife and I were soon received into the best society that this neighbourhood afforded; yet we often regretted our friends at Paris as well as in London. We had the honour of being presented to Monsieur Le Comte de Bernis, *le Seigneur foncier*, in English, the Lord of the Manor, before we left Paris, and thought him a very agreeable young man.

HE had been absent from his Castle above three years, which time he had employed in perfecting himself in all the liberal exercises suited to his rank. On his return into the country, he was received with the highest joy by his tenants and domestics; who, in order to express their gladness, made a little holiday for themselves, and danced on the green near his gates.

My wife and I were spectators of this chearful scene. At the sound of the rustic music the Comte immediately appeared; the young female dancers quickly surrounded him, placing a garland of flowers on his head, and presenting him with another, which he was requested to bestow, as the prize of Beauty, upon the fairest of the dancing maidens.

It was not possible that he should hesitate where to place the wreath even as long as Paris did in bestowing the apple; for Venus shone concest in the figure of a girl, about sixteen, who made one of this enchanting groupe.

THE Comte stepped, or rather sprang, forward to crown the loveliest head I ever saw. But neither pen or pencil can describe the blushing modesty, the attractive grace with which the fair Lisette declined the offered meed of matchless Beauty. But to the honour of our mortal race, the companions of Lisette, unlike the jealous Beauties of the Sky, cried out with one voice, "Accept it, Lisette; it is most justly yours!" By gentle force compelled, the lovely maid received the prize with grace and dignity surpassing far her years or rank in life.

THAT ceremony with their sport being ended, the Comte de Bernis flew to my wife, and in an extasy exclaimed, "That young Angel must be long to you, Madam!—Perhaps your sister!"
Upon

Upon being answered in the negative, he seemed dejected; but we all agreed with him, that it was impossible Lisette could have been meanly descended or vulgarly educated.

UPON enquiry, from the Comte de Bernis' steward we learned, that the father of Lisette was called Monsieur Armand; that he rented a cottage in the village; that his family consisted only of this daughter and a servant-maid, who had lived with him many years; that though not rich, he did not labour for his bread, but paid for every thing he wanted; that he was charitable to the poor, tender to the sick, and was thought a wiser man by the peasants than even the priest of the parish.

THIS account seemed rather to confirm than alter our opinion, with regard to the origin of Lisette; yet still the matter was too much enveloped in mystery, to determine whether she was well born or not. The Comte seemed more concerned than curious upon this subject; and it was already apparent that he felt himself interested in the fate of this lovely girl.

A FEW days after this, my wife enquired out the cottage of Monsieur Armand; and on asking for Lisette, was respectfully intreated to walk in by a decent elderly woman-servant. She had no sooner entered, than she was struck with surprise at the neatness of every thing round her.

She found Monsieur Armand reading to his daughter, who sat working at a little frame by his side. They both rose on my wife's going into the room; Mons. Armand received her with great politeness, while the lovely Lifette was covered with blushes, which were elegantly apologized for by her father's saying, "She never had received so great an honour before."

HER visit ended, my wife returned in such raptures both with the father and daughter, that I resolved to solicit Monsieur Armand's acquaintance. He was at first extremely reserved; but as we became more intimate, I easily discovered that his mind was well informed, and that from his knowledge of the world, he must have lived in it.

HE was between forty and fifty years old, had a handsome melancholy countenance, with a prodigious sweetness in his look when he smiled, which, indeed, was but seldom; his passions, affections, and sensations, seeming all, but one, totally under the government of the most rigid philosophy. His parental fondness appeared to be the only token of his not being a perfect stoic; and I have known him indulge this *graceful weakness of the human heart* even to tears, while he gazed on his blooming daughter.

THOUGH he had a small, yet well chosen collection of books, he seldom read any thing but Charon's or Montaigne's *Essays*; excepting when
he

he chose to indulge Lifette highly with a Play of Corneille's or Racine's. He used frequently to pass three or four hours at a time in my house, but never could be prevailed upon to dine or sup from home; nor did he approve of Lifette's spending much of her time with my Maria, though he allowed her to be an excellent wife and an amiable woman.

THE Comte de Bernis made many overtures to be acquainted with Monsieur Armand; but he, without appearing to reject, contrived to decline all manner of intercourse with him; insomuch that if they met at my house, Monsieur Armand immediately retired.

THE father's seeming dislike to the Comte did not descend to the daughter, for he had made a considerable progress in the affections of her innocent heart, before Monsieur Armand knew they were at all acquainted,

LISETTE was by no means guilty of any deceit towards her parent on this occasion; her meetings with the Comte had always appeared to her perfectly accidental; and nothing but the timidity naturally arising from the consciousness of her prepossession in his favour, had prevented her from mentioning their frequent interviews.

MATTERS remained in this situation for near twelve months, till at length a law-suit, which had

had lain dormant during the Comte de Bernis' minority, was revived by his adversary with uncommon vigour; and, as it threatened the loss of the greatest part of his fortune, his relations had requested he would go to Paris to solicit his cause, and make what interest he could in favour of his suit.

BUT Love opposed the prudence of this advice; for he was much more anxious for the state of his happiness, than of his finances; and he could not be prevailed on to leave the country, till he had the sanction of Monsieur Armand's permission to love and woo his daughter.

ON this occasion the Comte applied to me; and first assuring me that his intentions towards Lisette were truly honourable, implored me to request Monsieur Armand to reveal his real rank in life, which we were both convinced that he concealed, and to give his consent to Lisette's being married to the Comte de Bernis, as soon as he had recovered his law-suit, of which he assured me he had then no doubt, and should return from Paris.

No person could be more highly delighted than I was with the Comte de Bernis' commission. I flew to Monsieur Armand, and entering his little parlour *sans ceremonie*, found his lovely daughter leaning on the arm of his chair, with streaming eyes imploring his forgiveness. I started back
with

with surprize, and would have retired instantly, but that Monsieur Armand, with a firm but courteous voice, entreated me to return. "Appearances (he said) might possibly deceive and mislead me into the error of supposing that his beloved Lisette had done something amiss, which was by no means the case; for though her conduct was pitiable, it was not reproachable; and that he knew her filial virtue and strength of mind so well, that he had but to point the path, and she would walk in it, though it were strewed with thorns."

"TRUE, true, my father! (exclaimed the charming maid) Love yields to duty; rather let me say, to Love; for sure the daughter's fondness should take place of every other subsequent affection; and from this hour I'll strive to banish every thought that could offend my father; and as he disapproves my hapless passion, I will never behold its object more."

"STOP, stop, my fair Lisette (said I), make no rash vows; your father may be won to give his sanction to your happiness, and by that means complete his own, as well as that of a deserving lover."

"You are mistaken, Sir (Monsieur Armand replied). Retire, Lisette, unless you wish to hear a repetition of my motive for refusing my consent

" consent to your unhappiness, which must ne-
 " cessarily follow your marrying the Comte de
 " Bernis; who thinks he should do you honour
 " by raising you to his rank, and, even whilst a
 " lover, looks down with contempt upon the
 " meanness of her father, whom he intends to be
 " the mother of his children."

" You must allow me, Sir (I said), to retort
 " your own expression; for indeed you are ex-
 " tremely mistaken with regard to the Comte de
 " Bernis' sentiments. He honours and respects
 " the father of Lisette, as much as he admires
 " her lovely self; and has this very hour com-
 " missioned me to request your consent to make
 " both you, himself, and your daughter happy."

" THAT is not in his power, believe me, Sir
 " (answered Monsieur Armand); Happiness is
 " only to be found in independance; I enjoy it
 " now, though mixed with poverty; and never
 " will I forego the first, to be released from the
 " latter. This sentiment, Sir (pursued he), fa-
 " vours more of England than of France, and
 " should, therefore, have your approbation at
 " least."

" THE desire of independance is natural to
 " every man of every clime, upon this habitable
 " globe; and were you, Sir, only concerned
 " (said I), I should respect the man who had suf-
 " ficient spirit to refuse favours he could live
 " without,

" without, from the bounty of a stranger. But,
 " Sir (continued I), think on the lonely and
 " defenceless state in which your lovely daughter
 " must be left, when it shall please Heaven to
 " take you from her! What pangs will wring
 " your heart in that sad hour, when you shall
 " think your pride had deprived your child of
 " the support which she would find in a fond
 " husband's protection; and that you leave her
 " then exposed to every grievous ill which inno-
 " cence, and beauty in distress, too often meet!
 " Besides, my friend (said I), depend on it,
 " Lisette must love the Comte; he is as amiable
 " as she is fair; they both are young, and
 " destined for each other."

He answered, " If I should find my daughter's
 " weakness so great she cannot give up her pas-
 " sion for the Comte, she must then give up me;
 " I will not see her wretched, and that she must
 " be so, from such a disproportioned match, I
 " am convinced. I, therefore, will withdraw my-
 " self from the sad scene, and in some distant
 " and sequestered spot finish my hapless days.

" But if my child's affections yet may be re-
 " called (continued he), I wish her to transplant
 " them on her equal, and my consent shall gladly
 " bless their union. But if her mind should be
 " averse to such a choice as I could wish she
 " would make, she at my death will find suffi-
 " cient inheritance to place her in a Convent.

PART I

" She

“ She, therefore, is not destitute of means for
 “ her support ; she is possessed of beauty, health,
 “ and virtue ; and Providence, I doubt not, will
 “ be her guide through life.”

In the course of many interviews I never could obtain any other kind of answer to the Comte's proposal, from the respectable, but inflexible Monsieur Armand. The poor young man, almost heart-broken, loitered away the time he should have spent in soliciting his suit, in attending to conquer the obduracy of Monsieur Armand, by offering to settle his whole fortune upon Lisette ; but the father's dislike seemed to increase with the lover's offers, and he at length intreated me never to mention the Comte de Bernis more.

I ACQUIESCED, at length, in his desire, from a conviction that nothing I could say would alter his opinion in the least. I strenuously advised the Comte to endeavour to conquer his affection, and recommended his going immediately to Paris, as the best means of effecting his cure.

WHILE this matter was in debate between us, an express arrived to inform the unhappy young man, that the law-suit was terminated in favour of his adversary ; and that he must immediately resign the greatest part of his fortune, and give up the possession of his Castle and demesne along with the rest.

I NEVER saw so great an instance of fortitude and generosity as the Comte de Bernis shewed upon this trying occasion. When he had read the letter which brought him the account of his misfortune, he clasped his hands, raised his eyes to Heaven, and exclaimed, "How truly thankful am I at this moment for Monsieur Armand's obduracy! I should have been a wretch, indeed, had I involved the woman I adore in poverty! My fortune, should I still have possessed it, could not have made me happy without her, and therefore it is not worth regretting. My honour and my sword are still my own, and they shall add new lustre to my name, or mark me out an honourable grave!"

I WAS so truly delighted with the spirit and virtue of the Comte's sentiments, that I embraced him with all the affection of a father; and assured him, that both my fortune and interest were at his service to command in any way that might be useful to him. The gallant youth expressed a proper sense of my friendship, but declined accepting any other mark of it, than that of my requesting Monsieur Armand's permission that he might bid a final adieu to his beloved Lisette, and pour forth a thousand blessings on her beauteous head.

I PROMISED him that so reasonable a desire should be complied with, on the presumption that Monsieur Armand, from a similitude of sentiment,

timent, would be so much charmed with the Comte's spirit and conduct, as readily to grant one last sad parting interview to the unhappy lovers.

I WENT accordingly to his cottage, and found him seemingly lost in thought, and gazing on a letter which was addressed to Monsieur Le Comte de Feuillade. His eyes were dimmed with tears; and as I entered the room he exclaimed, as it were to himself, "Ah, Julia! thou dear partner of my sorrows, why dost thou now not live to share my joys?" Roused by the sound of my footsteps, Monsieur Armand wiped off the tears that had prevented his seeing me enter, and with a more open countenance than I had ever seen him wear before, stretched forth his hand to receive me.

I IMMEDIATELY apologized for my intrusion, and told him I came to request a particular favour from him. He said, "If it was in his power to oblige me, I might command my wish." I then repeated what I have already mentioned, of the Comte de Bernis' behaviour on the loss of his fortune, and joined with him in intreating he might be permitted to bid adieu to his adored Lifette.

BEFORE I could conclude my speech, Monsieur Armand cried out, "Heaven be praised!" Notwithstanding the piety of his ejaculation, I could
not

not help thinking him a brute, for rejoicing in the misfortunes of such an amiable man as the Comte de Bernis; and was upon the point of speaking my opinion, when he interrupted me, by saying, "His transport arose from the young man's having proved himself worthy of his daughter, as it was now in his power to prove her superior, both in rank and fortune, to the highest expectation the Comte could ever have formed about her."

My amazement kept me silent, while he thus went on:—"You see in me, Sir, a man who has been persecuted by Fortune, and patiently have I endured the miseries I felt, as far as they related to myself alone; but the arrows of adversity have pierced this heart a thousand times, by striking at the bosom of a wife whom I adored. She is in Heaven, Sir! for Julia was an Angel, even before she left this worthless earth! My tears for ever shall witness and embalm her virtues."

"But let me not delay the Comte's request; let him come, but not to bid adieu to his beloved Lifette, for they shall part no more; the loss of fortune, which would have alienated a vulgar mind, has but endeared him to me. The Comte de Feuillade's daughter is entitled to a much larger fortune than that the Comte de Bernis has lost; and my girl will of course have an opportunity of shewing, that her affection is as disinterested as her lover's was."

“ WITH your permission, Sir (continued he),
 “ I would wish to have the secret kept from the
 “ young people, till they have enjoyed the
 “ mournful luxury of a tender parting, which
 “ will enhance the happiness they shall feel, when
 “ they hear that they are to be united.”

AFTER congratulating the Comte de Feuillade on the happy change in his situation, I told him I thought it cruel to afflict the lovers unnecessarily; and begged I might be permitted to inform the Comte de Bernis of the happiness that awaited him.

MONSIEUR de Feuillade insisted on being allowed to conduct this affair according to his own opinion; assuring me, “ I was but a bad geographer in the chart of human life, if I did not know, that the surest road to Happiness was through the land of Sorrow.” He added, that “ He had a further motive for his present mode of acting, as he wished to know how far Lisette’s affections were engaged to the Comte, independant of the advantages arising from his former situation.”

I PROMISED to keep his secret, on condition he would permit me to be a witness to the transports of the young people, when the discovery was made. He readily consented to my request; and I set out to bring my young friend to the appointment.

ALL

ALL Hero as the Comte de Bernis had hitherto shewn himself, his spirits seemed to droop as we approached the fane where his divinity was lodged. As we entered the house, he whispered to me, "If I survive this parting, my heart will never yield to any other sorrow, and henceforth I may defy misfortune."

THE Comte de Feuillade met us at his door, and saluted Monsieur de Bernis with more politeness and cordiality than I had ever seen him shew before. "Come, my friend (said Monsieur de Feuillade, taking my hand), let us retire, and not intrude upon that grief which I respect and pity."

WE immediately went into the garden, where Lisette was commanded to attend her father, as soon as the interview with her lover was over. Sooner than I expected I saw the lovely maid approach, quite drowned in tears. "He is gone (said she), my father; and I shall never see the Comte de Bernis more! I have, besides, another grief (continued she); I have disobeyed you, Sir, and owned my love; his misfortunes have triumphed over my resolution, though they could not conquer his; and I could not deny his sorrows the small consolation of knowing, that no other man shall ever rival him in my affections; and that, living or dying, my heart shall be ever devoted to him, and him alone."

“GENEROUS Lisette!” cried I; whilst her father clasped the trembling, agitated maid close to his bosom, and exclaimed, “My Angel Child!” I flew to bring the Comte de Bernis to receive his well-earned portion of the general happiness; but though he had nobly withstood the severe attacks of adversity, he was nearly overcome by the sudden effusion of joy, and almost fainted in my arms, when the Comte de Feuillade presented his daughter’s hand to him; saying, “The manner in which you have supported the sudden stroke of adverse fortune that has befallen your youth, must prepossess every noble mind in your favour, and render you an object of esteem and tenderness. As such, the Comte de Feuillade thinks himself honoured by your alliance, and thus with transport joins your hands.”

PASSIONS, when in the extreme, will not admit of description. I shall therefore only say, that the Comte de Bernis was made as happy as he deserved to be; and I think one need not wish for higher felicity than his, when rated by that scale.

I THINK I have now furnished my Countrymen with two as striking instances of nobleness of mind, and generosity of sentiment, as are to be met with in the Annals of Britain. As to personal bravery, every gallant soldier in our service will readily own, that the French have both as much

much courage and humanity as themselves. Let, then, our national prejudices cease; and let every sensible and honest Englishman acknowledge, that he may find as much real worth out of his native country, as in it.

It may, perhaps, be expected, that as I have told the little Anecdote of the Comte de Bernis and Lisette in the stile of a Novel, that I should give some account of the sudden metamorphosis of Mons. Armand into the Comte de Feuillade. Suffice it then to say, that this Gentleman was second son to the Comte de Feuillade; had married in his youth a Lady of the utmost beauty and merit, but of a station in life far inferior to his; and that, in consequence of this act of imprudence, his father had cruelly disinherited him, and left him entirely dependant on the charity of his elder brother, who furnished him with so mean a support, that he thought it would disgrace his rank to own it, and therefore assumed the name of Armand.

He had lived in obscurity for several years with his beloved wife, who, too conscious of the evils she had brought upon him, sunk at length beneath them, and expired, leaving to his care the education of their infant daughter, the little Heroine of my Tale.

THE letter, which lay on his table, addressed to the Comte de Feuillade, brought him an account

of the death of his inhuman elder brother, who left no heirs, and of course our Monsieur Armand succeeded to his honours and estate, which every one who knows him, wishes he may long enjoy; and I flatter myself that he, his amiable daughter and son-in-law, will accept this little tribute of my gratitude, for many acts of friendship and kindness conferred by them on their much obliged

JOHN MEANWELL.

JULIA:

J U L I A;
 O R,
 A D V E N T U R E S
 O F A
 C U R A T E ' s D A U G H T E R .

BY MR. M^c MILLAN,

IF thou art a Curate, O Reader, and hast already *one* parish in thy possession, be contented, and seek not to have *two*. Be assured that Contentment is better than to have *two livings*.

MANY good people besides Shakespeare have been born upon the Avon; and one of them was the Curate of the Parish of Elmwood. Of a family of nine people, parents and children, only he and his daughter Julia remained.

THIS old Parson could do many things besides eat his pudding, drink his October (both which he loved affectionately), and collect his tithes;—those important qualifications which have been, from time immemorial, annexed to the office of a Country-Curate. He carried the Sciences in his head,

and the Arts in his heart—I mean, so far as they are connected with manners or sentiment. Besides all this, he preached an excellent sermon, wore his own grey hairs, and had the gout: but, above all, he loved, most dearly loved, his daughter Julia.

AND well did she deserve his love.—Sweet Maid! If ever I forget thee, may my Fancy lose her flights, and my pen its movements! If ever I forget the majestic elegance of thy form—or the liquid blue swimming in thy eye—or the half-rose half-lilly colours glowing in thy cheek, like the streaks of the west in a July evening—Oh! if I remember not the lovely confusion o’er all thy features, when I first beheld thee in the arms of thy Ravisher—may I cease to dream of thee!—If I do not, Julia! mayst thou never think of me!

SUCH was the Daughter of the Curate of Elmwood—a fair form, and a pure heart!—It was nourished in the pure bosom of a father.

THOUGH the mansion of these contented relations rose in the centre of the Parish, it was neither stately nor proud: like its inhabitants, it was modest, and seemed to retire into an obscure and silent glade, formed between various clumps of shrubbery, and a ridge of rising ground. At a small distance rolled the silver Avon, ever musical, now mantling over a rocky channel, and now gliding

ing through green plains and fields covered with wild flowers.

THROUGH these fields, and along these skirted banks, full oft did the Curate and his daughter pursue their walk. In that sweet hour of the evening, when the Sun seems dropping behind the hills, and throws a feeble but pleasing beam o'er the landscape, then might you see them walking arm in arm, and slowly, on the Avon-side.

"Julia, (he would say to his daughter) my dear
 "Julia, you and my Parish are the comfort of my
 "life. Ye all are my children—but you, Julia,
 "you are my Friend. The thirsty loves not to
 "drink, nor the weary to rest, more than I love
 "to look upon you. What would become of me,
 "Julia, wert thou gone? and when I am gone,
 "my daughter, what will become of thee?"—
 "I hope, father, we shall die both together."—
 "God grant it! God grant it!" answered the old man.

Thus peaceably glided on their lives, till an unlucky accident in the neighbouring parish disturbed their tranquility. The Vicar of that parish died. Now, the moment our Curate was informed of this, it roused one of his worst passions: he had now but one wish to be gratified in this world; and that was—to have the neighbouring vicarage in his possession. "My dear father (said the unambitious Julia), have we not competence? and does not competence afford us happiness?"

“pinels? and is not this sufficient?”—Ay, all that was very true: but then the vicarage lay so snug—just at his own door; and he wanted to have it in his power to leave something to his Julia after his death; and, now that he was so very old, and so very gouty, what a comfortable thing it would be to have a Curate under him, to perform Service when he was confined at home! The thing was evidently a snug thing, and would be very convenient: besides, he knew the Patron of the Living—he had been his school-fellow—as good a Nobleman as ever was born—he was certain of success—it was impossible that he could not succeed—he had set his heart upon the thing—and Julia, his Child, could not oppose it.

HERE he was right. Julia would sooner have expired at his feet. She yielded the point with a smile.

BUT much remained yet to be done. The Curate had talked like a man unacquainted with calculations, and his fancy (old as it was) got the start of his judgment. He did not consider that Lord C——, the patron of the living, resided at London, and that his own limbs were too gouty to carry him thither—for personal application is absolutely necessary in these cases: Besides, the Clergy, though they are continually advising their flocks to keep their eyes fixed upon the good things of Heaven only, have a strange trick of keeping their own eyes constantly fixed upon the
good

good things of this earth : Every moment, therefore, was important ; to lose a minute was to lose the Curacy ; and while he was talking, some other reverend brother, who had no gout in his toes, no daughter to provide for, no want of an assistant Curate, might be posting to his Lordship in Berkeley-Square.

THE old man became now greatly agitated ; and that bosom which ought to have been the mansion of resignation and peace, was disturbed by restless wishes and ill-timed despair. The sympathetic soul of Julia was roused ; her heart throbbed with guiltless pangs, and she felt for the griefs of her father. She tried to soothe him, but tried in vain : she argued against his wishes, but she was arguing against the follies of old age, which are incurable. The Curacy was lost, and he was resolved to bewail it.

THE evening came, but came not as usual ; this man of despair was unconscious of its charms. His soul was deaf to the voice of Nature, even when her notes were sweetest—at the close of the day. He listened not to the carols of the hinds, nor to the rustic music of the fields : the flocks clustered in the meadows unnoticed : and the sun poured his evening glories over the landscape unregarded. Even Julia did not charm him : he saw her kneel at his side without emotion, and he heard her sighs in silence.

HERE

HERE a Father and a Friend was lost to happiness—the only friend too she had in the world—and sorrows much less than these would have murdered the peace of Julia. She had already knelt by the side of her father: she now clasped his hand closely in her own, and fixing her blue eyes pathetically on his countenance, begged that he would not refuse her one request—“What was that?”—To permit *her* to go to London, in quest of the Curacy.

ELECTRICITY could not touch him quicker. The voice of Julia was pathetic, and it awakened him. His affections returned in an instant: he leaned over his daughter, and gave her to understand that it was impossible to grant her request; that he would not part with her for a Bishoprick; and that she must not think to part with him. She replied; he answered; and she re-answered: in short, the contest was long, stubborn, and eloquent; and though there was not much learning in it, it abounded with Nature, a richer quality. Suffice it to say, that Julia conquered; and she obtained with great difficulty what she called the honourable office of being her father's messenger.

It has been observed already, that dispatch is one of the few roads to preferment. As no time was therefore to be lost, it was agreed upon that she should set off the next morning. The Warwick stage passed through the neighbouring market-town, and she might walk thither to meet

it. The old man retired to get ready his letters, and Julia to make her little preparations for her journey.

How they slept, themselves know best; but when the morning came, the Curate's opinions were entirely changed. "He had thought better upon the subject, and he was resolved not to let her go. The roads were dangerous, and London was still more so—besides, she might turn sick—or the coach might be overturned—she might be killed—and he would never see her more." Julia knew that these fears were only the tender workings of timid Nature, and she opposed them. In short, the contest was renewed with its former warmth; and the affection of the Daughter triumphed once more over the tenderness of the Father. He consented again to let her go, on condition that Joe (his labourer, his gardener, his footman, his hostler, his every-thing) should attend her with his friendly care—should be the companion of her journey.

Now this Joe was the awkwardest mortal—Never, sure, did a more simple squire page it at the heels of a fair lady. Neither the Sancho of Don Quixote, nor the Pedrillo of Rosalva, were more arrant children of Nature—were guided by more native simplicity. He and his occupations seemed made for each other, so exactly were they respectively fitted. He was never famous but for two things; viz. for whistling, after his team, the loudest and most musical notes of any in the whole village—

village—and for knitting stockings: this was all the reputation he had in the world; and he was now going to set out for London (where he had never been) in high expectation of seeing fine things and fine folks, but without any idea of receiving treatment different from what he met with in the parish of Elmwood.

Now, Reader, stop a moment, and bethink thee of this plan and of this journey; and then confess that they were highly worthy of the politic heads which gave them birth. A village-virgin, attended by a village-boor—both equally accustomed to travelling, and the bustle of an English turnpike-road—both equally skilled in the knowledge of men and of their characters—are setting out for London—for *London*, I say—in quest of a Curacy! The thing was worthy of a Village-Curate. The descent of Eneas into Hell was, in comparison of this, walking upon carpets.

*Facilis descensus Averni,
Sed revocare gradum—*

OUR travellers were now ready to begin their walk to the market-town, which was but four miles distant. Without palfrey, armour, or other retinue than the children of the neighbourhood (who regarded Julia as the good and fair Genius of the village) the cavalcade set out. Julia and her father led the van, and the rest followed. Joe, as if conscious that he was entering upon a service of danger, assumed a statelier port and a more august

visage; and, with a clean shirt in his left pocket, much good bacon and cheese in his right, and a lusty sapling in his hand, he towered majestic forward in the midst of the children, with stern aspect and long strides.

THE company had now walked a mile, and were to part. On this trying occasion I could say much, but will not. To describe the glances of affection and the looks of love which glistened in every eye, which played in every feature, would be extremely tedious to many of my gentle Readers: I shall therefore content myself with informing them, that in this difficult scene the simple heart of the Curate failed him; his eyes confessed it, and he played the woman. The tender Julia caught the soft contagion; and from her it passed to the little villagers who composed her train. Joe, who now saw what was passing all around him, was not willing to be singular: his eye forgot its haughtiness for a moment, and he mixed his plaintive notes in the concert of woe.—Thus they are all crying together.

BUT these lamentations were soon over. The Curate, taking his daughter by the hand, showered blessings and advices upon her in great plenty; told her to be cautious, prudent, and expeditious; that while she took care of herself, she was serving him; and then again wishing her ten thousand blessings, bade his child adieu. The Curate marched slowly back at the head of his young flock,

flock, and our two travellers set forward to the market-town with a hasty pace and high expectations.

HAVING now begun a journey, we must be expeditious. They arrived at the market-town, met the stage-coach, and took their respective stations—Julia in the inside, and Joe, like her guardian-angel, perched above her upon the top. Now why should I loiter to rehearse the trivial adventures of a stage-coach journey—how, always as town rose to view after town, hill after hill, and county after county, the spirits of Joe rose in proportion, and still he whistled on both loud and long, like the lark at day-break; or how, though all the silly people in the coach stared continually at Julia, the timid Julia durst not stare at them? or why should I relate the idle small-talk, the impudent regard, and the uncourteous gallantry, with which she was entertained by a foolish Officer of the Guards (those coxcomb troops), who is well known to be a fop in the Drawing-room and a fribble on the Parade? Otherwise, they went smoothly on, till they arrived at the Lane which is three miles on the west side of Uxbridge; when a very civil gentleman came to the window, and desired them to give him all the money they had. The gentleman at the window was far from being unpolite, considering he had declared war against Society. He bespoke them very gently, beginning at the right hand, and following them all, man by man, and woman by woman, till he went round

round to the left side. The officer was unhappily first, and he gave his purse with a sullen silence. Julia was next, and held her little money in her hand, but durst not look towards the window. A meagre cockney gave all, but begged a few shillings back, to carry him to St. Paul's. A little fat woman surrendered her purse, with a threat; and a plain-dressed man regretted he had not more for so civil a gentleman.

WHEN they arrived at the Inn at the next stage, each one expressed his sorrows as his feelings prompted: but they were now to enter upon their last stage, and none had such weighty cause to be aggrieved as Julia, who had not a friend before her. To go forward was madness, and to go back was impossible. What was she to do?—She called in Joe, and asked if he had provided himself with any money, in case of an emergency.—“Yes, that he had—and there it was at her service”—throwing down his entire stock upon the table, which in the whole amounted to the sum of three shillings and nine-pence. This made despair more black. It was her first misfortune; and she thought it but a rough entrance into the world, for one who never deserved it.

THE Officer now entered the room; and seeing Joe there, began to upbraid him for suffering the highwayman to escape, when he was seated so advantageously at the top, with an oaken sapling in his hand—“You stupid oaf! (said this military
T “hero)

“hero) why did you not attack him?”—“’Case
 “I had not a sward by my side, like you (replied
 “Joe, with the greatest frankness)—he—he—he!
 “icod, every man to his traide, measter!”—These
 arguments were unanswerable.

THE Officer now walked up to Julia, whose embarrassment he perceived; and taking her aside, told her he guessed the cause of her sorrow, and that he was happy he had it in his power to remove it: “for (continued he) I know the road too well to venture my all upon it, and to leave myself unprovided with resources. Here (says he, untying his stock, and shaking out of it a slender green purse) here is my *corps de reserve*: I gave the robber a few shillings, and I secured this for your use.” Now Julia examined the face of this affair simply as it stood. It was a case of necessity; and she thought it ridiculous for one who was many, many miles from Elmwood, and who had not two-pence in her pocket, to refuse the loan of a few guineas, which would remove all her sorrows. She might probably have an opportunity of hinting the matter to Lord C—— when she saw him, who would no doubt advance the money upon the Curation, and thus all would be right again. She therefore thanked him politely, and told him that when she saw her noble friend Lord C——, she hoped to be able to repay him. “Lord C——!” (says he)—what—you are going to visit him?”—Yes, Sir.—“O—a relation, I presume, Madam?” No, Sir—only a friend: his Lordship
 and

and my father were great friends when they were young, and at school.—“ Ay, ay—your father, I “ presume, Madam, lives in the country ?”—Yes, Sir; he’s Curate of Elmwood, near ***** in Warwickshire. “ Your visit, Ma’am—is it a visit “ of pleasure or business ?”—Business, Sir: I am only come to town with a letter from my father to Lord C—— to solicit the Curacy of*****.—“ O “ I understand you, Ma’am. Lord C—— is my “ particular acquaintance, and it will give me “ pleasure to be your protector and your guide, “ till I deliver you safely and honourably to “ his Lordship.—Would you chuse to alight, “ Ma’am, at any particular place in London ?”—No, (said the simple Julia) I intend to stay at the Inn all night, and to wait upon his Lordship in the morning.—“ Ah! Madam (replied the “ Officer), you do not know the confusion, the “ disgust, and danger which you will meet with at “ the Inn: I have a mother in town, who lives “ elegantly: Be prevailed upon to be lodged this “ night at her house: She will receive you with “ cheerfulness, and treat you with tenderness. “ May I perish, Madam—may I beg the honour “ to know your name, Madam ?”—Julia. — “ May I perish, Miss Julia, but I am interested in “ your case as sincerely as if you was my sister !” This last proposal was better and better. To meet so good a friend at once!—She was certain her Father’s prayers for her were heard; and she thought she could not be too thankful to Heaven

—nor to the Gentleman. She accepted his offer; and they mounted the stage-coach once more.

As the stage-coachman was at this place paid his full demands, there was nothing to be done but to roll into Town, and go where they pleased. The fat woman lived in Holborn, and the coach stopt to set her down. “Here too, Madam (said the Officer to Julia), we may get out, for we “are near our home.” The artful abruptness and hurry of the summons—the consciousness of finding herself suddenly in the midst of the immense metropolis, where she already saw strange things, and expected to see still stranger—her total ignorance of every thing around her—her hopes—her expectations—her simplicity—all contributed to throw her mind into confusion, her spirits into a flutter: She forgot every thing—she forgot even Joe—and Joe, alas! forgot her; for he was exactly in the same predicament. He was astonished: he was in a new world: his recollection forsook him, and a mist wandered over his eyes: he sat nailed to the top of the coach, with his mouth open, looking at every thing, and seeing nothing. In this cloud Julia escaped; and she neither spoke nor looked around her, till her gallant commander led her into Lincoln’s-Inn-Fields—Now when a young Gentleman, with a young Lady by his side, who is resolved to follow him, finds himself in Lincoln’s-Inn-Fields, the road to Covent-Garden lies direct: ’tis only going up Queen-street, crossing the *Lane* and the *Acre*, and you’re there.—He conducted

conducted her into that well-known house situate between the gate of the Theatre and the Piazza Coffee-house. The polite inhabitants of this house received the young Gentleman with all the freedom and civility of an old acquaintance, which convinced Julia that he was *quite at home*.

Now, gentle Reader, while Julia and her friend are seated at a bottle of Madeira, recollect, and confess whether we have not travelled to good purpose. From the banks of the Avon—from the mansion of innocence—from the warm bosom of a father—to place our Heroine on the very brink of perdition at once!—by Pegasus, it was rapidly done! Other authors, indeed, have by degrees, from adventure to adventure, from scene to scene, carried their Heroines into very extreme danger; but we, fully resolved to excel all that have ever gone before us, have seated her upon the pinnacle of ruin at once.—And now, ye guardian spirits (if such spirits there be, as certain divines have told us) whether ye be Sylphs, Genii, or Fairies—if ye have indeed any regard for innocence, and a virgin too—now open your golden eyes, and now ply your silver pinions—for Innocence is in danger.—And now, thou wretched old man, thou ambitious Curate of Elmwood—rekindle your piety, and redouble your prayers—for your daughter, your Julia, *is in a Bagnio*—and without a fear!

EVERY thing that passed around Julia in this house appeared too plausible for her eyes to be opened, or her suspicion to be roused—(for she had never been in a Tavern before: and as to the incessant tinkling of bells, and the incessant running of waiters—why, bells and servants must be in all great families, and, no doubt, must be continually employed)—The deception, I say, was good, and every thing appeared extremely well, except one thing: it puzzled her to conceive why they should be conducted into *bed-chamber*! But perhaps (she thought) it was the fashion in London, and what was that to her?

JULIA drank very sparingly, but not so her companion: he was to attempt the gaining of a difficult post, and the coward wanted spirits. It is a tribute paid to Virtue, that, though it be lodged in the possession of but a frail and weak woman, its spoiler, before he attempts to ruin it, must call to his assistance foreign aid, acquire fictitious spirits, and debase himself into a brute. The second bottle began to tune the spirits of our Hero; his veins swelled, his pulse quickened, his eyes glistered, and his cheek glowed: he snatched the hand of Julia, fed upon it with fury, and devoured it with a tumult of unholy love: if, indeed, he loved Julia, it was with the love of a tyger.

SHE started from his embraces, and retreated some paces from her chair. He followed, and renewed

newed the attack, and Julia her resistance: he grew stronger, he grew wilder: his hand was wandering over her charms (where hand never wandered before), and he became furious: Julia became faint—she was yielding—her tender frame was exhausted, and she could now only shriek. A shriek was a new thing in these apartments, and it alarmed a gentleman in the adjoining room, who, with his coat off, a dirty boot on one leg, and his face glowing and besmeared with sweat, kicked open the door, and rushed violently into the room, with all the zeal of a man who was to assist the distressed. The Officer let go his hold of Julia, and she threw herself breathless upon a chair. The man in dishabille stared at them both alternately, now at Julia, and now at the Officer, and at length broke silence:

“WHAT! force!—Why, thou damnable and
 “filly animal, what a dirty business is this you are
 “engaged in—*forcing* a woman to your wishes!—
 “To *force* a woman in any place is a meanness that
 “no man of honour will stoop to—but to force one
 “*here*—in *this* house—D-mn--n! you scoundrel!
 “get out—walk off, or I’ll kick you.”

WE need not be surprized that the Officer was mean enough to take his advice. He looked at the man in dishabille as if he had recollected something, and left the room precipitately.

“AND now, my Angel (said the gentleman in the boot to Julia, taking her by the hand), let us drink a glass or two, and I dare say *we* shall agree better.”—Oh, Sir! (replied Julia, clasping her hands and falling on her knees before him)—have mercy on me!—pity me!—or you will kill me.—“Pshaw, my dear! I never kill *quite* upon these occasions—you will but *die* at the most.—But, Child, you look d-mn’d serious upon this business—Is any thing the matter with you?”—Oh, Sir! (answered Julia, in the midst of many tears) I don’t know where I am, and I don’t know where to go—I am just come to town in the Warwick stage.—“In the Warwick stage!—what, through Uxbridge?”—Yes.—“And was that fellow one of the company?”—Yes.—“Whe—w!—And you met a highwayman, didn’t you?”—Yes.—“That was me, by G-d!” Here Julia shrieked, terrified at the sound of the name; but he stopped her in good time: “You must not be afraid (said he), for I won’t hurt you. Tell me honestly, are you virtuous or not?—that is, are you a maid?”—Oh! *upon* my honour, Sir.—“How came you here then, in company with that fellow?”—When you took—when I lost all my money, he advanced some for me; and as I had no friends in London, promised to take care of me, and bring me to his mother’s till tomorrow, when I could have finished all my business.—“Then you are *really* honest?”—As I love Heaven and my Father, Sir, I am.—

“Then

“ Then thou art a lovely girl, and ’tis pity so fine
“ a woman *should be* honest. But I believe you,
“ and shall be your friend—shall guard you from
“ harm---for, by G-d! I am a man of honour!
“ and though misfortune and my evil spirit force
“ me sometimes to the highway, I scorn to do a
“ mean thing, by G-d!—In the first place, as
“ you lost your money, you shall divide this purse
“ with me. In the next place, you are now in a
“ house full of wh-res and scoundrels---I must
“ leave it myself in a minute, in case that fellow
“ should have *twigg’d* me, and I fancy you had
“ better leave it too. Trust yourself with me, and
“ I shall take care of you till morning.” Julia
told him he could not serve her more agreeably
than by carrying her to the Inn where the Stage
and Joe were. That, he said, was more than he
durst do; but he would carry her to a place equally
or more secure. So saying, he returned to his
room, to throw off part of his *road-dress*, and ad-
just the rest.

If the Reader has a fancy worth two-pence, he
will conceive how Julia’s thoughts were employed
in this interval, till they were interrupted by the
entrance of the highwayman, who appeared now to
be a handsome and genteel young fellow. He paid
the reckoning, and they departed: It was now be-
tween nine and ten in the evening.

THEY had not quitted the Piazza, when four of
Sir John Fielding’s men rushed forward, and seized
the

the highwayman with the most incredible activity. They swept him away, as the whirlwind sweeps away the leaves in autumn, and whirls them the Lord knows where. Julia ran rapidly away, nor cast one look behind. She continued to go forward (as she thought), till she had ran a great way; and then stopping for breath, she was exactly on the spot from whence she set out—she had only run *round* the Garden, not suspecting but she was going forward in a straight line. “Madam! “Madam! (says an Irish chairman to her) do you “want a chair?” I don’t know what I want. “My fait, but *I* do—you want to be carried to “Mother H——’s, my jewel, which I and Con- “nor yonder can do in five minutes.”—My good friend, if you can carry me to any honest place, I shall bless you for ever. —“Honest *plase!*—Devil burn me, my hony, an if I know “one honest *plase* in the whole town—Ha, ha, ha! “—honest *plase!*—Ah, you cunning Devil you! “—To be sure you want to go to an honest *plase!* “—Ha, ha, ha!—Here you, Mr. Watchman “—this Lady wants to go to an honest *plase*— “Can’t you shew her the way?” “Aye, that I “can (replied the watchman)—Ah, Madam, is it “you?—I know you of old—Come along, come “along with me: you shall go to the honestest “place in all King George’s dominions—the “*Round-house.*”——The watchman happened just at that time to want a pot of beer; but Julia not understanding his meaning, to the Round-

house he led her in triumph.—Ah, Julia!—
Julia, ah!

SHE had been hitherto overwhelmed in a kind of insensibility: the suddenness and horror of the last adventure were too powerful for her; her faculties lost their power, and her recollection was suspended; she was led by the watchman without seeing whither she was going, and she was dragged along without feeling that he held her by the arm. But she had not been long seated at the top of the bench, where they placed her near the fire, before she awakened from her stupor. She awakened, looked around, and saw herself seated in the midst of a horrible assembly, whose visages would make Angels weep and Demons tremble. High above the rest, like the Evil Spirit in Pandemonium, sat the Constable of the Night, a beef-headed knave, with a pipe in his mouth, and a tankard on a stool before him.—“Here (said this man in office) “you, Snoring Dick, reach this here tankard to “that there Lady, and then bring her before me “for examination.—Oh, she won’t drink!--Well, “well, that’s all one---if she does not drink she’ll “pay; so bring her forward here.”

JULIA now advanced: her cheeks were suffused with tears, her breath quickened, and her whole frame trembled,

“Ay, ay (says the Constable), you may well “shake when you look at me---Hem! what ac-
“count

"count can you give of yourself, Miss?---No,
"that's not it neither: I'll begin with you, I
"think, Mister Watchman---Where did you find
"this here Lady here; Snoring Dick?"

"FOUND her! (replies Dick) why, please your
"Worship, I found her picking a gemmun's
"pockets."

"PICKING a gemmun's pockets!---Mercy on
"us!---O ho, Miss, you may well shake when
"you look at me.---Well, Dick, go on."

"AND so, Sir, as she was a-picking the gem-
"mun's pockets, as I was a-saying, I comes close
"behind her, and lays hold of her hand in the
"fact."

"IN the fact?"

"IN the fact."

"TRANSPORTATION, to be sure.---Well, go
"on, Snoring Dick."

"AND so, Sir, as I catches her hand, she turns
"about, stoops down for one of her pattens, and
"before you could say *Pervy*, hits me the nastiest
"blow in the skull I ever had in my life since the
"great riot.---You please to feel, Mister Consta-
"ble, the hugeous lump it has raised on my
"skull."

"Ay,

"AY, God bless me! so it is---it's a thumper,
"i'faith!"

"A THUMPER! It will stand damages. I never
"had such a blow in my life.---I wa'ant ye it bleeds
"under my hair. It stounded me like a stock-
"fish."

"AY, she wanted to murder you."

"YES."

"OH, the horrid monster!---Well, Madam,
"have you nothing to say for yourself?---Ah, you
"impudent---Dick, take off her patten, that we
"may carry it as a witness before Sir John in the
"morning."

"AY, that I will, Mister Constable; the patten
"will speak for itself, and a d-mn'd heavy patten
"it is."

DICK stooped for it, but Julia *wore no pattens.*

"AH, the cunning Devil! (continued Dick)
"she has thrown them away. I thought I heard
"her throw something away as we came along."

"OH, let her alone! (said the Constable)---
"she's a knowing-one: but she shall doll it in
"Bridewell to-morrow, for all that,---Ay, you
"may

“ may well shake when you look at me, you
 “ bloody-minded---You may now return to your
 “ feat.”

As Julia was returning to her bench, she trembled incessantly, but never uttered a syllable.---
 “ Oh, (says Dick) she’s dumb-founded with the
 “ highoufness of her crime.” “ No, (replies
 “ a second) she’s drunk.” “ Not so far gone nei-
 “ ther (echoes a third) but a quartern of gin would
 “ recover her.”

“ Ay, ay, (says the Constable) there’s no doubt
 “ but she’ll drink; and it’s her turn now to send
 “ out. Please, Madam, to give this gemmun
 “ money for a gallon of Trueman’s best, and for
 “ half a gallon of hot, and for four papers of to-
 “ bacco, and for a loaf, and for three pound of
 “ Cheshire.—Here, Scout; walk over, Sirrah, to
 “ the Lady, and make her your Sunday’s bow—
 “ Bring every thing of the best, and then we’ll
 “ drink to the Lady’s health, and to poor Snoring
 “ Dick’s head; and old Ugly-face in the corner
 “ yonder will sing us the comical song about the
 “ Cat and the Taylor, and make his wry faces,
 “ and we’ll be as happy as Princes.”

WHEN this oration was finished, Scout made his obeisance to Julia.—She was just able to ask him what he wanted?—“ Money, Madam.”—How much must you have?—“ Oh, you may let
 “ me have five or six shillings, and I’ll make the
 “ best

“best market I can, and return you the rest faithfully, Madam, upon my honour!—And if that won’t be enough, I’ll return for more.”

JULIA felt in her pocket for her purse (which the highwayman had given her) but she could not find it—it was gone!

ON seeing this, the President bawled out immediately, that it was “a sham!” and Julia protested in vain. The company around heard this with an arch smile; the watchmen shook their heads, and the Constable grew noisy; which awakened an old gentleman who had hitherto slept very soundly in a corner. Estimating the thing as favourably as possible, he had not above half the appearance of a gentleman. The truth is, he was no other than the well-known Mr. B—, who once had three thousand a year, though he has not now sixty; but being a man of plain manners and a generous disposition, is still well received among his relations, and strangers who know him. He had been lounging, as usual, for eight or nine hours in a Coffee-house in the Garden, and then withdrew, as he frequently does, to the watch-house, either to sleep or drink. On this last account, he was regarded there with some degree of respect.

HE naturally enquired the cause of the noise; and the majority informed him, that it was “only a *Madam* there, who pretended she had lost her purse.” Julia now appealed to him in her turn; and

and, with that unaffected simplicity which ever clothes the words of innocence and truth, informed him, "that a watchman had taken hold of her unexpectedly in the street; that she was positive she had her purse at that time, *because a gentleman had given it to her but two minutes before*; that from that time she had only walked thither with the watchman, and now she missed her money."

"WHICH watchman was it?" said the gentleman.

"ME---" replied Snoring Dick boldly.

"WAS it *you*? (repeated Mr. B----). Ah, Dick! you and I, you know, are old acquaint-
ance, and it is long since I have known you to
be a scoundrel. Therefore, Sirrah, deliver the
purse."

"ME! (answered Dick)---Have I the purse?---
I'll be d--mn'd if I have any purse about me."

"You haven't?"

"No."

"AND you won't deliver?"

"No---"

"WHY

"WHY then, Mr. Constable, I charge you
"with——"

"EXCEPT indeed (interrupts Dick eagerly)
"something that I picked up on the street, as I
"was coming along with that there lady."

"AH, you old fox! (said the gentleman) I
"thought I should unkennel you. Where is this
"*something* which you *picked up from the street*?"

"HERE it is—but it does not belong to her."

"PRAY, Madam (said Mr. B——, addressing
"Julia) is this your purse?"

"IF it has a gold tassell at either end (answered
"Julia) it is mine, Sir, upon my honour."

It had so, was delivered to her, and Mr. B——
immediately retired back into his corner to sleep.

JULIA now willingly paid all the demands made
upon her; and the President observed to her, "that
as to be sure as how she was a good-natured
lady, and civil, and all them there things, and had
given a good account of herself, why, to be sure,
she might now go about her business."

JULIA thanked him, but mentioned, that she
did not know whither to go till morning. "Not

U

"know!

“ know! (said the Constable)—why there are five
 “ hundred beds round you, where you may sleep
 “ for half-a-crown.”—But she was a stranger in
 town, and did not chuse to venture into strange
 houses.

“ LORD, Ma’am (observed snoring Dick) for
 “ sixpence I’ll conduct you to a *bagnio* where you
 “ will be as safe as if you was in the Tower.”—She
 started at hearing a *bagnio* mentioned.—“ Why
 “ then, Ma’am, if so be as you are so shy, and a’n’t
 “ proud, hire me well, and I’ll let you sleep in my
 “ house.—There’s nobody there but my wife.—
 “ I’ll seek but five shillings, and your purse can well
 “ spare that.”

THIS proposal did not require to be repeated.
 Julia took him at his word. Even though he took
 her purse, as he was a poor man, she thought she
 might be safe in his house for a night. Besides,
 she was pleased with the thoughts of being in com-
 pany with a woman once more. With Dick,
 therefore, she went into one of the little streets
 behind Long-Acre, and followed him into a three-
 pair-of-stairs room, humble enough, indeed, but
 where all was silence. Dick awakened his wife,
 told her the story, whispered to her to look sharp
 after her lodger, and left them.

JULIA chatted a little while with her land-
 lady, and found her to be civil enough, for a
 watch-

watchman's wife. The first thing she begged of her was to be favoured with pen, ink, and paper. She got these readily; the landlady retired to bed; and Julia wrote the following letter:

" AH! my dear father, shall we ever meet again?
 " —When shall we meet?—Are you well?—Shall
 " I ever see you? and ah! shall you ever see me?

" I AM now—alas! I do not know where I am
 " —nor where I have been—nor where I shall be
 " to-morrow. I seem an out-cast from society: I
 " have not met one friend since I left you: every
 " one deceives me—every one insults me: they
 " have treated me cruelly—they have broke my
 " heart. Even *Joe* has forsaken me: he has de-
 " serted me, or he is lost—or I know not what is
 " become of him.

" AH, my father! my dear father!—that Hea-
 " ven which we both serve, let that Heaven bear
 " witness, that *one* wish alone fills my whole soul---
 " the wish to see you once more, to talk with you,
 " to gaze upon you, to sit once more by your
 " knee.—I would rush into your bosom: I would
 " wet it with my tears, but I would never forsake
 " it---never, never!

" THEY are not mankind who surround me---
 " I do not live among the human race: these are
 " the habitations of the Furies. When shall I
 " leave them? Shall I ever quit the dreary man-
 " sion where I now write?---I tremble---Shall I

“ never more see Elmwood ?--- Shall I never more
“ fly into the bosom of my father ?”

“ AND oh! (continued Julia, in words half-
“ stifled with grief) if it is possible, as my father
“ has told me, that dreams have any meaning,
“ and that the soul is most susceptible of these
“ visionary impressions when it is most o’ercharg-
“ ed with woe—most surely this night I shall con-
“ verse with my father.” She sealed these hopes
with a shower of tears.

Now, gentle reader, if it has been at any time
your fate, (as it has been mine, and as it is at this
moment many a nobler fellow’s) to be sitting in
that lofty habitation called a garret, plunged in
deep distress--no two-pence in your purse, no
mirth in your heart, and no beef in your belly—
when, throwing your eyes around the rayless walls,
you are conscious that sighs and tears are the only
plenty commodities about you—if this has been
your case, you must well know the comfort that
arises from shedding your sorrows in secret—the
relief that flows from a shower of solitary tears. In
such a situation, next to instantaneous and absolute
relief, it is the first of blessings, and Julia now felt
it in all its force. Her heart was eased, and she
hoped for a night of rest and for better days. Hav-
ing then sealed up her letter, she retired to a bed
so humble that it kissed the very ground.

WATCHING and grief had given her too good-
an

an appetite for sleep not to enjoy it. Whether or not she dreamed, I cannot really inform my reader, because she never informed myself of this circumstance. This I know, that she slept nine hours incessantly, and, when she awoke, found her head resting upon the partition-wall which rose at the back of her bed. It consisted only of a single file of boards, and was full of crevices. Her ear lay upon one of them, and it conveyed to her the most doleful accents that ever struggled from the human breast. She started, and applied her eye to the crevice, but every thing was solitary : she saw no one. The voice ceased. It ceased only for a moment. Again it murmurs, weeps, laments, sobs, and again it ceases. Her sympathetic soul followed it thro' all its variations ; and, led by a soft humanity, she mourned with the mourner thro' every change of his woe. She applied her eye a second time, but could see nothing. A moment after, the voice was renewed. It was now more querulous, then more plaintive, and at length died away upon her ear, as if it had expired for want of strength. She heard it no more.

For the present, Julia suppressed her feelings, and arose. Snoring-Dick had retired for an hour, to sleep away the fatigues of the night and of the beer-pot. His wife was at breakfast, (tea) and invited Julia to partake. She consented willingly, and the woman, who had but one dish, politely offered it to her guest, and took for her own use

a pint-pot from which her husband had been drinking beer.

THIS repast over, Dick awakened; and Julia, who was during breakfast-time devising what measures to follow, proposed at first to engage him to go along with her to the inn where Joe and the stage-coach were; but on recollecting the dangers she had already experienced in the streets, she resolved not to venture upon it again, without a better guide than her friend the watchman. She therefore judged it more prudent to hire him to go to the inn, and to bring Joe along with him to the place where she was. Dick readily assented to this proposal, for the hire of a half-crown; which, he stipulated, should be paid him before he set off, as well as the crown for the bed. All this he received on the spot, with the letter for her father to be put into the Post-Office. He now departed, assuring her, that though she had not the name of the inn to give him, he could discover it.

THIS business happily adjusted, the groans in the adjoining apartment rose upon Julia's mind. She had purposely delayed her enquiries till Dick's departure, whom she knew to be unblest with humanity. His wife, by a softer temper and a more complacent behaviour, had recommended herself better to the observation of Julia, and she reserved her sympathies for her ear. Assuming, therefore, that eager and serious aspect which
the

the face wears when we are in earnest, she enquired who were the inhabitants of the neighbouring mansion? "An old man, (answered the woman) "who I fancy is sometimes in distress; but we "have too many wants of our own to mind any "others."—Indifferent as the woman was when she said this, Julia felt herself interested, and conceived much more than was expressed. Seeing her hostess not very fond of social woe, she suppressed her emotions, and in a short time after stole out into the stair-case. The door of the man in distress was exactly opposite to the watchman's, and she gently knocked at it. There was no answer. She knocked more loudly, but all was silence.—"Alas! " (said she to herself) if your grief is past utterance, "I must enter without leave." She raised the latch, and entered.—It was a piteous sight, and worthy of the tears of those bright eyes which now shed them so plentifully. Image in your own mind, this lovely girl bending over a bed, which contained in it, stretched along under a tattered rug, a man, upon whose features Heaven seemed to have poured its bitterest pangs. He was alive, but had ceased to groan, because he could groan no longer. In his arms were two children. His left was circled round one who was asleep,—his right round one who was—dead. He gazed upon Julia without any emotion, and made not an effort to move even his head. He looked as if he was RESIGNATION. That great Poet who suffered no scene of the soul and no situation of nature to escape him, has almost described him.

U. 4. He

He seemed

_____ to pine in thought,

And with a green and yellow melancholy

He lay like Patience on a monument

Smiling at Grief.

SHAKESPEARE.

Here was that feast of exquisite grief, that luxury of sensibility, which is fit only for those exalted souls who move in the higher departments of humanity—It was fit for Julia.

At length Julia spoke. "Poor—poor man! what can relieve you?"—He shook his head—*Nothing*. Here Julia's sympathy once more broke loose: her tears poured down incessantly. Tears are infectious. Two or three trickled down from the poor man's eye. "May God bless you! (said he) you have shed the first tears that have been shed for me these ten years. The fountain of my sorrows is almost exhausted, but I have still a drop to mix with your's." "Poor—poor man! (returned Julia) what shall I do to serve you?"—"O nothing! (he replied) nothing!—One of my children is dead, and the other will be so in half an hour—I am waiting for its death, and I shall then follow it."—"Alas! (said Julia, sitting upon the bed-side) would not you have it live? Is it impossible to recover it?" He answered, "I hope it is." She then attempted to take hold of it; but he pressed it closer to his side, and would not let it go. "I pity you, (said Julia) and wish to relieve you: you and your child may still live. Suffer me to be your friend." At this he

he only shook his head, and attempted to smile, as if to tell her it was impossible. However, not to be guided longer by a man who was in despair, she was resolved to administer to the woes of the wretched. She left the room, and returned to the watchman's wife. She slightly mentioned to her where she had been, told her there was great distress, and begged of her to go out for a little wine, to be warmed for the use of the sick. The woman (who was not destitute of much good-nature, though it was strongly seasoned with that vice so peculiar to good-natured people, indifference) readily obeyed. The wine which she brought was warmed, and carried in by Julia herself to the solitary father. She insisted that her landlady should not accompany her; from an opinion, perhaps, that this scene of sorrows was too sacred for the profane eye of the vulgar.

THE man of despair, (naturally enough, in his situation) refused relief; but Julia insisted on the thing, and she had shed too many tears to be refused. He desired, however, that since they *must* be relieved, the child should be relieved first. "As for you, (said he, withdrawing his arm from the child which Julia was taking hold of, and turning to the one that was dead) as to you, my dear and lamented girl—my last and my best-beloved—you have closed your eye upon me, and you are smiling at life in the bosom of your mother. You was weary of hearing your father's groans, You fled to invite him to follow."

He

He now kissed it, gazed upon it, hugged it, and wept upon it; and then dried the tears off its face, as if it could be conscious of the favour.

In the mean time Julia was very busy about *her* child, but her assiduities were almost baffled. The child had opened its eyes, but it refused to open its mouth. In short, she was obliged to call to her assistance her hostess, who readily came, and between them they poured down some warm wine mixed with water in its throat. Still it was insensible; and at length it was thought prudent to carry it to the next room, to be nursed before the fire; which the hostess did.

JULIA now administered to the father, and he was revived. The balmy strength of the wine recalled his expiring spirits, and warmed a heart which was almost cold. The first use he made of his new-acquired strength was to thank his benefactress, and to enquire for his child. Being informed where it was, he seemed to be satisfied. Julia soon after prepared for him a bit of bread, thin and toasted, which he eat with some difficulty. This, however, paved the way for his recovery; and in about two hours he was tolerably easy and strong. The child in the other room made a slower progress back to life, but they did not despair.

THIS child (a boy) having been put to bed again, the watchman's wife resumed her usual occupations;

tions; while Julia, whose gentle faculties were still attuned to softness and distress, waited upon the father, and pressed him warmly to reveal the origin and progress of his misfortunes. He shook his head at this request, and told her it would be a hard task; besides that, she had already shed tears enough that day upon his account. However, he complied: and Julia, sitting upon his bed-side, her cheek leaning upon her left hand, listened to a tale of deep and desperate distress. “Behold before you (said he), starved with hunger and covered with rags, a man who has long fought for his King, and spilt for him his dearest blood—whose body is covered with wounds, in defence of that country which now leaves him as you see him! Such is the balm they have applied to my wounds!”—Though his notes were querulous, they were eloquent. But truth is always eloquent.—At present I am neither in leisure nor in the humour to repeat them; and perhaps I never shall,

WHEN he finished his melancholy tale, he caught hold of the hand of Julia, and pressed it to his bosom.—“This bosom was *once* warm (said he): but though it is cold, you are welcome in it. I cannot thank you; but my boy will live and do it, when I am crumbling in that grave from which you have drawn me for a moment.” Julia, with that true politeness which is natural to virtuous minds, begged him to accept some money for his present necessities, and promised to visit him till it could be no longer in her power.

It

It was now rather more than dinner-time, but neither Dick nor Joe appeared. Julia was growing uneasy. Four o'clock struck, but brought no comfort with it. It was five—but nobody arrived. Six—seven—eight—nobody! During these intervals she had paid frequent visits to the man in distress, and applied every lenitive she could invent to his affliction; and she charged her hostess with great sincerity, at whatever time she went away, to be attentive to his necessities till her return, which would be both certain and quick. So he was for the present pretty well provided for.

I HAVE said it was now eight o'clock, and nobody appeared. She became very, very uneasy. It was now half past eight. "Still nobody!—Good Heaven! are my misfortunes never to end?"—It seems *not*, Julia: for about a quarter before nine two of Sir John Fielding's men entered, with Dick—drunk, very drunk—at their head.

AH! 'tis as I always thought it.—This dirty world has but few good persons in it, and these few it is continually harrassing and pestering with its evils—nor does it often cease till it breaks their hearts. Shame on it, that an innocent beautiful Curate's daughter, who never prayed for the good things of this world, nor for the evil upon its inhabitants, should not be suffered to go upon an errand for her father without molestations and misfortunes! I repeat it—Shame upon so dirty a world!

Now

Now, gentle reader, whatever your thoughts upon this affair may be, certain it is that Sir John Fielding's men are come in quest of Julia; and, (as one of our great Poets says in one of his *Tragedies*, which, however, he styles a *Comedy*) I'll lay you plums to pippins that you cannot conjecture their business with her.

To understand it, then, your memory must recur to the adventures of Julia with the highwayman. He had met her in the bagnio, and given her a purse with money in it, and in their departure together from thence the highwayman was apprehended. Julia fled, and was afterwards by chance conducted to the round-house---as we have before related at large. Now the highwayman was apprehended upon the information of the courageous Officer of the Guards, of whose heroic and military virtues we have already spoke so loudly. Just when this coxcomb arrived at the office, the fat woman of Holborn had alighted there upon the same business. When the highwayman therefore was apprehended, the first business thought necessary was to search him, and all the different purses of the company were found upon him, except that of the fat woman. It was agreed that he could not have spent it in so short a time : *ergo*, he must have given it away. To corroborate the suspicion, the men recollected that a woman was along with him when he was apprehended, and the coxcomb Officer confirmed

confirmed it. The case was therefore plain: Julia must have the purse in her possession. Away they fally, with the Officer at their head, thro' streets, bagnios, taverns, and night-houses; but in vain: she was nowhere to be found. The next night, between eight and nine, one of them met Dick the watchman. (Dick was at this time returning home to Julia without any answer or information; for instead of going on her errand, he went to get drunk with her money.) The thief-taker enquired of him by chance, as the adventure happened within his circuit, if he had seen such a lady---after describing her very minutely. "Seen her (says Dick)! why, she is at my house." This information was sufficient for the servant of Justice: he took Dick by the arm, and summoning one of his companions, set off for the lodging of Julia.

WE have already seen them introduced where she was. They seized her without ceremony, and proceeded, as usual, to search her. The fatal purse, so remarkable for the golden tassel at either end, was in a moment found.---This confirmed the suspicion, and she was carried away as an accomplice.---When will persecution cease to follow Virtue?

SIR John was not that night at home, and they informed her that she must be imprisoned till morning. *Imprisoned!* She shrieked at the very sound.---"Pshaw! (said one of them, seeing her confusion) you need not be terrified, I assure

“ you, Ma’am : we are not going to a common
“ prison. I have a pretty, little, snug house, and
“ as close as a cage, where you may sleep as safely
“ ly and soundly as in your own bedchamber. No
“ difference in the world, I assure you, Ma’am---
“ only that every door and window in the house is
“ inclosed with strong and triple iron bars. That’s
“ all, I assure you, Ma’am : and notwithstanding
“ all these advantages, it will cost you only a *guinea*
“ for your bed—not a farthing more, I assure you,
“ Ma’am. I keeps the best usage, the best *ten-*
“ *dance*, and the best wines in the *Garden*, I assure
“ you, Ma’am!—Lord, Ma’am, then, what do you
“ pout at? no cause to be terrified, I assure you,
“ Ma’am!”

ELOQUENT as this language was, and comfortable, it did not greatly gladden the heart of Julia. But there was no choice in the case, and she followed her guides. Arrived, they led her into an upper apartment, where there was a fire, and good furniture. She was left alone for ten minutes; at the end of which the landlord waited upon her, and asked what she chose for supper. “ Nothing.”—What did she choose to drink, then? “ Nothing.” “ Oho, (replied he) an’ if so be that you are so
“ rusty, good night to you with all my heart.” He then turned upon his heels; and pulling the door after him with fury, locked it with a key which grated as it turned, amidst the rattling of chains and the clanking of iron bars.

DREADFUL sounds to such an ear as Julia's ! Her teeth gritted, and her joints trembled. This was the severest stroke of all. To be imprisoned ! and as an accomplice of a highwayman too !—" But " she submitted to Heaven, where all her wishes " rested : her hopes leaned upon that, and upon " the prayers of her father."

SHE retired to bed, but could not sleep : her misfortunes still interrupted, and occupied her whole soul. She tried again, but in vain : and to this purpose she recollected the lines of her favourite Young. Sleep, says he,

—— Like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles : the wretched he forsakes ;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

Her mind recurred to the scenes that were past, and reluctantly brooded over the gloomy assemblage. And in truth, when we reflect upon it, her case was rather hard. It was now only the third night since she had quitted the peaceful mansion-house of Elmwood, and the arms of her father.—The first night she was somewhere upon the road ; the second she was in a bagnio, and in a round-house, and in a garret ; and the third she was in prison. Each of these misfortunes was a mountain upon her mind, under which it struggled ; but by the struggle it only became more feeble.

At length the soul, by its powerful and violent workings, overcame the body. Wearied with
2 affliction,

affliction, her spirits languished, and nature sunk into slumber. Sleep of this kind, though not always the most placid, is the heaviest. She slept till eight in the morning; when she arose. At nine they paid her a visit, and she ate some breakfast; and at ten she was carried, with a beating heart, in a coach to Bow-street.

HERE she did not wait long for the appearance of the Justice, for every thing was prepared; even the unhappy highwayman was in waiting, as necessary to the examination. Indeed, it was thought most proper to begin with questioning him apart upon the subject, and then with examining Julia; and by the comparison of their respective evidences the truth might be easily discovered.

WHEN the highwayman had been examined upon his own account, an obstinacy natural to men in his desperate situation prevented him from giving any account of the purse which was missing. But now, when he was informed that Julia was really in custody, that honour which was not yet entirely extinguished in his heart, was roused for her safety. He ingenuously told Sir John the history of the purse, with even its most minute circumstances; that he had robbed her amongst the rest; that he afterward met her accidentally in the bagnio, and gave her the money only with a view of restoring her own; that he had not been above ten minutes in her company, and that she was in every respect innocent of the crime with which she was charged.

JULIA was next examined, and her evidence most exactly squared with the former. Ingenuous as usual, she took up the story at Elmwood, and carried it forward to the story of the purse; and she told her little tale with that truth and simplicity which can never be counterfeited. Yet frequent attempts are made to imitate these amiable virtues, and the Justice was sensible of this: He had heard her mention that she had letters for Lord C——, and he desired to see them. These she instantly produced to vouch for her sincerity. She added too, that there was *somewhere* in town a person who could confirm her words beyond suspicion; but alas! poor *Joe*! she knew not where to find him. “*Joe*!” (said one of the Justice’s men “who stood behind Julia)—what, is your name “*Julia*, madam?” “Yes (replied Julia).” The man immediately ran out, and brought back in his hand the *Daily Advertiser*, in which he read the following advertisement.

“If a sarten yung Lady, Miss Jullia—(whose
 “name is nothing to nobody, and which I doan’t men-
 “tion here, becaise I doan’t think it proper)—sees
 “this, this is to let you kno, Miss Jullia, that Joe
 “dusn’t kno where you be, and that you dusn’t kno
 “where Joe is, for he is to be found at the sine of
 “the Swain with too Necks in Lad Lane, and no
 “where else, as witness my hand, by me,
 JOE *****.”

THIS very extraordinary advertisement is co-
 pied

pieced *verbatim et literatim* from the real paper, which I have now in my possession. Julia listened to it with attention, and confessed her feelings in her eyes, which glistened with expectation. Not contented with an aural information, she snatched the paper, and devoured the precious morsel with her own eyes. In short, the simplicity of the thing spoke for itself, and Joe it was most undoubtedly.

BUT it may be necessary to explain this affair. I again summon the memory of my readers back to that time of our history, when Joe and Julia unluckily parted in Holborn. Joe did not look for her till the coach stopt in the Inn-yard, and then he waited at the door of it for her appearance. He thought her long in coming, but his patience was not exhausted. The rest of the company had been out of the coach some minutes. At length he ventured to thrust in his head—but she was not there! He started back on his heel, and gazed widely round the yard, but in vain. Opposite to him he saw the door of a public room open, and he rushed in without ceremony: From thence he sallied into the kitchen, strode into the parlour, threw his eye into the bar, and peeped into the larder. Wounds! he looks furious, and he is almost breathless! He marched into the stables, and in short into every place where he saw a door open to receive him—but all would not do: She was not to be found. He returned to the coach, took one peep more into it, but all was solitary! “God

"bless my heart (said Joe to himself, fidgetting, and scratching among his auburn hair) protect and save me from all temptations and evil spirits! I wish I could see Miss Julia again." Now, at last, he bethought him of what he ought to have done at first, viz. to question the coachman concerning the affair, and the coachman informed him of the whole truth. This information in no degree abated his anxiety. "Didn't she leave no word with you for me?" (said he to the coachman.) No.—"Don't you know where she went?"—No.—"Don't you think she'll come here this night?"—I can't tell you, upon my word.—Joe with downcast looks and folded arms measured the space across the yard with long and melancholy strides. He walked into the passage of the house, and marked the clock. He counted the hours, as they rolled slow and heavy, but he saw not his mistress. It was now ten o'clock, but no Julia came.—Alas! alas!

THEY are not the severest, but they are the most anxious moments the mind knows, when the possessor of it, simple, timid, and honest, feels himself far from home, and forsaken in the midst of strangers. These moments Joe now felt in all their bitterness. He went to bed without hope, and he arose in the morning in despair. He grieved incessantly, and he wished for the bosom of a friend to lean his griefs upon it. At length he disclosed his mind to the hostler, and the hostler gave him his advice. It was this: *To advertise.* Every body,

body, he said, did it, upon every subject. "Al-
ways when he lost a *horse*, he advertised for it;
and why might not Joe do the same now for
Julia? It would certainly lay open the whole
affair, for advertisements could do any thing."

At this time Joe stood too greatly in need of comfort, not to take any advice that was offered to him. But he thought this advice excellent. He accordingly wrote with great care the advertisement we have already repeated, and the hostler sent one of his boys with him to the *Daily Advertiser*.—And this is the history of this extraordinary advertisement.

When the Justice found so many circumstances spontaneously conspiring to vindicate her innocence, that her amiable simplicity subjected her to so many dangers, and that she was the object rather of a polite humanity than of persecution, he resolved to interest himself in her safety. And, in the first place, he ordered one of his men to go and conduct Joe to his mistress. As to the fat woman, the Justice told her that her money should be taken care of; and the highwayman was remanded to prison.

Joe arrives. I have not time to describe every thing; but my readers may be assured that the meeting between him and Julia was full affectionate. Suffice it to say, that Julia pressed him warmly

warmly by the hand, and half cried with joy; and that Joe took fast hold of the skirt of her robe, as if he dreaded her running away from him once more.

THE friends thus met, the Justice politely asked Julia how he could most effectually serve her? She replied, that her only business in town was to deliver her letters to Lord C——, and that if he would favour her with a guide thither, she would always remember him with the most unfeigned gratitude. This she obtained; and, once more acknowledging her obligations to the Justice, they all set off for Berkeley-square.

HERE they soon arrived. The guide leaving them at the door, Joe immediately took off his hat, for he thought it high treason to be covered within six yards of a Lord's door: they knocked, but were told by the porter his Lordship was not at home. Julia said she was sorry for that, because she had *letters of importance* for him. "I can't help that (answered the porter), he's not at home; and he'll not be home—I don't know when he'll be home."—But could not you guess Sir?—because a *great deal depends upon it*.—"Lord, Ma'am (replied Cerberus)! I tell you I know nothing about it."—Sounds so ungentle, uttered by so rude a voice, frightened Julia effectually, and she hastened away from the door; and Joe, sorrowful enough, was preparing to follow—
when

when the porter beckoned him back with a *hem!* and the motion of his finger. "Pray, my lad, (said " this dog in office) who is that?"

My mistress (answered Joe).

" Ay—From the country, I suppose?"

Yes (replied Joe): I come from the country too.

" O—so I see—so I see.—You are not acquainted, I find, with the *ways* in this town?"

No, Sir, (said Joe)—not with *all* of them.

" WHY, then—(come hither—your ear a moment) I have the honour to be Lord C——'s porter; and my master has ordered me—that is, I and my master have agreed—to receive no letter here, unless the bearer gives me a crown. —However, as you and your mistress are strangers, and I am a man of honour, I'll be more merciful to you, and so consent to take only half-a-crown—But mum—fly—not a word for your life—for if my master was to hear I *take so little*, he'd turn me out of my place."

SURE I am, master, (answered Joe) we are both very much obliged to you for being so kind.—But then what can you do for us, if so be that my Lord a'n't at home?

"Pshaw, man! (said the porter) run after your
"mistress and bring the money, and I'll satisfy
"you about that."

O—an' that be all, (replied Joe) I can pay the
money myself.

HE drew out his last half-crown, and gave it.
He then ran after Julia, and as he went he murmured to himself—"Icod tho', wern't that a
"Lord's house, it looks hugely like bribery and
"corruption."

OUR two travellers now returned, and were received by the porter with a more gracious complaisance. He now informed them, that, tho' his Lordship was out of town, he was only at his villa, and would certainly return to town to dinner; but that if they were in a hurry, my young Lord was at home, and that he had leave to open his father's letters in his absence. Julia delivered her packet to the porter, and they were ordered to walk into the anti chamber. The letters were sent up to the noble youth in his dressing-room.

Now, in order to prepare my readers for a very important æra in the life of my heroine, it may be necessary to relate what this noble youth was. A foolish grandmother had left him three thousand a-year independent of his father, and of his age; all which, with three thousand more, he gallantly spent like a man of spirit, long before the year was done.

done. He used to say, that every kingdom in Europe contributed to furnish his seraglio: he only meant by this, that he kept in pay one French, one Spanish, one Italian, one Scandinavian, one German, one Irish, and one British nymph, all at one time; which he actually did. He was deep in the secret at Soho, very deep in the mysteries at Arthur's. He boasted—and he had a right to do it—that he had killed five waiters, and shot two Clergymen, and seven hundred sheep; which last feat he performed as follows. He was a fowler when at his father's estate in the country; and when he had been unsuccessful in pursuit of game, he always discharged his piece into the body of a sheep. As this amusement exactly hit his taste, he would sometimes re-charge, and re-discharge, till perhaps before his return home, he would leave half a dozen dead upon the field. He frequently observed, that this was an amusement which ought to be practised by all Noblemen, in order to fit them to *command in the field* in time of war, in the service of their country.—He boasted too, that he had killed fifteen women, by *breaking their hearts* with a hopeless passion. This, however, was (to use an old and honest English phrase) a *lie*: for he never killed but one woman, and that was by *breaking*—not her *heart*, but her *neck*, and then throwing her into the horse-pond, where he swore she had drowned herself.—But *she* was only a dairy-maid. He boasted also.—But, in short, we are tired with repeating his glories. Suffice it to say,

say, that he is at present the pink of the young Peerage, and the ornament of mother H——'s—and St. James.

SUCH was the youth to whom the letter of the father of Julia was carried. He opened it, and on reading the following paragraph,

“I have presumed, my Lord, to send my DAUGHTER as the bearer of this petition,” &c.

on reading this, he rung his bell with great haste, and enquired if the *bearer* was below? Being informed that she was, he flew down the stairs, and, looking in Julia's face, with the most polite courtesy he desired her to walk up stairs while he considered of her letter. The servants were ordered at the same time to conduct Joe into the hall, and be civil to him. Julia ascended after her noble patron.

Hic pauca desunt. We must here pass over the history of half an hour, because it is not yet ripe for relation.

IN the mean time Lord C——'s Chaplain, who had been with his Lordship in the country, arrived at the house. He came home before his Lordship, to finish some business of importance to himself before dinner-time. When he entered, he observed Joe staring about in the hall, and perceiving him to be a stranger from the country, entered into conversation with him. He had not many questions to ask, for Joe with his usual frankness told him the whole history—about himself, about Julia, and Julia's business, and where she was now, and with whom. Now this Chaplain was plain in his manners, and equally plain in his dress—so plain, that he scarcely appeared to be *of the cloth*. Though an enemy to blood-shed, he was far from being a coward; though a Churchman, he was no hypocrite; and though he detested subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, he was allowed to be a very honest man.

THE Chaplain, having finished his interview with Joe, was retiring to his own apartment. He had not opened his door, when a loud shriek saluted his ear—then another—and another. A thousand ideas rushed upon his mind. He knew Julia by report, and he knew his young Lord by experience. There was no doubt of the business below. He hastened down the stairs, and listened a moment at the key-hole. He could only perceive that some persons were engaged in a violent struggle, and that the chairs were knocked against each other. He tried to enter, but the
door

door was locked. Placing his shoulder against it, therefore, he forced it forward with gentleness and with ease. He entered; and lo!—Innocence was once more in distress!

THE hair of Julia was dishevelled, and a handkerchief was drawn close over her mouth, which prevented her cries. Her cloak and handkerchief lay upon the floor, and the arms of her ravisher were twined closely around her. A shoe had dropt from her foot, and many of the pins had quitted her bosom.—Unfortunate girl! doomed continually to be the prey of cowards and scoundrels!

THE noble youth quitted his hold when the Chaplain appeared, and, advancing to him, exclaimed in a threatening tone, “How dare you, Sir, force your impertinence upon *me* in my own dressing-room?”

“My Lord—(returned the young man, putting his left hand in his bosom, and giving him a full but indifferent look)—“My Lord—“does it suit your high spirit to be told, that
“you are the meanest—O by far the meanest
“creature in your father’s house? Noble, without worth—and proud, without dignity—you
“are beneath the pimp who caters for your appetites.—Poor, pitiful, wretched animal! I do
“not pull you by the nose—I do not kick you on
“the breech—I do not lash you round the room—
“I do not in any degree deign to chastise the
“wretch,

“wretch, who has stooped to insult a woman.—
“Go then, you boaster! retire into your closet,
“and blush in private; and remember that you
“have reduced yourself to be forced to hear these
“stinging truths even from so humble a man as
“your father’s Chaplain.—I scorn, Sir, to tell
“your father that you are a scoundrel; but do
“not forget that for the future I consider you as
“my inferior.”

He finished: and taking Julia by the hand, he led her out of the room, and drew the door behind him.

He conducted her into his own apartment, and sympathized with her in that strain of humane politeness which is ever inseparable from undebauched minds. After she had composed herself, he distantly enquired (as if he had not known) into her business. This was exactly a repetition of Joe’s narration. “I thank you, Madam, (said he) for your politeness. You will see Lord C— in about an hour; but previously I think it my duty to inform you of what ought not to be longer concealed from you—it is now one o’clock.—Exactly at ten—about three hours ago—Lord C— appointed me to the Curacy you are come to solicit.” This information in no degree startled Julia, nor unruffled her features. She observed, that since her father had not been lucky enough to obtain the Curacy, she was happy

the

the appointment was bestowed upon a man who resembled him so much in his virtues.

At the time specified Lord C—— arrived. Julia was introduced to him by the Chaplain, and he sent to his son for her letters. On reading them he confirmed what the Chaplain had mentioned.

He then turned to Julia, saluted her with that virtuous freedom for which he was always remarkable, and fondly conversed with her about the moments he had spent with her father about fifty years ago. He next insisted that she should stay with him two or three days; to which she with the utmost difficulty assented, and of which she informed her father by letter. When the young Lord heard that Julia was to continue her visit, he assumed some pretence for retiring to his father's villa till her departure.

NEED I mention, that the Chaplain felt the force of the eyes of Julia? Alack! from the moment he first saw her in tears, his heart was wounded to the core—for the tears of a woman are irresistible. Indeed, the only good lines in one of our new Tragedies are to this purpose:

——— Unskilful they

Who dress the Queen of Love in wanton smiles:

Brightest she shines amidst a show'r of tears:

The graces that adorn her beauty most

Are softness, sensibility, and pity.

ALONZO.

Now,

Now, with regard to this Chaplain—Julia, on her part—But I will not say any thing about it. Be it sufficient to observe, that from the moment a man evinces his courage and his honour, the heart of a virtuous woman is ready to receive him.

Hic multa desunt. Here we must leap over the history of three days, for JULIA will have it so.

ON the morning of the fourth day, Julia and the Curate were preparing to set off on their journey for the banks of the Avon: she to her father, and he to take possession of his Curacy. Before their departure, he begged once more a word with her in private. He led her towards a very distant part of the house, into a humble apartment possessed by one of the old family-nurses, whose favourite he long had been. Now though it may seem strange that he should lead her thither as a place of retirement, certain it is that it was by far the most retired and secret spot in the house; for the old woman was completely deaf, and almost blind: A few more days would close her eyes for ever.

ever. In this humble mansion, he sat at one side of a table, opposite to Julia, and he told her he had one favour to beg. "Three days (said he), my beloved Julia, are past, in which I told you the true tale of my heart. You listened, it is true, but so faintly listened, that my hopes are scarcely kept alive. Before we depart—before we enter upon the bustle of a high-road—deign to bestow on me one mark, to give me one assurance, that you do not detest me. Were it but—" The blushes and smiles of Julia interrupted him. She stretched her hand to him across the table, and he almost devoured it with kisses.

In short, they set off on their journey, attended by the trusty Joe. Without any accident, they arrived in due time at Elmwood. The father, overpowered by love and tenderness, sunk at the side of his daughter. The daughter, agitated by affection and joy, filled the bosom of her father with sighs, and revived him with the plenty and warmth of her tears. The evening was spent in the recital of her adventures: while Joe, in the center of the green, had the whole village collected around him, and related to them the wonders of London.

I must now close this history. Several months have elapsed since the above events happened, and

and the young Curate is now happy in the warm bosom of his Julia. Julia too is blessed, for the houses of her husband and of her father are adjoining to each other.

A REGISTER.
OF
SCOTCH MARRIAGES.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

YOU must know, Sir, that I am landlady of one of the most noted inns on the road to Scotland, and have seldom less than eight or ten couples a-week, who go down rapturous lovers, and return man and wife.

If there be in this world an agreeable situation, it must be that in which a young couple find themselves, when just let loose from confinement, and whirling off to the Land of Promise. When the post-chaise is driving off, and the blinds are drawn up, sure nothing can equal it. And yet, I do not know how, what with the fears of being pursued, or the wishes for greater happiness, not one of my customers but seems gloomy and out of temper. The gentlemen are all fullen, and the ladies discontented.

BUT if it be so going down, how is it with them coming back? Having been for a fortnight together, they are then mighty good company, to be sure. It is then that the young lady's indiscretion stares her in the face, and the gentleman himself finds that much is to be done before the money comes in.

FOR my own part, Sir, I was married in the
usual

322 A REGISTER OF SCOTCH MARRIAGES.

usual way ; all my friends were at the wedding ; I was conducted with great ceremony from the table to the bed ; and I do not find that it any ways diminished my happiness with my husband, while, poor man, he continued with me. For my part, I am entirely for doing things in the old-family way ; I hate your new-fashioned manners, never loved an outlandish marriage in my life.

As I have had numbers call at my house, you may be sure I was not idle in enquiring who they were, and how they did in the world after they left me. I cannot say that I ever heard much good come of them ; and, of an history of twenty-five that I noted down in my ledger, I do not know a single couple that would not have been full as happy if they had gone the plain way to work, and asked the consent of their parents. To convince you of it, I will mention the names of a few,

IMPRIMIS, Miss Jenny Hastings went down to Scotland with a taylor, who, to be sure, for a taylor, was a very agreeable sort of man. But, I do not know how, he did not take proper measure of the young lady's disposition : They quarrelled at my house on their return ; so she left him for a Cornet of dragoons, and he went back to his shop-board.

Miss Rachel Runfor't went off with a grenadier. They spent all their money in going, for he carried her down in a post-chaise ; and coming back she helped to carry his knapsack.

Miss Racket went down with her lover in their own phaeton ; but upon their return, being very fond of driving, she would be every now and then for holding the whip. This bred a dispute ; and before they were a fortnight together, she felt that he could exercise the whip and somebody else besides the horses.

Miss Meekly, though all compliance to the will of her lover, could never reconcile him to the

the change of his situation. It seems, he married her supposing she had a large fortune; but being deceived in his expectations, they parted, and now keep separate garrets in Rosemary-Lane.

THE next couple of whom I have any account, actually lived together in great harmony and uncloying kindness for no less than a month; but the lady, who was a little in years, having parted with her fortune to her dearest life, he left her, to make love to that better part of her which he valued more.

THE next pair consisted of an Irish fortune-hunter, and one of the prettiest modestest ladies that ever my eyes beheld. As he was a well-looking gentleman, all drest in lace, and as she seemed very fond of him, I thought they were blest for life. Yet I was quickly mistaken. The lady was no better than a common woman of the town, and he was no better than a sharper; so they agreed upon a mutual divorce: He now dresses at the York Ball, and she is in keeping by the Member for our borough in Parliament.

IN this manner, we see that all those marriages, in which there is interest on one side and disobedience on the other, are not likely to promise a long harvest of delights. If our fortune-hunting gentlemen would but speak out, the young lady, instead of a lover, would often find a sneaking rogue, that only wanted the lady's purse, and not her heart. For my own part, I never saw any thing but design and falshood in every one of them; and my blood has boiled in my veins when I saw a young fellow of twenty kneeling at the feet of a twenty thousand pounder, professing his passion, while he was taking aim at her money. I do not deny but there may be love in a Scotch marriage, but it is generally all on one side.

Of all the sincere admirers I ever knew, a man of my acquaintance, who, however, did not run

away with his mistress to Scotland, was the most so. An old exciseman of our town, who, as you may guess, was not very rich, had a daughter, who, as you shall see, was not very handiome. It was the opinion of every body, that this young woman would not soon be married, as she wanted two main articles, beauty and fortune. But for all this, a very well-looking man, that happened to be travelling those parts, came and asked the exciseman for his daughter in marriage. The exciseman, willing to deal openly by him, asked if he had seen the girl: "For, says he, she "is humpbacked." Very well, cried the stranger, that will do for me. "Aye, says the exciseman, but my daughter is as brown as a berry." So much the better, cried the stranger; such skins wear well. "But she is bandy-legged, says "the exciseman." No matter, cries the other; her petticoats will hide that defect. "But then "she is very poor, and wants an eye." Your description delights me, cries the stranger. I have been long looking out for one of her make; for I keep an exhibition of wild beasts, and intend to shew her off for a Chimpanzee.

THE HISTORY OF
CYRILLO PADOVANO,
THE NOTED SLEEP-WALKER.

BY THE SAME.

IT has often been a question in the Schools, Whether it be preferable to be a King by day, and a Beggar in our dreams by night; or, inverting the question, a Beggar by day, and a Monarch while sleeping?

sleeping? It has been usually decided, that the sleeping Monarch was the happiest man, since he is supposed to enjoy all his happiness without contamination; while the Monarch, in reality, feels the various inconveniencies that attend his station.

HOWEVER this may be, there are none sure more miserable than those who enjoy neither situation with any degree of comfort, but feel all the inconveniencies of want and poverty by day, while they find a repetition of their misery in a dream. Of this kind was the famous Cyrillo Padovano, of whom a long life has been written; a man, if I may so express it, of a double character, who acted a very different part by night from what he professed in the day. Cyrillo was a native of Padua, in Italy, a little, brown-complexion'd man, and, while awake, remarkable for his simplicity, probity, piety, and candour; but unfortunately for him, his dreams were of the strongest kind, and seemed to overturn the whole system of waking morality; for he every night walked in his sleep, and upon such occasions was a thief, a robber, and a plunderer of the dead.

THE first remarkable exploit we are told of Cyrillo, was at the University, where he shewed no great marks of learning, though some of assiduity. Upon a certain occasion his master set him a very long and difficult exercise, which Cyrillo found it impossible, as he supposed, to execute. Depressed with this opinion, and in certain expectation of being chastised the next day, he went to bed quite dejected and uneasy: but awaking in the morning, to his great surprize he found his exercise completely and perfectly finished, lying upon his table, and, still more extraordinary, written in his own hand. This information he communicated to his master when he gave up his task, who, being equally astonished with him, resolved to try him the next day with a longer and a more difficult task, and go watch him

him at night when he retired to rest. Accordingly, Cyrillo was seen going to bed with great uneasiness, and soon was heard to sleep profoundly : but this did not continue long ; for in about an hour after he lay down, he got up, alighted his candle, and sat down to study, where he completed his work as before.

A MIND like Cyrillo's, not naturally very strong, and never at rest, began, when he arrived at manhood, to become gloomy, solicitous, and desponding. In consequence of this turn of thinking, he resolved to leave the world, and turn Carthusian, which is the most rigorous of all the religious orders. Formed for a severe and abstemious life, he was here seen to set lessons of piety to the whole Convent, and to shew that he deserved the approbation as well of his fellows in seclusion as of the whole order. But this good fame did not last long ; for it was soon found that Cyrillo walked by night, and, as we are told of the fabled Penelope, undid in his sleep all the good actions for which he had been celebrated by day. The first pranks he played were of a light nature, very little more than running about from chamber to chamber, and talking a little more loosely than became one of his professed piety. As it is against the rules of the fraternity to confine any man by force to his cell, he was permitted in this manner to walk about ; and tho' there was nothing very edifying in his sleeping conversation, yet the Convent were content to overlook and pity his infirmities.

BEING carefully observed upon one of these occasions, the following circumstances offered. One evening, having fallen asleep on his chair in his cell, he continued immoveable for about an hour ; but then, turning about in the attitude of a listener, he laughed heartily at what he thought he heard spoken ; then snapping his fingers, to shew he did not value the speaker, he turned towards the

the next person, and made a sign with his fingers as if he wanted snuff: not being supplied, he seemed a little disconcerted; and pulling out his own box, in which there was nothing, he scraped the inside as if to find some: he next very carefully put up his box again; and looking round him with great suspicion, buttoned up the place of his frock where he kept it. In this manner he continued for some time immoveable; but, without any seeming cause, flew into a most outrageous passion, in which he spared neither oaths nor execrations; which so astonished and scandalized his brother Friars, that they left him to execrate alone.

BUT it had been well if poor Cyrillo went no farther, nor driven his sleeping extravagances into guilt. One night he was perceived going very busily up to the altar, and in a little beaufet beneath to rummage with some degree of assiduity. It is supposed that he wished to steal the plate which was usually deposited there, but which had accidentally been sent off the day before to be cleaned. Disappointed in this, he seemed to be extremely enraged; but not caring to return to his cell empty-handed, he claps on one of the official silk vestments; and finding that he could carry still more, he put one or two more over each other; and thus cumbrously accoutred, he stole off with a look of terror to his cell: there hiding his ill-got finery beneath his matrafs, he laid himself down to continue his nap. Those who had watched him during this interval, were willing to see his manner of behaving the morning after.

WHEN Cyrillo awaked, he seemed at first a good deal surpris'd at the lump in the middle of his bed; and going to examine the cause, was still more astonished at the quantity of vestments that were bundled there: he went among his fellows of the Convent, enquired how they came to be placed there,

there, and learning the manner from them, nothing could exceed his penitence and contrition.

His last and greatest project was considered of a still more heinous nature. A Lady, who had long been a benefactor to the Convent, happening to die, was desirous of being buried in the cloyster, in a vault which she had made for that purpose. It was there that she was laid, adorned with much finery, and a part of her own jewels, of which she had great abundance. The solemnity attending her funeral was magnificent, the expences great, and the sermon affecting. In all this pomp of grief, none seemed more affected than Cyrillo, or set an example of sincerer mortification. The Society considered the deposition of their benefactress among them as a very great honour, and masses in abundance were promised for her safety. But what was the amazement of the whole Convent the next day, when they found the vault in which she was deposited broke open, the body mangled, her fingers on which were some rings cut off, and all her finery carried away! Every person in the Convent was shocked at such barbarity, and Cyrillo was one of the foremost in condemning the sacrilege. However, shortly after, on going to his cell, having occasion to examine under his matras, he there found that he alone was the guiltless plunderer. The Convent was soon made acquainted with his misfortune; and, at the general request of the fraternity, he was removed to another monastery, where the Prior had a power, by right, of confining his conventuals. Thus debarred from doing mischief, Cyrillo led the remainder of his life in piety and peace.